

special
collections

DOUGLAS
LIBRARY



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY
AT KINGSTON

KINGSTON ONTARIO CANADA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Queen's University Archives

<https://archive.org/details/queensquarterly42>



QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

A CANADIAN REVIEW

SPRING - 1935

THE PLAYS OF MR. NOEL COWARD	<i>St. John Ervine</i>
FORCE BEHIND THE LEAGUE	<i>G. F. Bell</i>
A FIELD OF WHEAT (A Story)	<i>Sinclair Ross</i>
THE LLOYD GEORGICS	<i>W. M. Conacher</i>
HISTORICAL CONFERENCE (Verse)	<i>Elizabeth Tatchell</i>
ATLANTIC CROSSING, 1835	<i>D. D. Calvin</i>
MARK TWAIN AND CANADA	<i>Stephen Leacock</i>
A FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION	<i>Francis Hankin</i>
LAWRENCE AND HUXLEY	<i>Henry Alexander</i>
THE PRIZE-WINNER (Verse)	<i>E. J. Pratt</i>
THE COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTH AFRICA	<i>Brooke Claxton</i>
PUBLIC AFFAIRS:	
i. THE PRIME MINISTER ON CAPITALISM	<i>P. E. Corbett</i>
ii. THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE	<i>R. L. Fredenburgh</i>

* * * * *

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

VOL XLII	PUBLISHED IN CANADA	No. 1
50c. A COPY	AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO	2s. A COPY
\$2.00 YEARLY	BY QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY	7s. 6d. YEARLY

—QUEEN'S— QUARTERLY

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

THE EDITORIAL BOARD WISH TO THANK THEIR SUBSCRIBERS FOR HELPING THEM TO MAINTAIN THE HIGH QUALITY OF QUEEN'S QUARTERLY THROUGH THE DIFFICULT PERIOD OF THE DEPRESSION

FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS THE QUARTERLY HAS BEEN A NATIONAL ASSET, GIVING AUTHORITATIVE EXPRESSION TO THE LIFE AND THOUGHT OF THE DOMINION

IT HAS SERVED TO STIMULATE THE CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE BY PUBLISHING THE BEST LITERARY WORK FROM NATIVE SOURCES AND FROM OVERSEAS

AMONG THE QUARTERLY'S CONTRIBUTORS ARE SOME OF THE BEST-KNOWN LIVING WRITERS

THE QUARTERLY IS NOT A COMMERCIAL VENTURE, BUT A DISINTERESTED ATTEMPT TO FULFIL A PUBLIC NEED

THE EDITORS ARE CONFIDENT, THEREFORE, THAT THEY MAY CALL UPON THEIR SUBSCRIBERS TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM IN CARRYING THE QUARTERLY TO A GREATER AUDIENCE SO THAT THE EFFORTS OF THE TWO GENERATIONS OF CANADIANS WHICH THE QUARTERLY REPRESENTS MAY CONTINUE TO EXERT AN EVER-INCREASING INFLUENCE

THE YEARLY RATE OF TWO DOLLARS IS VERY SMALL AND COMPARES MOST FAVOURABLY WITH THOSE FOR SIMILAR PUBLICATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

WILL EACH MAN AND WOMAN WHO NOW TAKES THE QUARTERLY PLEASE INTRODUCE IT TO A FRIEND? IT WILL BE AN ACT OF THE BEST KIND OF PATRIOTISM

CHEQUES SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO QUEEN'S QUARTERLY, AND BE ADDRESSED TO KINGSTON, ONTARIO

CONTENTS

THE PLAYS OF MR. NOEL COWARD.....	<i>St. John Ervine</i> 1
FORCE BEHIND THE LEAGUE.....	<i>G. F. Bell</i> 22
A FIELD OF WHEAT (A Story).....	<i>Sinclair Ross</i> 31
THE LLOYD GEORGICS	<i>W. M. Conacher</i> 43
HISTORICAL CONFERENCE (Verse)	<i>Elizabeth Tatchell</i> 54
ATLANTIC CROSSING, 1835	<i>D. D. Calvin</i> 55
MARK TWAIN AND CANADA	<i>Stephen Leacock</i> 68
A FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION	<i>Francis Hankin</i> 82
LAWRENCE AND HUXLEY	<i>Henry Alexander</i> 96
THE PRIZE-WINNER (Verse)	<i>E. J. Pratt</i> 109
THE COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTH AFRICA.....	<i>B. Claxton</i> 110
PUBLIC AFFAIRS	121
i. PRIME MINISTER ON CAPITALISM	<i>P. E. Corbett</i>
ii. THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE	<i>R. L. Fredenburgh</i>
REVIEWS OF BOOKS	139

VOL. XLII, NO. 1

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUARTERLY COMMITTEE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven
by the Publishing Committee of Queen's Quarterly in the office of the Minister of Agriculture

SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS
or 2 SHILLINGS

PER ANNUM, \$2.00
or 7s. 6d.

WHO'S WHO IN THE QUARTERLY

St. John Ervine, dramatist, novelist and critic, is the author of *The First Mrs. Fraser* and the biographer of Sir Edward Carson, Parnell and General Booth. His article on the plays of Mr. Noel Coward has had the distinction of being read as a paper before the British Association.

Geoffrey Bell, M.C., a former scholar of Balliol, taught at Upper Canada College and is now Headmaster of Trent College, Derbyshire.

Sinclair Ross is on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada at Winnipeg. The *Quarterly* takes pleasure in publishing the first story of his to appear in a Canadian periodical.

W. M. Conacher will be remembered by our readers for his article on *De Valera* and his Irish-Canadian play which have appeared in recent issues of the *Quarterly*.

Elizabeth Tatchell is a young poet whose verses have appeared in literary periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

D. D. Calvin, in practice as an architect in Toronto, is also achieving a considerable reputation as a writer.

Stephen Leacock, Professor of Economics in the University of McGill, needs as little introduction to a Canadian audience as his subject, Mark Twain, although the *Quarterly*, in view of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, now draws a distinction for the benefit of posterity.

Francis Hankin, the joint author with Professor Terence MacDermot of *Recovery by Control*, combines a philosophical outlook with a large experience of business.

Henry Alexander is associate Professor of English at Queen's University.

E. J. Pratt, author of several books of verse, is Professor in the Department of English at Victoria College, University of Toronto.

Brooke Claxton is a graduate of McGill, a practising lawyer in Montreal and a keen participant in the discussion of public affairs.

P. E. Corbett, Professor of International Law in McGill University, draws upon his experience at the International Labour Office to comment on certain aspects of the Prime Minister's programme.

R. L. Fredenburgh is a graduate of the University of Toronto and a writer on international affairs.

CONTENTS

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR CANADA	<i>J. W. Dafoe</i>	161
PETER PORCUPINE	<i>W. E. C. Harrison</i>	171
JOHN DOWLAND SUNG TO THE LUTE	<i>Elizabeth Tatchell</i>	184
IMMIGRATION FROM BRITAIN.....	<i>Sir Edward Grigg</i>	185
POINCARÉ	<i>Paul Vaucher</i>	193
STADIUM NON STUDIUM	<i>Walter H. Fenton</i>	202
PROVINCES VERSUS DOMINION	<i>R. O. MacFarlane</i>	203
THE EFFICIENCY OF SOCIALISM	<i>F. R. Scott</i>	215
GIRL WITH RED HAIR	<i>Kathleen Moore</i>	225
A YALE MAN IN NELSON'S ENGLAND....	<i>Francis Parsons</i>	226
IMMORTALITY IN RECENT PHILOSOPHY.....	<i>R. C. Lodge</i>	234
THE CORPORATIVE STATE	<i>Hartley M. Thomas</i>	242
PUBLIC AFFAIRS		253
I. THE PRICE SPREADS REPORT.....	<i>R. McQueen</i>	
II. WHICH WAY PEACE?	<i>Frank Darvall</i>	
MORE OF MARK TWAIN IN CANADA, 1895	<i>A. L. O. W.</i>	272
REVIEWS OF BOOKS		275

VOL. XLII, NO. 2

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUARTERLY COMMITTEE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven
by the Publishing Committee of Queen's Quarterly in the office of the Minister of Agriculture

SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS
or 2 SHILLINGS

PER ANNUM, \$2.00
or 7s. 6d.

WHO'S WHO IN THE QUARTERLY

Dr. J. W. Daffoe, Chancellor of the University of Manitoba and Editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, is as well known in Eastern Canada as in the West.

W. E. C. Harrison, a graduate of London University, is Assistant Professor of History at Queen's.

Elizabeth Tatchell is a young poet and artist who has worked in both media on both sides of the Atlantic.

Sir Edward Grigg, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., has been journalist, staff-officer, traveller and Governor of Kenya. He now supports the National Government in the House of Commons.

Paul Vaucher is Professor of Modern French History in the University of London.

Walter H. Fenton, formerly a don at Oxford, developed later an interest in education and migrated to Ontario.

R. O. MacFarlane, a graduate of Queen's and of Oxford, is Assistant Professor of History in the University of Manitoba.

F. R. Scott is a professor in the Faculty of Law at McGill.

Kathleen Moore is a young poet who lives in England.

Francis Parsons, a graduate of Yale, is in business in Hartford, Conn., and has written several well-known books on New England.

Rupert C. Lodge, a graduate of Oxford, is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Manitoba.

Hartley M. Thomas, a graduate of Queen's and of Oxford, is an Assistant Professor of History at the University of Western Ontario.

Frank Darvall is a graduate of the University of Reading and a former Commonwealth Fellow.

R. McQueen is Professor of Economics in the University of Saskatchewan.

Correction: Mr. St. John Ervine's paper on the plays of Mr. Noel Coward, which appeared in our last issue, was read not, as we stated, to the British Association, but to the Royal Society of Literature.

CONTENTS

MORALITY IN POLITICS	<i>Alfred Zimmern</i>	289
SOCIALIZED MEDICINE	<i>G. B. Reed</i>	295
EDUCATION IN CANADA—AN IMPRESSION.....	<i>F. Clarke</i>	309
HYMN TO THE SPIRIT ETERNAL....	<i>George Herbert Clarke</i>	322
WHY RELIGION?	<i>Margaret Fyfe</i>	326
MEXICO PLANS	<i>J. Ross McLean</i>	335
THE ROAD FROM THE HILLS (<i>A Story</i>)....	<i>Margaret Miller</i>	349
DESPOILING A CONTINENT	<i>D. D. Calvin</i>	356
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA	<i>A. E. Prince</i>	366
THIS CORRUPTIBLE (<i>Verse</i>)	<i>Kenneth Dickens</i>	378
AN ANCIENT CRISIS AND ITS NEW DEAL	<i>W. H. Alexander</i>	379
CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS	<i>James T. Shotwell</i>	391
THE N.R.A. TO DATE	<i>J. A. Stevenson</i>	403
PUBLIC AFFAIRS	<i>Alexander Macphail</i>	415
REVIEWS OF BOOKS		423

VOL. XLII, NO. 3

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUARTERLY COMMITTEE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven
by the Publishing Committee of Queen's Quarterly in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS
or 2 SHILLINGS

PER ANNUM, \$2.00
or 7s. 6d.

WHO'S WHO IN THE QUARTERLY

Alfred Zimmern is Professor of International Relations at Oxford and Director of the Geneva School of International Studies.

G. B. Reed, Professor of Bacteriology in Queen's, has been recently travelling in Russia.

F. Clarke, until recently Professor of Education at McGill, is now in charge of the "overseas" department of the Institute of Education in London.

George Herbert Clarke is Professor of English at Queen's.

Margaret Fyfe is a graduate of Queen's and of Oxford.

J. Ross McLean, a Balliol Rhodes Scholar, is engaged in research work for the National Liberal Federation.

Margaret Miller is a graduate of Oxford, resident in Kingston, whose work both in verse and prose is winning appreciation in Canada.

D. D. Calvin, an architect in Toronto, is also achieving a considerable reputation as a writer.

A. E. Prince is Professor of History at Queen's.

Kenneth Dickens is an Oxford graduate in the educational service of the Gold Coast.

W. H. Alexander is Professor of Classics at the University of Alberta.

J. A. Stevenson is the Ottawa correspondent of the *London Times*.

J. T. Shotwell is Professor of History at Columbia University and Director of the Division of International Relations under the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Alexander Macphail, Professor of General Engineering, is distinguished in the fields of science, literature and warfare.

The contents of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY are listed cumulatively in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* (New York) and in *The Canadian Periodical Index* (Saskatoon, Saskatchewan).

CONTENTS

THE APATHETIC FALLACY	<i>Robert England</i>	437
SEPTEMBER SNOW (A Story)	<i>Sinclair Ross</i>	451
THE DECLINE OF FOLK MUSIC	<i>H. L. Tracy</i>	461
THE SURVEYOR (Verse)	<i>Douglas V. Le Pan</i>	467
JOHN DONNE, POET AND DIVINE	<i>Henry Alexander</i>	471
PARLIAMENT IN POLAND	<i>George Adamkiewicz</i>	482
ALL HALLOWS' EVE (Verse)	<i>Geoffrey Johnson</i>	489
A TREE AND ITS FRUIT	<i>J. H. Putman</i>	490
ROUSSEAU—MORALIST AND REFORMER ..	<i>W. M. Conacher</i>	501
THE CASE FOR THE ALABAMA	<i>R. I. Lovell</i>	515
PUBLIC AFFAIRS		523
I. THE FEDERAL ELECTION: MR. KING	<i>A. M.</i>	
II. THE BRITISH ELECTIONS	<i>W. A. M.</i>	
REVIEWS OF BOOKS		535

VOL. XLII, NO. 4

PUBLISHED BY

THE QUARTERLY COMMITTEE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year one thousand nine hundred and seven,
by the Publishing Committee of Queen's Quarterly in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

SINGLE COPIES, 50 CENTS
or 2 SHILLINGS

PER ANNUM, \$2.00
or 7s. 6d.

WHO'S WHO IN THE QUARTERLY

Robert England, who will be remembered by our readers for his article on *The Emergent West* published in our issue of Autumn, 1934, is Western Manager in the Department of Colonization and Agriculture of the Canadian National Railways.

Sinclair Ross is on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada at Winnipeg. His previous story, *A Field of Wheat*, which appeared in our Spring number, was the first of his to be published in Canada and has been selected for inclusion in Messrs. Clarke, Irwin and Company's new edition of *A Miscellany of Tales and Essays*.

H. L. Tracy, who writes articles and reviews on music for the *Queen's Quarterly*, is Head of the Department of Classics in Queen's University.

Douglas V. le Pan is a graduate of the University of Toronto, now in residence at Merton College, Oxford.

Henry Alexander, a graduate of the University of Liverpool, is Associate Professor of English in Queen's University.

George Adamkiewicz is Consul-General of Poland in Ottawa.

Geoffrey Johnson is an English poet who lives at Ely, Cambridgeshire. He has produced several books of verse, the most recent of which is *Mother to Son*.

J. H. Putman is Chief Inspector of Public Schools in Ottawa.

W. M. Conacher, whose name is already familiar to our readers, is Associate Professor of French in Queen's University.

R. I. Lovell, Doctor of Philosophy of Harvard, is Assistant Professor in the University of North Dakota.

Alexander Macphail is equally well known as engineer, soldier and man of letters.

W. A. Mackintosh, economist and author, has recently returned from a year of study and travel in Europe.

The contents of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY are listed cumulatively in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* (New York) and in *The Canadian Periodical Index* (Saskatoon, Saskatchewan).

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

SPRING, 1935

THE PLAYS OF MR. NOEL COWARD

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

MR. Noel Coward, who is thirty-five years old, has written or collaborated in writing twenty-four plays, revues and musical comedies. He is a composer of light music and is unique in the history of the stage because he has written and composed and produced a musical play without aid from other people. He has also written five volumes of various, if less important, work and has established himself as an actor, a producer and a manager. Shakespeare, at the age of thirty-five, had written or collaborated in writing fifteen plays and published two volumes of poems. In 1891, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday in that year, had not yet written any plays, for his first piece, *Widowers' Houses*, which was begun in 1885 in a futile effort to collaborate with William Archer, was not finished until 1892. Mr. Shaw had written, however, five

novels and a short book, entitled *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, some book-reviews and musical criticism and a great deal of what he himself has called "hole-and-corner work" in political propaganda, but although he was well known to a small group of intensely amused people, he had not yet earned any general renown. It is true that Sheridan had written all his plays before he was thirty-five, but Molière, although he may have had a hand in the production of a number of trivial pieces, was not identifiable as a dramatist until he was thirty-three, nor had he written any more than two plays, so far as can be told, when he was thirty-five. Ibsen, in 1863, when he was thirty-five, had written six plays, of which only one, *The Pretenders*, is important. These dates and figures are not intended to prove any more than precocity in Mr. Coward, a precocity, however, which is not unique, especially among poets, as the lives of Byron and Shelley and Keats amply show; but Mr. Coward, although he is still a young man, has been exceptionally prolific, and we may now justly hold an enquiry into the quality of his work, so that we may go on to make a further and more important enquiry, namely, what is likely to be the value of any work he has yet to do.

Mr. Coward, who has often been held up as himself the prototype of the post-war young man, does not fulfil the popular conception of an irritable and irritating person, dispirited and boneless, who drifts about asking people what he shall do to be saved. If anybody has worked in the past sixteen years, Mr. Coward indisputably has. In spite, however, of the profound dissimilarity between him and the young men whose prototype he is said to be, there is, I think, ample warrant for regarding him as their prototype. More clearly than any of his contemporaries he expressed the harsh and impatient cynicism of the young who grew to early manhood in the War. A world was wrecked, and in it they, weakened by malnutrition and unnerved by strain, had to

make a living. They looked at the earth, but, unlike God, did not find it good. An immense flippancy pervaded their generation, and they asserted, with a singular lack of happiness and spirit, that they believed in a good time. But their good time would have been any other generation's bad time. They despaired of life. All standards were dropped. Self-indulgence was the only virtue, and not too much of a virtue. Effort was thought to be boring. Objects must be attained, if they were to be attained at all, easily, thoughtlessly, and were not to be sought if their achievement involved any labour. A heart-breaking Brightness animated young minds, and the bright remark was always made, even if, or perhaps because, it wounded or humiliated the person about whom it was made. There was a great deal of noise.

It was this world which Mr. Coward, with uncanny skill and exactness, portrayed in his early plays. His characters were divided into the clever young and the stupid old, the former being free of conventions, the latter being imprisoned in them. These characters, whether they were old or young, skimmed over the surface of life, sneering at it, the young scoffing at the old, the old snarling at the young. Any person in these plays who tried to see under the surface was said to be stuffy, solemn, a prig. One ate, drank, but was not merry, and to-morrow one died. The fact that Mr. Coward filled his plays with the dismally Bright Young caused many persons, otherwise intelligent, to suppose that he himself was dismally Bright. He became a legendary figure. It was said that he was a drug addict; that he led a dreadful life of debauchery; that he had no manly virtues and could not play games. His scorn for hunting people and "hearties" of all sorts made him suspect among those whose minds are ruled by cant-phrases, such as "nothing like horseflesh, old boy!" or "play the game, my dear chap". These people imagine that they have said something profound when they have echoed each other. To

hear the same remark made by a thousand people reassures them. They feel that it must be true when it is often repeated. Mr. Coward, eager and young and impatient of catchwords, charged into the midst of these routine people, scattering their chaff with his, and derided and ridiculed them, often brutally, too often without any discrimination. The fact that an opinion was held by these people was evidence enough for him that it was a stupid opinion. The early plays are full of juvenile cruelty which effectually disguised the fundamental fact that their author is an embittered Puritan, as embittered a Puritan as Mr. Aldous Huxley whose last novel, *Brave New World*, is the passionate protest of a John the Baptist who has been to Eton and Oxford. It soon became plain, however, that Mr. Coward was a Savonarola in evening dress, a St. Anthony who could not keep away from the night-clubs, although he despised their habitués. Those who considered him to be, like Voltaire's Habbakuk, capable of all, learnt to their astonishment, even to their dismay, that he was an exceptionally abstemious young man and as little addicted to drugs as Dean Inge. They perceived in his revues a moral fury that upset them, partly because it was not expected of him, but chiefly because moral fury seemed irrelevant to revues. Moralists who had come to reproach, remained to wonder. Was this the notorious youth whose flippancies epitomized the spirit of the age? Those songs and sketches about the children of the Ritz had a laugh on the wrong side of the face. Mr. Coward was not applauding the poor little rich girls: he was exposing their futility, their emptiness, their pitiful plight. The smart world listened, appalled, to that heart-rending song, "Dance, dance, dance, little lady", and could scarcely believe its ears. This was a new note, a little shrill, perhaps, in light entertainment, a note more proper to the Court Theatre, under the authority of Mr. Granville-Barker, than to the London Pavilion, under the authority of Mr. C. B. Cochran.

If Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Eugene O'Neill had written that song, people could have understood it and would not have been shocked by its reproof. But that Mr. Coward who was said to be so amusing, should have written it in a revue called *This Year of Grace* was hard to believe. What right had Pan to put on a cassock and start banging a Bible about? Large and orbicular gentlemen, accompanied by ladies said to possess "opulent charms", stirred a little uneasily in their padded stalls as they listened to such disquieting verses. What was all this stuff about "dance, dance, dance, little lady, so obsessed with second best, no rest you'll ever find"? Had a man paid sixteen shillings for a seat for a young person only to hear her informed that "youth is fleeting to the rhythm beating in your mind"? Shakespeare had said something of the sort.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

There might be something in the contention of a critic or two that Coward unconsciously, perhaps, echoed Shakespeare now and then. That scene in *The Vortex*, for example, in which Nicky Lancaster violently reproaches his mother, what was it but the scene between Hamlet and his mother over again? The young, sensitive Prince, returning from the culture of Wittenberg to the barbarian Elsinore, finds his mother, "but two months" widowed, "nay not so much, not two," already the wife of his uncle Claudius, a gross, uncivilized man, and then, still stunned by the shock of her posting with such dexterity to incestuous sheets, is overwhelmed by the discovery that his adored father had been murdered by his uncle. The boy, tormented by Gertrude's infidelity, comes to her closet and answers her questions with deliberate rudeness:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother,

and when she reproves him for his unfilial speech, he speaks to her in sharp accents:

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you,

and frightens her so thoroughly that she cries out that she is about to be murdered and, in her alarm, brings about the death of Polonius. Then follows the famous, familiar scene in which the Prince wrings his mother's heart. "What have I done," she cries, "that thou dar'est wag this tongue In noise so rude against me?" and is told instantly:

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there,

and in bolder, unkindler words he states her offence against his father until, in agony, she cries:

O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

But he will not let her be until he has split her heart and conscience with his abuse, and brought her to her knees and made her promise to abstain from his uncle's bed.

This scene, allowing for the difference in temper and time between Shakespeare and Mr. Coward, is remarkably reproduced in *The Vortex*. I shall not, I hope, be accused of inability to realize that Shakespeare is an immortal and that Mr. Coward is a young man of his age when I compare the third act of *The Vortex* with the fourth scene of the third act of *Hamlet*. It is, indeed, my intention, to argue that Mr. Coward is, so far as his work up to the present reveals, the representative of his time and only of his time. That understood, we may, therefore, go on in some confidence. *The Vortex* was the first play in which Mr. Coward showed signs

of more feeling and thought than are to be found in a charade. His earlier plays left on the minds of those who saw them an impression of hasty improvisation. They seemed to have been written in a great hurry by a fluent and unusually quick-witted young man whose knowledge of life was considerably less than his ability to laugh at it. One could suppose them to have been thrown together on a wet afternoon to amuse the younger members of a country house-party. But *The Vortex* was a play of a different sort from those early pieces, and the public was quick to see the difference. It had not given much support to the early flippancies, but it gave a great deal of support to *The Vortex*, and it may, therefore, claim with justice that its reputation for shallowness was less justified, even in those days, than it was supposed to be. The public seriously supported Mr. Coward's work the moment it saw some signs of seriousness in him. The play has almost every fault. It is shapeless, in spite of Mr. Coward's extraordinary sense of the theatre, and its characters are ill-drawn and insufficiently set out. We do not *know* them as we know the people in *Hamlet*. They rush before us and rush away again, and we are left in some bewilderment about them. While they are before our eyes, they cause excitement, but after their departure, we wonder why so much fuss was made about them. Our indifference is the result of our ignorance of the characters. We know as little of them at the end of the play as we knew at the beginning. Coleridge said of Edmund Kean that "to see him play is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," but to read any author, and especially such an author as Shakespeare, by flashes of lightning is to get a very queer view of him. Our feeling after seeing and particularly after reading, *The Vortex*, is that we have seen the people only in flashes of limelight. We might identify them in a court of law, but we would not, if we were conscientious, take our oath on it. To read the play,—and here it

had better be confessed that Mr. Coward does not make good reading,—is to feel less assured about the characters than when they have been seen on the stage.

Nicky Lancaster returns to London from Paris and finds his mother, a lady of fashion and formerly of beauty, unprepared for his arrival. She is one of those women whose minds are full of bubbles, and the bubbles always burst. She has made a muddle about her only child's return to his home after a year's absence. Scarcely has she recovered from her dismay at his arrival when she is thrown into a fret by his announcement, casually made, that he is engaged to be married to Bunty Mainwaring. It soon transpires that Mrs. Lancaster is absorbed in a hearty young man, one Tom Veryan, a member of the Brigade of Guards who might pardonably be mistaken for a Beefeater. Tom and Bunty are old friends, and their encounter at Mrs. Lancaster's country house during a very Bright week-end in which everybody is unpleasantly frank, is sufficient to make them feel that they must continue their old friendship. Mrs. Lancaster catches Bunty in Tom's arms and makes a scene, in the middle of which Nicky enters and instantly understands the whole situation. He realizes that his mother is Tom's mistress, that she has been the mistress of more than one man, that she is one of those vain and greedy women who clutch at youth in their terror of old age, and seek to replenish their fading vigour by sapping the life out of their juniors. In his distress he rushes to the piano and begins to play jazz. The act ends with Mrs. Lancaster, after she has ordered her ex-lover to leave the house, running frantically upstairs after him, leaving her distracted son still pounding the piano. Up to this point, little but exotic emotion has appeared in the play. We have had two acts in which we learn that the characters are overwrought or empty, and have received a hint that one of them, Nicky, is a drug addict. Nicky's father, a shadowy figure, who occupies less space in the play

than is filled by the Ghost in *Hamlet*, appears to have little or no knowledge of his son's affairs and is disregarded by his silly wife as completely as if he were her footman. We do not know how Nicky came to be in the state in which we find him, and have difficulty in understanding how Bunty and he became engaged to be married. The engagement is, however, true enough to facts as we knew them in the period of the play. Young people then, and some of them still, I believe, become engaged and disengaged on the slightest provocation. They end their marriages as lightly as they make them. Mr. Lancaster is described by his son in a speech addressed to Mrs. Lancaster in the third act.

Father used to be a clever man, with a strong will and a capacity for enjoying everything—I can remember him like that, and now he's nothing—a complete nonentity because his spirit's crushed. How could it be otherwise? You've let him down consistently for years—and God knows I'm nothing for him to look forward to—but I might have been if it hadn't been for you—

It is hard to believe that a “clever man, with a strong will and a capacity for enjoying everything” could be turned into “nothing—a complete nonentity” with a crushed spirit by an exceptionally shallow and silly wanton. As he wanders briefly in and out of the first two acts, looking rather like a bored spook who has been called too often to spiritualistic séances, the audience is strongly disinclined to believe that he ever had a strong will. A man of moderate mind would long ago have sent such a wife about her silly business and have married another and better woman. In the third act, which is largely a duologue between Nicky and his mother, the emotion, which is still neurotic, takes a deeper note, and it is this deeper note which removes the play from the rather tawdry atmosphere in which its first two acts have been passed. We realize that the boy is suffering, and the sight of suffering, even when it is only the suffering of thin-spirited people, is always moving. Nicky comes at midnight to his mother's bedroom where she

is engaged in pampering her febrile emotions in the presence of her friend, Helen Saville. In an abrupt tone, he asks Helen to leave him alone with his mother, who supposes that he wishes to talk to her about his broken engagement. She soon discovers that it is her own affairs which worry him. He asks her to tell him "things—as though I were somebody quite different," and she naturally asks "What kind of things?" "Things about you—your life," he replies, and suddenly, in a voice which is described by the author as one of "dead vehemence", he accuses her of being Veryan's lover. After a storm of shrieking denials, she confesses in a whisper that she is Veryan's mistress.

NICKY: I want to understand why—

FLORENCE: He loved me.

NICKY: But you—did you love him?

FLORENCE: Yes.

NICKY: It was something you couldn't help, wasn't it—something that's always been the same in you since you were quite, quite young—?

FLORENCE: Yes, Nicky—yes—

NICKY: And there have been others, too, haven't there?

FLORENCE: (*With her face in her hands*) I won't be cross-questioned any more—I won't—I won't—

NICKY: I wish you'd understand I'm not blaming you—I'm trying to help you—to help us both—

FLORENCE: What good can all this possibly do?

NICKY: Clear things up, of course. I can't go on any more half knowing.

FLORENCE: Why should this side of my life be any concern of yours?

NICKY: But, mother!

FLORENCE: I'm different from other women—completely different—and you expect me to be the same—why can't you realize that with a temperament like mine it's impossible to live an ordinary humdrum life—you're not a boy any longer—you're a man—and—

NICKY: I'm nothing—I've grown up all wrong.

FLORENCE: It's not my fault.

NICKY: Of course it's your fault, mother—who else's fault *could* it be?

FLORENCE: Your friends—the people you mix with—

NICKY: It wouldn't matter *who* I mixed with if only I had a background.

FLORENCE: You've got as much money as you want—you've got your home—

NICKY: (*bitterly*) Home! That's almost funny—there's no peace anywhere—nothing but the ceaseless din of trying to be amused!—

FLORENCE: David never complains.

NICKY: I don't suppose you've looked at father during the last few years—or you wouldn't say that.

FLORENCE: He's perfectly happy because he's sensible—he lives his own life and doesn't try to interfere with mine.

NICKY: It must be your vanity that makes you so dreadfully blind and foolish.

FLORENCE: Understand once and for all, I *won't* be spoken to like this—

NICKY: You've had other lovers besides Tom Veryan—haven't you?

FLORENCE: Yes, I have—I have. Now then!

NICKY: Well, anyhow—that's the truth—at last—

Then comes a long scene of recrimination in which the boy charges his mother with making “a vulgar, disgusting scene” in her own house over a boy half her age. “You're not happy,” he accuses her:

NICKY: You're not happy—you're never happy—you're fighting—fighting all the time to keep your youth and your looks—because you can't bear the thought of living without them—as though they mattered in the end.

FLORENCE: What does anything matter—ever?

NICKY: That's what I'm trying to find out.

FLORENCE: I'm still young inside—I'm still beautiful—why shouldn't I live my life as I choose?

NICKY: You're not young or beautiful; I'm seeing for the first time how old you are—it's horrible—your silly fair hair—and your face all plastered and painted—

FLORENCE: Nicky—Nicky—stop—stop—stop!

She flings herself on her bed and screams at him to go out of her house, but he replies that he has “a slight confession to make”. He takes a small gold box out of his pocket and shows it to her, and she realizes that he is a drug-addict. Her small and exceedingly still conscience is pricked, and she begs him to reform himself. “It can't possibly matter now,” he says.

FLORENCE: Matter—but it's the finish of everything—you're young, you're just starting on your life—you must stop—you must swear never to touch it again—swear to me on your oath, Nicky—I'll help you—

NICKY: You! (*He turns away*).

FLORENCE: (*burying her face in her hands and moaning*) Oh—oh—oh!

NICKY: How could you possibly help me?

FLORENCE: (*clutching him*) Nicky!

NICKY: (*almost losing control*) Shut up—shut up—don't touch me—

FLORENCE: (*trying to take him in her arms*) Nicky—Nicky—

NICKY: I'm trying to control myself, but you won't let me—you're an awfully rotten woman, really.

FLORENCE: Nicky—stop—stop—stop—(*She beats him with her fists*).

NICKY: Leave go of me!

(*He breaks away from her, and going up to the dressing-table he sweeps everything off on to the floor with his arm.*)

FLORENCE: (*screaming*) Oh—oh—Nicky—!

NICKY: Now then! Now then! You're not to have any more lovers; you're not going to be beautiful and successful ever again—you're going to be my mother for once—it's about time I had one to help me, before I go over the edge altogether—

FLORENCE: Nicky—Nicky—

NICKY: Promise me to be different—you've got to promise me!

FLORENCE: (*sinking on to the end of couch, facing audience*)

Yes—yes—I promise—(*the tears are running down her face*).

NICKY: I love you, really—that's why it's so awful.

(*He falls on his knees by her side and buries his face in her lap.*)

FLORENCE: No. No, not awful—don't say that—I love you, too.

NICKY: (*sobbing hopelessly*) Oh, mother—I

FLORENCE: (*staring in front of her*) I wish I were dead!

NICKY: It doesn't matter about death, but it matters terribly about life.

FLORENCE: I know—

NICKY: (*desperately*) Promise me you'll be different—promise me you'll be different—

FLORENCE: Yes, yes—I'll try—

NICKY: We'll both try.

FLORENCE: Yes, dear.—Oh, my dear—!

(*She sits quite still, staring in front of her—the tears are rolling down her cheeks, and she is stroking Nicky's hair mechanically in an effort to calm him.*)

So the play ends.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any person who has a sense of the stage that this play is theatrically effective and that Mr. Coward wrote "a whacking good part for himself", and that he also wrote a whacking good part for Miss Lilian Braithwaite who played Nicky's mother. But has he written any more than two whacking good parts and a theatrically effective play? We now know that Mr. Coward's sense of the theatre is exceptionally sharp. His instinct for situation and scene is sure and unusually fertile. He knows, infinitely better than any of his contemporaries, how to put a play on the stage and make it go over the footlights. But does he know any more than that? The passages quoted from *The Vortex* reveal an author struggling with stuff outside his understanding. When, for instance, Nicky says to his mother:

It was something you couldn't help, wasn't it—something that's always been the same in you since you were quite, quite young—?

we are left with the sensation that it is not only Nicky who wants to know, but Mr. Coward himself, that the author, like the character, has come on something which he does not understand, that he has not yet found an intellectual apparatus which will enable him to understand it and to convey his knowledge to his audience. Mr. Coward's characters occasionally astonish and dismay him as much as they astonish and dismay themselves and those who watch their odd antics on the stage.

Mr. Coward's dialogue, I am told and can well believe, is not easy to learn. The actors seldom find words which they can seize and hold. Mr. Coward stoutly defends his dialogue because of its fidelity to fact. Contemporary conversation, he says, is composed of short sentences, impressionistic rather than detailed in their nature, and rapid in their delivery. We make leaps and take short cuts in our conversation, and are eager, too eager, to avoid any appearance of highfalutin, with

the result that our conversation is continually commonplace and banal and dull. We repeat a single catch word over and over, as if by repeating it we made it true. I lately listened to a gentlemen discoursing on a play. Here, as far as I can remember anything he said, are some of his remarks. I had enquired whether the play was good or bad.

"Well, definitely, it's bad. I mean to say, definitely!"

"You don't like it?" I said.

"Definitely not. I mean to say, definitely it's no good."

"What's wrong with it?" I next enquired.

"Well, it's—it's—Oh, I don't know, but definitely it's bad. I mean to say, it's not good. Definitely, I mean!"

That seemed to me the most indefinite conversation I had ever heard. Mr. Coward contends that it is the business of the dramatist to reproduce this sort of speech as faithfully as he can. If he were to make his characters talk in the circumlocutory fashion beloved by Henry James, he would be false to the facts of their lives. That, indeed, is true of the sort of people of whom Mr. Coward writes, and true, too, of the rest of us, but it is untrue that we all speak in brief sentences, as if we were telegraphing unwelcome news to our friends. In any event, an author has to do something more than reproduce actual speech: he has to trim it so that he catches the heart of the matter and only suggests its dullness and triviality. An author who discards all decoration from his dialogue and refuses to trim it and make it express what the characters wanted to say rather than what the characters actually did say, endangers his existence as a dramatist. The dramatist has to heighten and lengthen and deepen the common speech, and yet leave it seeming to be the common speech.

His dialogue, so faithful to its period, will, I fear, defeat Mr. Coward. The language of the moment lives for a moment. *Hay Fever*, which was a considerable success when it was first performed and is considered by Mr. Coward to be

his best play, was a failure when it was revived. I recently tried to read *Hay Fever*, but failed to stay the course to the end, although I like reading plays and have no difficulty in visualizing them. His most popular piece, *Cavalcade*, is, of course, a spectacle and is not intended to be read. It would be unfair, therefore, to judge Mr. Coward by the style in which it is written, although its style, if taken in conjunction with the style of the other plays, is sufficiently revealing. If Mr. Coward is to live on the English stage, he must live on something other than his dialogue. On what will he live? Not, I think, his thought, which is of the moment and the surface. In *Private Lives*, the cynical title used by Mr. Coward for a play about people who generally exhibit their emotion in the most public places, Elyot says to Amanda, "You've no faith, that's what's wrong with you!"

AMANDA: Absolutely none.

ELYOT: Don't you believe in—? (*He nods upwards*).

AMANDA: No, do you?

ELYOT: (*shaking his head*) No. What about—? (*He points downwards*)

AMANDA: Oh, dear, no.

ELYOT: Don't you believe in anything?

AMANDA: Oh, yes, I believe in being kind to everyone, and giving money to old beggar women, and being as gay as possible.

ELYOT: What about after we're dead?

AMANDA: I think a rather gloomy merging into everything, don't you?

ELYOT: I hope not, I'm a bad merger.

AMANDA: You won't know a thing about it.

ELYOT: I hope for a glorious oblivion, like being under gas.

AMANDA: I always dream the most peculiar things under gas.

ELYOT: Would you be young always? If you could choose?

AMANDA: No, I don't think so, not if it meant having awful bull's glands popped into me.

ELYOT: Cows for you, dear. Bulls for me.

AMANDA: We certainly live in a marvellous age.

ELYOT: Too marvellous. It's alright if you happen to be a specialist at something, then you're too concentrated to pay attention to all the other things going on. But, for the ordinary observer, it's too much.

AMANDA: (*snuggling closer*) Far, far too much.

ELYOT: Take the radio, for instance.

AMANDA: Oh, darling, don't let's take the radio.

ELYOT: Well, aeroplanes then, and Cosmic Atoms, and Television, and those gland injections we were talking about just now.

AMANDA: It must be so nasty for the poor animals, being experimented on.

ELYOT: Not when the experiments are successful. Why in Vienna I believe you can see whole lines of decrepit old rats carrying on like Tiller Girls.

AMANDA: (*laughing*) Oh, how very, very sweet.

ELYOT: (*burying his face in her shoulder*) I do love you so.

AMANDA: Don't blow, dear heart, it gives me the shivers.

ELYOT: Swivel your face round a bit more.

AMANDA: (*obliging*) That better?

ELYOT: (*kissing her lingeringly*) Very nice, thank you kindly.

AMANDA: (*twining her arms round his neck*) Darling, you're so terribly, terribly dear, and sweet, and attractive.

'These infant atheists, immensely amusing though they were to watch and hear on the stage, scarcely seem real. They flit from mood to mood, at one moment raging and at the next caressing, and they come to nothing. They do not resent anything, because they hardly feel anything. Elyot and Amanda bite and scratch and kiss and fondle each other almost simultaneously. They are like puppies which can be called innocent because they are unaware of guilt. Occasionally a creature cries out that it is hurt, but the other creatures think that is only the injured party's fun, and if he persists in saying he is hurt, he is called a bore. It is stuffy of people to suffer pain: it is stuffier still to draw attention to it. In a play called *Post Mortem*, which has not yet been performed, Mr. Coward, who now describes it as an hysterical piece, bursts into rage at the futility of life. In this play, one of the few by Mr. Coward in which long speeches occur, the cynicism of youth which feels itself frustrate by forces it can neither understand nor control, is most bitterly expressed. Perry, a little jejune, one feels, utters a long, general sneer at the universe, ending with a snarl:

A kid like you isn't going to do any good in all this muck. Hold close to your own love wherever it lies, don't leave it lonely while you wander about aimlessly in chaos searching for some half formulated ideal. An ideal of what? Fundamental good in human nature? Bunk! Spiritual understanding? Bunk! God in some compassionate dream waiting to open your eyes to truth? Bunk! Bunk! Bunk! It's all a joke with nobody to laugh at it.

His dying soldier, as he is borne away from the trenches on a stretcher, mutters, "You were right, Perry — a poor joke." That is his final comment on existence.

This loathing of life is more plainly expressed in *Design For Living*, a play which has been acted with immense success in America, but has not yet been acted in England. Here the infant atheists are disgusted with themselves as much as they are with life. "There are moments," says Gilda, "when I look upon my own damned femininity with complete nausea," and a few moments later, she accuses herself again:

It humiliates me to the dust to think that I can go so far, clearly and intelligently, keeping faith with my own standards—which are not female standards at all—preserving a decent integrity, not using any tricks; then, suddenly, something happens, a spark is struck and down I go into the mud! Squirming with archness, being aloof and desirable, consciously alluring, snatching and grabbing, evading and surrendering, dressed and painted for victory. An object of strange contempt.

The single demand these infant atheists, scarcely vehement enough to deny God, ever make is for liberty to do what they like: a demand which, in the circumstances, is considerable. "We have our own decencies," says Leo. "We have our own ethics. Our lives are a different shape from yours." Otto reproves Miss Hodge for "daring to disapprove of something that has nothing to do with you whatever," that something being the decision of Leo, Gilda and Otto to live together in promiscuity. "We are different," says Otto:

Our lives are diametrically opposed to ordinary social conventions; and it's no use grabbing at those conventions to hold

up when we find we're in deep water. We've jilted them and eliminated them, and we've got to find our own solutions for our own peculiar problems.

GILDA: Very glib, very glib indeed, and very plausible.

OTTO: It's true. There's no sense in stamping about and saying how degrading it all is. Of course, it's degrading; according to a certain code, the whole situation's degrading and always has been. The Methodists wouldn't approve of us, and the Catholics wouldn't either; and the Evangelists and the Episcopalians and the Anglicans and the Christian Scientists—I don't suppose even the Polynesian Islanders would think very highly of us, but they wouldn't mind quite so much, being so far away. They could all club together—the whole lot of them—and say with perfect truth, according to their lights, that we were loose-living, irreligious, unmoral degenerates, couldn't they?

GILDA: (*meekly*) Yes, Otto, I expect so.

OTTO: But the whole point is, it's none of their business. We're not doing any harm to anyone else. We're not peppering the world with illegitimate children. The only people we could possibly mess up are ourselves, and that's our lookout. It's no use trying to decide which you love best, Leo or me, because you don't know! At the moment, it's me, because you've been living with Leo for a long time and I've been away. A gay, ironic chance threw the three of us together and tied our lives into a tight knot at the outset. To deny it would be ridiculous, and to unravel it impossible. Therefore, the only thing left is to enjoy it thoroughly, every rich moment of it, every thrilling second—

Gilda, daring to be individual in an age when mankind is becoming more and more determined to live in a mass and be governed as a mass, declares that "from now on, we shall have to live and die in our own way. No one else's way is any good; we don't fit." In those words, she puts the whole argument of *Design For Living* which is, I think, the best play Mr. Coward has yet written. The victory for which Gilda pleads, the right of the individual to live his own life, has yet to be won, and its winning is delayed by the fact that too many individualists are determined not only to live their own lives, but to make the rest of us live them too. It is improbable, indeed, that the Gildas of the world will ever win the victory they desire, since they have no faith in life even with their victory won. "The

human race," she says, "is a let-down, Ernest; a bad, bad, let-down!"

I'm disgusted with it. It thinks it's progressed, but it hasn't; it thinks it's risen above the primeval slime, but it hasn't—it's still wallowing in it! It's still clinging to us, clinging to our hair and our eyes and our souls. We've invented a few small things that make noises, but we haven't invented one big thing that creates quiet, endless peaceful quiet—something to pull over us like a gigantic eiderdown; something to deaden the sound of our emotional yellings and screechings and suffocate our psychological confusions—

The best comment on that speech is, perhaps, Gilda's own comment on Leo's methods as a dramatist. "He flips along with easy dialogue, but doesn't go deep enough." Mr. Coward clearly perceives his own defects, and, perceiving them fills us with hope that he will presently remove them. We may doubt if Gilda had ever read Pascal, even if she had ever heard of Pascal, but Pascal had a thought not unlike hers. "All the misfortunes of men," he said, "arise from one thing only, that they are unable to stay quietly in one room." Such was the miserable state of the generation which filled Mr. Coward's work, and his incalculable value to the social historian is that he, more faithfully than any other person, has portrayed that generation or at least the noisiest and most evident part of it. Mr. Coward's plays may not live, are probably unreviveable, but no one who wishes to know what the post-war generation was like can afford to neglect them. His despondency is only the despondency of a young man who is fretful about life because he has not yet got hold of it, and is inclined to throw up his hands when he had better clench his fists. The nerveless determination of his infant atheists will not sustain him for long, and as we sit in survey of his work and see that his best play is his latest, we may hopefully conclude that his best is still to do. Professor Watson, the leader of the American Behaviourists, a strange sect who are intellectually allied to the Holy Rollers, asserts that "it is what happens to individuals

after birth that makes one a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, another a diplomat, a thief, a successful man or a far-famed scientist", a piece, surely, of the most pestiferous twaddle that has ever emerged from an American professor's mind, twaddle, too, that is amply denied by a multitude of facts. Those who are the victims of their environment deserve to be.

John Morley, on the opening pages of his essay, *On Compromise*, rashly said, "The right of thinking freely and acting independently, of using our minds without excessive awe of authority, and shaping our lives without unquestioning obedience to custom, is now a finally accepted principle in some sense or other with every school of thought that has the smallest chance of commanding the future." Those of us who have heard Herr Hitler demanding the blind obedience of the German people and have seen the Italian youth throwing their hats in the air in applause of Signor Mussolini's announcement that freedom is a fetish, and know with what enthusiasm the Russians have surrendered their rights and liberties to the dictation of a few middle-class oppressors who call themselves the proletariat, may well wonder at Morley's optimism. We may also wonder whether the falsification of that too confident prophecy is not due to the despair into which Mr. Coward's generation so easily fell, from which they so slowly climb. Are they, indeed, climbing out of it? Dare we hope that they are not sinking more deeply into it? Mr. Coward has raised his trumpet and blown a thin call for individual liberty in *Design For Living*, and, although we may say with St. Paul, "if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" yet the note has been sounded, and sounded on a trumpet that we thought would never blow another blast. He had, no doubt, a cynical intention in following the penultimate scene of *Cavalcade*, in which Jane Marryot drinks "to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much,

will find dignity and greatness and peace again," with a scene in a night club in which all the members whine out a dismal dirge about the Twentieth Century Blues, but, at least, the hope is expressed, and, since Jane's generation is too old to fulfil it, we must trust that Mr. Coward's will. The woods of Arcady are dead," says Mr. Yeats in a lovely poem, called *The Song of the Happy Shepherd*:

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Grey Truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head. . .

Turns it to what? Mr. Coward may yet tell us.

FORCE BEHIND THE LEAGUE

BY G. F. BELL

“**L**OOKING back over forty years of experience in public affairs, I can say with confidence that in major problems the instinct of the common people has been more right than have the statesmen and experts.” It was Lord Bryce speaking to an audience in Oxford in 1921, and this general affirmation, coming from a man of such wide experience and scholarship, was a significant political testimony. And surely these sixteen uneasy years of peace have confirmed the statement. The statesmen of Europe have laboured far behind the instinctive wishes of the common man; the villagers of Dumdudge have been forgotten. No Lincoln or Gladstone has arisen to voice with authority the moral implications of treaty-making.

Not that one should condemn the statesmen too much. Partly they have been overwhelmed by the complexity of problems, partly they have suffered from being non-combatants in the war, too old to see that that event, like the Renaissance and the French Revolution, has changed the whole direction of thought; and moreover they have been harried by the intrigues of armament magnates and newspaper dictators.

None the less, to get the thing straight it is necessary to contrast the open-hearted and universal acclaim of President Wilson, as he landed in Europe, the representative of the common man's belief that the fight had been to end war, with a picture of a few years later of the military experts under the League, discussing whether fifteen- or twenty-ton tanks were offensive or defensive weapons. One sees how Lord Bryce could arrive at his conclusion.

In any discussion about enforcing peace, it is as well to discount many of the experts' difficulties, to beware of the interested articles of militarists, armament makers, and not least to distrust those who argue from "human nature" or from the point of view of national sovereignty and honour. On the other hand, the peoples of the world are not going to give their confidence to an idea in the making, which has not commended itself to those leaders in whom they have confidence. New ideas are scrutinized by an instinctive and natural conservatism, and before they are accepted they must have passed the test of discussion and survival.

"Enforcing Peace" is, however, no new idea. It has emerged from time to time since Henry of Navarre's great minister Sully produced his "Grand Design". But the discussion of the last thirty years is naturally the point of interest. In 1910 President Roosevelt was saying, "It would be a master-stroke if those great powers honestly bent on peace would form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others." Four years later he was persuading his countrymen that the civilized nations shall also agree—and here comes the vital and essential point of the whole system—to act with the combined military strength of all of them against any recalcitrant nation . . . this treaty shall put force back of righteousness." In 1915 there was established in America a "League to enforce Peace", and Mr. Taft was the first president. "Nothing counts for anything in the field of international peace except that adequate police force which Mr. Taft had in contemplation when he became president of the League to enforce Peace, and which Theodore Roosevelt had in mind when he said that international justice must be backed by an international police force" (Senator W. C. Bruce, January 1929). It would be easy but tiresome to go on producing evidence of the opinion that "peace must be made

secure by the organized major force of mankind" (President Wilson).

In the urgency of the war and the temporary idealism at the armistice the same opinions were voiced in England by Lord Grey and others. In 1932 the French produced at the Disarmament Conference elaborate proposals for the creation of an international force. It is unfortunate that sufficient justice was never given to this French plan.

There is nothing new, then, in the idea of enforcing international law. Indeed, before an international resolution becomes real law, it must be enforceable. There has been in history no system of law worth the name which has not rested ultimately on force; even the mediaeval church called in the secular arm. And the resolutions of the League of Nations are in danger of being considered mere sentiment—so far as major crises are concerned. The Sanctions, when the Peace Conference had finished with them, had become nebulous and ineffective. It may be argued that force was left to the League, that Articles VIII and XVI of the covenant are sufficient to protect a nation against aggression. The history of the last five years is evidence enough on that; no confidence is placed in the League's protective powers. There is no security. There has to be too much unanimity, too much recommendation to parliamentary bodies, to satisfy those who are nervous of attack. As Hobbes said, "Covenants without the Sword are but words."

The armament race has begun again. That is the answer to those who consider the League sufficiently powerful. German re-armament is proceeding steadily. The alarm has been sounded in the camp of the Royal Air Force in England, and in 1936 the air strength will have been brought up to one hundred and seventeen squadrons. Japan denounces the Washington Naval Treaty, while Italy has plans for two new battle-ships of 35,000 tons. France, although the strongest military

power, takes alarm and immediately adds vast new sums for naval and air services. Thus the mad terrifying scramble starts all over again and the unbearable nightmare of another universal war encloses the prospect of the future.

The scene of the tragedy is in Germany, just as it was in the middle of last century, when Bismarck caught the liberals chattering about constitutions and rights, and forgetting about the need of enforcement. Bismarck enthroned Power, and "having got everything for which he schemed, lived in fear. Every great Power in turn came into this atmosphere of fear. Every diplomatic combination that was formed, whether directed by Germany against France, by France against Germany, by Russia against Austria, or Austria against Russia was formed and governed by fear. At last it became clear that every gain that man had made in the arts of civilization was in danger from the violence that is inspired by fear."

The same fear walks abroad to-day. The second tragedy of European history, engendered by the folly of France, has been the collapse of the Weimar Constitution, and the accession of Hitler. For ten years the moderates of Germany hung on, bullied and harried by the "realists" of France, but now once again a worse than Bismarck is here. Power and Ruthlessness have assumed the control, and the Southern German has succumbed once more to the spirit of Prussia. The black and agitated figure of Fear is seen to enter again the doors of the chancellories of Europe.

Not all the outlawings of war, Locarno agreements, and so on, make any difference. There is no security in them, and therefore statesmen make their addresses of welcome to them, and hurry back to consult behind closed doors. The world is a crowded market place, each man with a firearm in his pocket, and doubtless several signed agreements not to let it off; but it only requires one more stupid or more nervous than the others

to start the shooting for universal pandemonium to begin. Peace in the market place depends upon the prohibition of firearms and the presence of a policeman.

It is on the question of security that every plan of disarmament has fallen down. There will be no security until the League of Nations is armed. France would rather trust to her own armies than to the vague chances of the Covenant. The League was at the last moment emasculated, and logical people like the French are not going to entrust themselves to the contingent help of bewildered parliaments. Something more solid is required—especially so with the example of Japan, condemned unanimously by the League, but calmly continuing on her way. Sir Austen Chamberlain talks of the moral authority of the League being endangered by the application of force—a lot did Japan think of the moral authority of the League! Never was so clear a case, so tragic a cowardice; and the lesson was not lost on France, nor on the rising nazis of Germany. An aggressive power had called the bluff of the League. There can be no security until nations know that an overwhelming force will demolish the disturber of the peace.

Before coming to the actual proposal for an international force, two of the objections may be considered. It is said that the League will lose its moral authority. This is to suggest that law, because of the intention to enforce it, is something less desirable than a general and vague encouragement to be good. But is not a law, at any rate ideally, the arrival of a stage when a sentiment has become widely accepted, and when a majority is anxious to protect itself against a dissident minority? The opinion either of the majority or of the minority must prevail. That is, a law is the consolidation of a position; a large number have become convinced that such and such a conclusion is the right one, and it finds that prohibition and enforcement are necessary to support it. When in the nineteenth century in England the better employers wished to

reduce the fearful hours of work among the women and children, they found themselves powerless against a small minority of employers. They could not reduce hours, because the minority refused to do so. It was only after an inspectorate was appointed and the law enforced upon all employers that the evil was controlled. But is one to suggest that parliament or employers had lost moral authority because they meant business when they set out to eradicate an evil? Let it be agreed that the League must be sparing in its desire to enforce the good, but when all humanity is calling out for the outlawry of war, the League does not lose moral authority but gains respect, if it is found to be in grim earnest.

And then again it is asserted, as a destructive criticism, that the proposal to establish a force behind the League involves the creation of a world-state. We are being asked, objectors say, to surrender the right to control ourselves: we shall be dictated to by foreigners; our sovereignty will disappear. This contention that we can do as we like with our own has been heard before—feudal baron and autocratic employer used much the same argument. But in fact is there no law superior to our own volition? Do we in fact intend to do as we like in international affairs? Do we pay any respect to Red Cross conventions in war? We flatter ourselves that we do. Should we run amok on the seas, without finding some plausible excuse for doing so? We don't usually tear up treaties, because they transgress at an inconvenient moment the indefensible right of a nation to do exactly as it likes at any moment. In fact, whatever the theorists may say about the matter, national sovereignty is already hedged around. This term, sovereignty, has done veteran service as a cloak of respectability for selfish interests for many a long day. As Lord Bryce expressed it: "Some of those who have written on sovereignty describe the sovereign as being subject to no restraint whatever. . . There has never

really existed in the world any person, or even any body of persons, enjoying this utterly uncontrolled power, with no external force to fear and nothing to regard, except the gratification of mere volition."

There is actually no proposal here to create a "super-state". The League of Nations already exists; in the Covenant there are certain articles intended to prevent war; there was for a time in 1919 an intention to make these articles effective, but the moment of resolution passed, and the comment thereon is the dismal history of the last few years. The present proposal is the old one revived, a league to enforce peace.

How, then, is the world to attain Security and to banish Fear? No one course is advocated, nor other proposals excluded, providing only that the principle of enforcement is admitted. We shall probably have to combine a variety of actions. Certainly there must be disarmament, which, however, cannot be a first step but only conjoined with measures giving security. Economic sanctions, possibly the most powerful of all deterrents of aggression, must be tightened up, so that their application follows from the very fact of condemnation by the League. There must be no repetition of the weakness and folly of the League in the Sino-Japanese dispute. And then behind all other measures must lie the International Force.

For myself, I believe that it will only be necessary to have an International Air Force, with the prohibition of national air forces. The air is likely by far to be the most important factor in any future wars, and the distressing thing about it is that there is no real defence against air attack—both sides can do murderous slaughter against the opposing civil population. Here is a new invention of science, at the mercy of which lies all civilization. It is civilization's weapon of suicide.

If the air is controlled, it will be comparatively easy to preserve peace; if it is not controlled, no other measures will give security. Here is a factor, more dangerous, and yet more hopeful, than any other gift of science.

The International Air Force will have two duties, one immediate and the other dependent on international decision. It will first of all be the duty of the force, on the opening of hostilities, to act like the police in a riot. It will wait for no instructions, but will bombard on both sides any attempt to establish an air force; it will dislocate any movement of troops beyond a certain line, and it will consider bridges and railways the most obvious targets for restraining movement. Its business will not be to consider the justice of the quarrel; it will play havoc with either or both sides advancing to the attack. Determined action by an effective air force will prove an incalculable handicap to concentration and movement of troops, and a general staff will not care to risk the havoc which would be created.

This primary police action, if ever called upon for use, will destroy the value of quick mobilization and will give defensive forces time to establish themselves. It will give time, that most precious of things on the threat of hostilities, not only to the defence, but also to other nations so that they may exert persuasion.

But a nation might risk this initial anti-riot action of the Air Force. It would then be necessary for the League to determine upon the justice of the dispute, and to use the air supremacy in accordance with their findings. This would be no more difficult than the action already proposed in the Covenant for dealing with disputes and aggressive action. Indeed, it might be less difficult; the League would not have to ask for national contingents, with all the bickering and jealousy which that involves, but would enforce its decisions through an international force. In the present circumstances any

nation, co-operating in active measures, becomes in a sense an ally and an enemy in the war with a consequent loss of impartiality. Under the proposed scheme there would be a greater chance of avoiding the war-madness and bad blood inevitable in any great conflict.

There is a difficulty perhaps in deciding upon the command of the Air Force, until the League has assembled and arrived at its decisions. Immediate action on the outbreak of hostilities is the crux of the matter. I would suggest that for Europe, Switzerland should be entrusted with the control and management of the International Force. There was a time when Swiss mercenaries were the special soldiers of Europe; in a new age the Swiss might be the special airmen of Europe. I do not refer so much to the composition of the force, which would attract the best type of men from all countries, but to the office work of one of civilization's police stations.

Do we intend to bring in the reign of Law? Or are we prepared to see expenditure rise, liberty diminish, panic spread and war begin again, this time the inevitable end of civilization as we know it? It's one or other. Dare we look forward, under present conditions, to the time of our children? Those of us who fought have an enormous responsibility to make effective those things for which in our best moments we hoped and fought. No generation will ever complete the work of 1919 unless ours does, for we alone can place the vileness of war before its heroism.

A FIELD OF WHEAT

BY SINCLAIR ROSS

IT was the best crop of wheat that John had ever grown; sturdy, higher than the knee, the heads long and filling well; a still, heat-hushed mile of it, undulating into a shimmer of summer-colts and crushed horizon blue. Martha finished pulling the little patch of mustard that John had told her about at noon, stood a minute with her shoulders strained back to ease the muscles that were sore from bending, then bunched up her apron filled with the yellow-blossomed weeds and started towards the road. She walked carefully, placing her feet edgeways between the rows of wheat to avoid trampling and crushing the stalks. The road was only a few rods distant, but several times she stopped before reaching it, holding her apron with one hand and with the other stroking the blades of grain that pressed close against her skirts, luxuriant and tall. Once she looked back, her eyes shaded, across the wheat to the dark fallow land beside it. John was there; she could see the long, slow-settling plume of dust thrown up by the horses and the harrow-cart. He was a fool for work, John. This year he was farming the whole section of land without help, managing with two outfits of horses, one for the morning and one for the afternoon; six, and sometimes even seven hours a shift.

It was John who gave such allure to the wheat. She thought of him hunched black and sweaty on the harrow-cart, twelve hours a day, smothering in dust, his shoulders bent low under the glaring sun. Her fingers touched the stalks of grain again, and tightened on a supple blade until they made it squeak like a mouse. A crop like this was coming to him. He had had his share of failures and set-backs, if ever a man had, a dozen times over.

Martha was thirty-seven. She had clinched with the body and substance of life: had loved, borne children; a boy had died; and yet the dents of life, travail, heartbrokenness, had never wrung as the wheat wrung. The wheat allowed no respite. It was struggle—wasting, crazy, unending—with wind and sun and weeds, and not a heroic struggle. They were only poor, taunted, driven things; it was the wheat that was invincible. They only dreaded, built gay-coloured futures; waited for the first glint of green, watched timorous and eager while it thickened, merged, and at last leaned to a ripple in the wind; then followed every slip of cloud into the horizon, turned to the wheat and away again. And it died tantalizingly sometimes, slowly: there would be a cool day, a pittance of rain.

Or perhaps it lived, perhaps the rain came. June, July, even into August, hope climbing, painting wish-patterns deftly on the future. And then a clench and tremble to John's hand; his voice faltering, dull. Rust or sawflies or a cloud of grasshoppers; no matter, they would grovel for a while, stand back helpless, then go on again. Go on in bitterness and cowardice, because there was nothing else but going-on.

She had loved John, for these sixteen years had stood close watching while he died — slowly, tantalizingly, as the parched wheat died. He had grown unkempt, ugly, morose. His voice was gruff, contentious, never broke into the burly laughter that used to make her feel as though she were living at the heart of things. John was gone, love was gone; there was only wheat.

She plucked a blade; her eyes travelled hungrily up and down the field. Serene now, all its sting and torment sheathed. Beautiful, more beautiful than Anabelle's poppies, than her sunsets. Theirs—all of it. Three hundred acres ready to give perhaps what it had taken from her—John, his love, his lips unclenched.

Three hundred acres. Bushels, thousands of bushels, she wouldn't even try to think how many. And prices up this year. It would make him young again, lift his head, give him spirit. Maybe he would shave twice a week as he used to when they were first married, throw away his old clothes, believe in himself again.

She walked down the road towards the house, her steps quickening to the pace of her thoughts until the sweat clung to her face like little bubbles of oil. It was the children now, Joe and Anabelle: this winter perhaps they could send them to school in town and let them take music lessons. Anabelle, anyway. At a pinch Joe could wait a while; he was only eight. It wouldn't take Anabelle long to pick up her notes; already she played hymn tunes by ear on the organ. She was bright, a real little lady for manners; among town people she would learn a lot. The farm was no place to bring her up. Running wild and barefoot, what would she be like in a few years? Who would ever want to marry her but some country lout?

John had never been to school himself; he knew what it meant to go through life with nothing but his muscles to depend upon; and that was it, dread that Anabelle and Joe would be handicapped as he was, that was what soured him, made him harsh and glum. That was why he breast the sun and dust a frantic, dogged fool, to spare them, to help them to a life that offered more than sweat and debts. Martha knew. He was a slow, inarticulate man, but she knew. Sometimes it even vexed her, brought a wrinkle of jealousy, his anxiety about the children, his sense of responsibility where they were concerned. He never seemed to feel that he owed *her* anything, never worried about *her* future. She could sweat, grow flat-footed and shapeless, but that never bothered him.

Her thoughts were on their old, trudging way, the way they always went; but she stopped again, turned to the wheat,

and in its quiet expanse found freshening promise. The children must come first, but she and John—mightn't there be a little of life left for them too? A man was young at thirty-nine. And if she didn't have to work so hard, if she could get some new clothes and corsets, and maybe some of the creams and things that people put on their faces. . . .

As she passed through the gate Anabelle tore across the yard to meet her. "Mamma, Joe's taken off every bit of his clothes, and he's in the trough with Nipper!" She was a lanky girl, sunburned, barefoot, her face oval and regular, but spoiled by an expression that strained her mouth and brows into a reproachful primness. It was Martha who had taught her the expression, dinning manners and politeness into her, trying to make her better than the other little girls who went to the country school. She went on, her eyes wide and aghast, "And when I told him to come out he stood right up, all bare, and I had to come away."

"Well, you tell him he'd better be out before I get there."

"But Mamma, how can I tell him? He's all bare."

Then Joe ran up, nothing on but little cotton knee-pants, strings of green scum from the water-trough still sticking to his face and arms. "She's been peekin'." He pointed at Anabelle. "Nipper and me just got into the trough to get cooled off, and she wouldn't mind her own business."

"Don't you tell lies about me." Anabelle pounced on him and slapped his bare back. "You're just a pig, and the horses don't want to drink after you've been in the trough."

Joe squealed, and excited by the scuffle Nipper yelped and splattered Martha with a spray of water from his coat and tail. She aimed a kick at him, missed, and then to satisfy the itch in her fingers seized Joe and cuffed his ears. "You put your shirt on and then go and pick peas for supper, both of you, only the fat ones, mind. No, not you, Anabelle." There

was something about Anabelle's face, burned and countrified, that changed Martha's mind. "You shell the peas when he gets them picked. You're in the sun too much."

"But I've got a poppy out and if he goes to the garden by himself he'll pick it just for spite." Anabelle spun around, leaving the perplexity in her voice behind her, bolted for the garden, and the next minute, before Martha had reached the house, was back again triumphant, a big fringed pink and purple poppy in her hand. She sat down on the doorstep, admiring the gaudy petals. "They go so fast," she complained to herself. "The first little wind blows them all away." On her face, lengthening it, was bitten deeply the enigma of the flowers and the naked seed-pods. Why did the beauty flash and the bony stalks remain?

Martha had clothes to iron, and biscuits to bake for supper; Annabelle and Joe quarrelled about the peas until she shelled them herself. It was hot—heat so intense and breathless that it weighed like a solid; a gradual darkness came with it unnoticed, as part of it. All at once she turned away from the stove and stood strained, inert. The silence was incredible, tight-drawn, waiting. She tried to speak to Nipper and the children, who were all three sprawled in a heap alongside the house, but the hush over everything was like a raised finger, forbidding her.

A long, immobile minute; suddenly a bewildering awareness that the light was choked; and then, muffled, still distant, but charged with resolution, its storm-timbre climaxing the stillness, a slow, brooding heave of thunder.

Martha darted to the door, stumbled down the step and around the corner of the house. To the west there was no sky, only a gulf of blackness, so black that the landscape seemed slipping down the neck of a funnel. Above, almost overhead, a heavy, hard-lined belly of cloud swept in august and compact fury across the sun-white blue.

"Anabelle!" She wanted to scream a warning, but it was a bare whisper. In front of her the blackness split—an abrupt, unforked gash of light as if angry hands had snatched to seal the rent.

"Anabelle, get inside!" Deep in the funnel thunder gurgled, half-drowned, emerged spluttering, shook itself, and with clumsy, lurching strides hobbled to the top of the cloud-belly.

"Joe, come back here!" He was off in pursuit of Nipper, who had broken away from Anabelle when she tried to pull him into the house. "Before I warm you."

Her voice broke. She stared into the blackness. There it was, long, white and twisting, a little snake of cloud, just the same as four years ago.

She craned her neck, looking to see whether John was coming. The wheat, the acres and acres of it, green and tall, if only he had put some insurance on it. Damned mule—just work and work. No head himself and too stubborn to listen to anyone else.

There was a swift gust of wind, thunder in a splintering avalanche, the ragged hail-cloud low and close. She wheeled, with a push sent Anabelle toppling into the house, and then ran to the stable to throw open the big doors. John would turn the horses loose—surely he would. She put a brace against one of the doors, and bashed the end into the ground with her foot. Surely—but he was a fool—such a fool at times. It would be just like him to risk a runaway smashing everything up for the sake of getting to the end of the field.

The first big drops of rain were spitting at her before she reached the house. Quietly, breathing hard, she closed the door, numb for a minute, afraid to think or move. At the other side of the kitchen Anabelle was tussling with Joe, trying to make him go down cellar with her. A little scared by her mother's excitement, but not really able to grasp the immi-

nence of danger, she was set on exploiting the event; and to be compelled to seize her little brother and carry him down cellar struck her imagination as a superb way of crystallizing for all time the dreadfulness of the storm and her own dramatic part in it. But Martha shouted at her hoarsely, "Go and get pillows. Here Joe, quick, up on the table." She snatched him off his feet and set him on the table beside the window. "Now you be ready when the hail starts to hold the pillow tight against the glass. Anabelle, you stay upstairs at the west window in my room."

The horses were coming, all six at a break-neck gallop, terrified by the thunder and the whip stripes that John had given them when he turned them loose. They swept past the house, shaking the earth, their harness jangling tinny against the deep brattle of thunder and collided headlong at the stable door.

John, too; through Joe's legs Martha caught sight of his long, scarecrow shape stooped low before the rain. Distractedly, without purpose, she ran upstairs two steps at a time to Anabelle. "Don't be scared, here comes Dad." Her own voice shook, craven. "Why don't you rest your arms? It hasn't started yet."

As she spoke there was a sharp, crunching whack on the roof, its sound abruptly dead, sickening, like a blow that has sunk into the flesh. Wildly she shook her hands, motioning Anabelle back to the window, and started for the stairs. Again the whack came; then swiftly a stuttered dozen of them.

She reached the kitchen just as John burst in. With their eyes screwed up against the pommelling roar of the hail they stared at each other. They were deafened, pinioned, crushed. His face was a livid blank, one cheek smeared with blood where a jagged stone had struck him. Taut with fear, her throat aching, she turned away and looked through Joe's legs again. It was like a furious fountain, the stones bouncing

high and clashing with those behind them. They had buried the earth, blotted out the horizon; there was nothing but their crazy spew of whiteness. She cowered away, put her hands to her ears.

Then the window broke, and Joe and the pillow tumbled off the table before the howling inrush of the storm. The stones clattered on the floor and bounded up to the ceiling, lit on the stove and threw out sizzling steam. The wind whisked pots and kettles off their hooks, whirled the sodden curtains like knouts, crashed down a shelf of lamps and bottles. John pushed Martha and Joe into the next room and shut the door. There they found Anabelle, huddled at the foot of the stairs, round-eyed, biting her nails in terror. The window she had been holding was broken too; and she had run away without closing the bedroom door, leaving a wild tide of wind to rage unchecked. It was rocking the whole house, straining at the walls. Martha ran up to close the door, and came down crying. There was hail piled on the bed, the pictures were blown off the walls and broken, the floor was swimming; the water would soak through and spoil all the ceilings.

John's face quietened her. They all crowded together, silent, averting their eyes from one another. Martha wanted to cry again, but dared not. Joe, awed to calmness, kept looking furtively at the trickle of blood on his father's face. And Anabelle was worrying about the dog; in the excitement they had forgotten him.

When at last they could go outside they stumbled over Nipper's body on the step. He had run away from Joe before the storm started, crawled back to the house when he saw John go in, and, crouched helpless against the door, had been beaten almost to a pulp. Martha held back the children, while John picked up the raw heap and hurried away with it to the stable.

Neither Joe nor Arabella cried. It was too unreasonable, too annihilating. They clung tightly to Martha's skirts,

staring across the flayed yard and garden. The sun came out, unbearably gay and brilliant on the drifts of hail. There was an icy wind that made them shiver in their thin cotton clothes. "No, it's too cold on your feet." Martha motioned them back to the step as she started towards the gate to join John. "I want to go with Dad to look at the wheat." "There's nothing to see."

Nothing but the glitter of sun on hailstones. Nothing but mud and little rags of green slime. Here and there an isolated straw standing bolt upright in headless defiance. Martha and John walked to the far end of the field. There was no sound but their shoes slipping and rattling on the pebbles of ice. Both of them wanted to speak, to break the atmosphere of calamity that hung over them, but the words they could find were too small for that sparkling serenity of wasted field. Even as waste it was indomitable. It tethered them to itself, so that they could not feel or comprehend. It had come and gone, that was all; before its tremendousness and havoc they were prostrate. They had not yet risen to cry out or protest.

It was when they were nearly back to the house that Martha started to cry. "I can't go on any longer; I can't, John. There's no use, we've tried." With one hand she clutched him and with the other held her apron to her mouth. "It's driving me crazy. I'm so tired and heart-sick of it all. Can't you see?"

He laid his big hands on her shoulders. They looked at each other for a few seconds, then she dropped her head, blubbing into his greasy smock. Presently he roused her. "Here come Joe and Anabelle!" The pressure of his hands tightened. His bristly cheek touched her hair and forehead. "Stand up, before they see you."

It was more of him than she had had for a long time. "All right, I'm all right now." There was a wistful little pull in her voice, as if she would have had him hold her there, but with

her apron she wiped her eyes hurriedly. "Tell Joe you'll get him another dog."

Then he left her and she went back to the house. Mounting within her was a resolve, a bravery. It was the warming sunlight, the strength and nearness of John, a feeling of mattering, belonging. Swung far upwards by the rush and swell of recaptured life, she was suddenly as far above the desolation of the storm as a little while ago she had been abject before it. But in the house she was alone; there was no sunlight, only a cold wind through the broken window; she crumpled again.

She tried to face the kitchen, to get the floor dried and the broken lamps swept up. But it was not the kitchen; it was to-morrow, next week, next year. The going-on, the hopelessness of it all, the waste of life that even a will to sentiment and loyalty, the bravest and the blindest, could not cover up or make seem a little less futile. She leaned on the broom handle, looking at the drenched curtains as they flapped sulkily around the empty window-frame. Mustn't they be out of their minds to keep on the way they were? Sixteen years, working like slaves, and where was it getting them? Where would they be in another sixteen years?

She flung away the broom, caught hold of the curtains, and with a fierce yank tore them down. "Go on? Go on?" Her voice broke out thin and shrill, like a mad creature's. "To hell with going on! I've had enough!"

She staggered outside to the step and stood swaying there, working her hands together. It was all very fine for John; he'd pat her shoulder and let her go back to their poverty and rags. He'd talk about education for Joe and Anabelle, and she could worry where the clothes were to come from so that they could go clean and decent even to the country school. It made no difference that she had wanted to take out hail insurance. He was the one that had the running of things. She was just his wife; she could keep her mouth shut. He'd pat

her shoulder and let her go back to a mess like this. They'd be brave, go on again, forget about the crop, go on, go on, next year, and the next, until they would both be ready for the scrap-heap. Let him, let him if that was what he wanted, but he wasn't going to drag her along with him. It wasn't what she wanted.

They hadn't had enough money to pay the premium; they couldn't borrow it; that was why there was no insurance on the wheat. Martha knew as well as John—but it was rebellion now, not John or the crop. Rebellion because their wheat was beaten into the ground, because there was a brutal finish to everything she had planned, because she had will and needs and flesh, because she was alive. But a summer storm, how rebel against that, how find the throat of a cloud?

And so at a jerky little run she set off for the stable, for John. Just that she might rebel, no matter against what or whom, release the fury that clawed within her, strike back a blow for the one that had flattened her.

The stable was quiet, only the push of hay as the horses nosed through the mangers, the lazy rub of their flanks and hips against the stall partitions; and before its quietness the turbulence of her anger subsided, took time for breath. She advanced slowly, almost on tiptoe, peering past the horses' rumps for a glimpse of John. To the last stall, back again. And then there was a sound different from the stable sounds. She stopped.

She had not seen him the first time she passed, because he was pressed against one of the horses, his head pushed into the big deep hollow of its neck and shoulder, one hand hooked by the fingers in the mane, his own shoulders drawn up and shaking. She stared, thrust out her head incredulously, moved her lips, but stood silent. John sobbing there, against the horse. It was the maddest, most frightening moment of her life. He had always been so strong and grim; had just kept

on as if he couldn't feel, as if there was a bull's hide pulled over him, and now he was beaten.

She slunk away; it would be unbearable to watch his humiliation, if he looked up and saw her. Joe was wandering about the yard, thinking about Nipper and disconsolately sucking hailstones, but she fled past him, head down, as stricken with guilty shame as if it were she who had been caught broken and afraid. He had always been so strong, a brute at times in his strength, and now . . .

Now, why now that it had come to this, he might never be able to get a grip of himself again. He might not want to keep on working, not if he were really beaten. If he lost heart, if he didn't care about Joe and Anabelle any more. Weeds and pests and drouth and hail, it took so much fight for a man to hold his own against them all, just to hold his own, let alone make any headway.

"Look at the sky!" It was Anabelle, breathless, ecstatic. "Like a fan, isn't it beautiful?"

Withdrawn now in the eastern sky, the storm clouds towered, gold-capped and flushed in the late sunlight, high still pyramids of snowiness and shadow. And one that Anabelle pointed to, apart, the farthest away of them all, this one in bronzed splendour spread up and out, miles high, to a vast, plateau-like summit.

Martha went inside. She started the fire again, then nailed a blanket over the broken window and lit the big brass parlour lamp, the only lamp left. Her hands were quick and tense. John would need a good supper to-night. The biscuits were water-soaked, but she still had the peas. Lucky that they picked them when they did. He liked peas. This winter they wouldn't have so much as a potato or an onion.

THE LLOYD GEORGICS

BY W. M. CONACHER

“The book is remarkably documented and is a permanent contribution to history.” (Press Report).

“I will inquire into his private history and denounce him from the pulpit.” (Mr. Owen Jones of Llan-y-hangll in the pursuit of a private feud.)

EVERYONE who can get hold of a copy is reading Lloyd George's tardy war memoirs,* which important dailies and weeklies refer to respectfully as a weighty contribution to war history. The vivid onslaught the little Welshman makes on Admirals and Generals is echoed and applauded in the press. At the same time repeated straw votes opportunely reveal Lloyd George to be the most popular statesman in England, and finally we hear that he is coming forward with proposals for a British 'New Deal' which—on strictly non-party lines—he is to expound in the great cities of Britain just as another more famous septuagenarian statesman, Gladstone, came back from retirement in his historic Midlothian campaign. Are the L-G memoirs part of what is irreverently known as “the Ballyhoo” of the movement? If so, aspirants to the seat which we may suppose that Ramsay MacDonald will shortly and gracefully vacate, may well read these pages with a malaise bordering on panic as they scan the lists of the heroes in the past Homeric struggle, all vanquished by the sling of this little David.

This then is an aspect from which we can examine these volumes with some profit. How does he fight, the little Welsh warrior, and what is his fighting weight? And first of all it is not inopportune to note that here for the

* *War Memoirs*. By David Lloyd George. Four volumes. (Toronto: Saunders).

first time in his polemics he has exchanged the spoken for the written word. When Lloyd George went out of office in 1922 and undertook to write for Press Syndicates, although highly paid, he was not a good journalist. He was trading on his name and his utterances were bald and rather pontifical. But he has now learnt his craft and here and there the written page reveals some of the virtue—and venom—of his word. Thus the most effective of Lloyd George's orations were always his election speeches, where he was never on the defensive but always found some means of attack. In the process it is true he replaced the word 'Billingsgate', meaning not over-polite vituperation, by the word "Limehouse", the scene of his most vigorous onslaught on the Lords who had thrown out the Budget and the Land Tax. Here he told a cheering audience of costermongers that they, the people of England, were being robbed of their rights by a body of men whose only distinction was that each of them happened to be "the first of the litter", and these men defending their privileges had "put the sod before the soul". So much he said for Lords such as—"Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord St. John of Bledisloe" (howls). This campaign supported by posters representing a malevolent-looking peer [Lord Snowden would fill the bill admirably] who proclaimed with a pointed finger and a snarl, "It's your money we want", roused the old Wat Tyler spirit in London and won a substantial victory.

The same spirit if not the same wit is evident in these volumes. For the Peers Lloyd George has substituted the 'Brass Hats', and looking for a telling weapon he does not hesitate to make capital out of the fact that whereas Wellington was in the very thick of the battle, whereas Jellicoe shared all his sailors' perils, the modern war lord is as snug as a bug in a rug, miles away from where the shells are falling. Hastily the advocate adds that he is not impugning their courage, but demonstrating that they work *in vacuo* detached from the

realities of war, whose horrors and carnage only mean for them a new red or blue line marked on a map.

Yet there is one defect obvious enough. A speech can carry one away on its whirlwind wings. Cold print remains for a second reading and a revised opinion, and here perhaps one gets the impression that "the gentleman doth protest too much", for in these volumes there is an ever recurring motif. Those who disagree with L. G. are wrong and they are stupid, bungling and malevolent fools who do not know their job. The list is an important one. Kitchener and Asquith are the first victims. Briand, Doumergue and Cambon are not spared. These are drones, talkers, self-seekers, men of short views. But the fun grows furious at the third volume. Then Lloyd George like a Homeric hero descends into Hades and fights his battles o'er again with the phantom figures of the war. To and fro the battle rages. Lloyd George and Nivelle, Lloyd George and Jellicoe, Lloyd George and Robertson, Lloyd George and Haig, Lloyd George and Carson, and ever in his hands are the sword of condemnation and the stink-pot of ridicule.

One feature is strange. He has no allies, no supporters. A man is with him for six months. Then he passes out of the picture, often to emerge as an opponent. Thus we have Asquith, just before his fall, to whom Lloyd George vows eternal fidelity, to whom he says he owes everything, and then (though Lloyd George does not tell this story) the Asquith who visits him just before the peace conference, whom Lloyd George asks "if he has come back for a job". Again we have the Haig who is quoted against Jellicoe, and the Jellicoe who arrays himself on Haig's side against Lloyd George. We have the Northcliffe whom Lloyd George says he would lock up as he would a disaffected Socialist and again the Northcliffe whom he sends on an important mission to America, and then again the Northcliffe whose brutal impetuosity lands Lloyd

George in a party mess from which he never recovers. But throughout, the 'documents' deftly and even modestly show 'everybody out of step but our Georgie'.

This is the place where some reference to 'documentation' comes in. There is ample documentation to substantiate Lloyd George's case, but on the other side it is selected or summarized. The important document on the Paschendaele controversy, a memorandum from General Haig, is given without a date, though General Robertson's buttressing statement has a date. Lord Jellicoe has replied with a broadside of his own to the charges contained in volume III, and according to the advertising columns of the London papers the 'brass hats' are also coming into action with supplementary documentation. The Maurice debate itself in 1918 was of course a battle of documentation. But in some places the Memoirs are straight and unsupported narrative. Sometimes the story is even summarized by a telling symbol—the poetic but not the documentary method.

Documentation means the manner of the Report of the Mesopotamia Commission. It means a Blue Book. But this is not a Blue Book, which would never convince the average lay reader. The method must be laid aside for the more personal touch of the advocate. That is where we have some of the most typical and incisive passages in the book. "The combined efforts of France and England had failed to tear the captured land from those blood-stained claws." This might be Victor Hugo. "[General Nivelle] was drunk from incessant dram drinking at the inexhaustible puncheons of anticipated success." This is the Welsh chapel—no mean measure! "Nothing could have saved the Turkish forces from complete collapse in 1915-16—except our General Staff."

Lloyd George on one occasion speaks scathingly of Winston Churchill's romanticizing in his *World Crisis*, but Winston Churchill tells very impartially those incidents in the

war where he was personally involved and in general style and narrative power he is much superior to the war Premier.

The high lights of volumes III-IV are the philippic against Jellicoe over the submarine campaign, and the philippic against Haig over the Paschendaele offensive. The case seems proved that Jellicoe was paralysed in face of the submarine offensive and told the American Admiral Sims that defeat seemed imminent. It was then that Lloyd George took action. Jellicoe was replaced by Mr. Eric Geddes, who became both a Major-General and an Admiral during the war. He in conjunction with a shipping board, acting outside naval control, organized convoys and drove off the submarines. There is the tale as it is told. But Lloyd George had been one of the economists before the war who made it impossible to provide the light craft needed for convoy work. Lord Charles Beresford was emphatic in condemnation of this policy at the time. Lloyd George describes this as follows: "Before the war the Admiralty concentrated so much on big ships that they *neglected* essential weapons and even to provide us with sufficient small craft." Only the entry of "the States" into the war made ocean convoys possible. But the vital factor was the destruction of submarines, which in 1917 reached the figure of sixty a month. Here presumably the depth charge was all important. Since Lloyd George passes it over in silence it is not unfair to assume that this was the design of the Navy.

The Paschendaele offensive was Haig's idea. Lloyd George had another—an allied attack from Italy on the Italian front. Again he seems to prove triumphantly that the soldier was wrong about the war and he was right. Paschendaele was a blood bath, over an impossible terrain, negligible in its concrete results—it never came near freeing the Channel ports; tanks were impossible in this mud; it may have shaken the German morale, but it was at a tremendous price. All

this Lloyd George demonstrates beyond dispute, but again he proves too much. General Haig, we read, was an incompetent mediocrity as a Commander-in-Chief, but if Lloyd George had "ungummed" him, it would have brought about his own downfall and Lloyd George 'never believed in frontal attacks'. Haig must be put up with as no other general was any better. Yet in the following year Haig beat the Germans into fits—the army that had been reinforced from Russia, that was a new army, that had had its triumphant successes before Amiens and in Flanders and driven the French back again to the Aisne. Lloyd George says that this was all Foch, but surely after Rawlinson's first tank victory and the corresponding French success, Haig took the bit in his teeth. It was he that insisted, against Foch, on the way the thing should be done and did it. He was, if you like, vain and obstinate and grasping the laurels for himself, but he did take the Hindenburg line and drive the Germans into utter rout. How could an incompetent mediocrity do that? The Germans by all accounts for most of September and October were fighting as well as ever. Lloyd George proves too much—as advocate rather than historian. He is claiming the kudos of the statesman who won the war: he cannot deny his share to the general who actually did.

The impulse lying behind this philippic against Haig is that Lloyd George wanted his own theory tried out—the Italian offensive. But this 'documented' history does not make clear that his theory had much support behind it. Haig and Robertson naturally were against it. They were committed to Paschendaele. But Petain and the French Government were only said to be in favour of it. The latter had turned it down in favour of the Nivelle plan. Only as they became dubious about Nivelle did they tentatively approve of the Isonzo. And what was this Italian plan? Lloyd George does not make it clear. He says that Trieste might certainly have been taken. But this was only a

local success. He suggests that the Austrians might have been knocked out by weight of allied artillery. But as he is pitiless on Haig for fighting in the Flanders slime, so he ignores the difficulties of guns storming precipices. He has nothing approaching a relief or a contour map in his volumes. We learn nothing of the configuration of Paschendaele. We learn nothing of the altitudes in the Gorizia plateau or beyond the Isonzo. We know generally that Flanders is a foul mire, but we also know that the Italian north-east frontier is Alpine. Lloyd George makes no attempt to demonstrate the efficacy of this knockout blow, a knockout to be delivered from the bottom of a flight of stairs. Caporetto at the bottom is under 1,500 feet. The top of the stair is at least 6,000 feet (the actual road nearly 4,000). This certainly should be clarified, for the Allied big guns have to go right to the top.

Lloyd George derives his most damaging criticism of Haig from the criticism of General French, to whom, with General Wilson, he finally appealed as arbiters. French makes plain in a weighty document (*a*) that Haig's calculations are over-optimistic, (*b*) that his net gains are small, (*c*) that the Germans may have gained and not lost at this battering game, (*d*) that a direct attack on the main strength of the enemy is not a military *sine qua non*. But General French does admit what Haig has done in the way of brilliantly executed tactical successes. The Welshman can only gauge strategic triumphs and yet what British general except Marlborough was there who won by strategy and not by tactics? But strategy gains those clear cut victories which revive morale and maintain governments, and strategy is possible to the amateur where tactics are a maze. Hence Lloyd George treats the Paschendaele venture as a hopeless folly from end to end with no redeeming feature. As to this it needs an impartial body of experts sitting in court martial. It is necessary to know whether the Germans ceased to be able to stand

artillery pounding heavier than their own; whether that had its effect in Haig's successes in 1918; whether in fact the victorious Commander-in-Chief Haig of Bemerton was the insignificant mediocrity that he is here written down. This only military experts can decide.

There is one feature about the whole matter that is open to lay opinion and lay discussion: it is the border line of the duties and rights of Prime Minister and Government and those of Commander-in-Chief and War Office. Asquith had used an easy rein with his commanders and suffered in consequence. Lloyd George went on the other tack. Evidently it was only because he dared not that he failed to dismiss Haig, as he got rid of Jellicoe. Evidently he went beyond his capacities in urging the Italian offensive. He was perhaps asking for trouble and the bamboozling by the Generals (both Haig and Robertson) was their defensive against amateur interference. But somewhere there should be a clearing house, a court of appeal between soldier and statesman and to it both should resort with hands quite clean and a single purpose—the country's good. The Committee of Imperial Defence could have filled that function. It was interparty and also contained experts, and Dominion Premiers sat upon it. But it was superseded by the War Cabinet: in a sense in fact it was the war cabinet. In France the Senatorial Committee over which Clemenceau presided discharged the needed function. It was of weight as a select committee of the Upper Chamber (elected in France) and it was outside Government as it had no office. Some such forum was obviously necessary at any rate with a Premier who had his own ideas of strategy. As it was, if Lloyd George is correct, the Generals employed their strategy chiefly on the Home Government.

It is when one leaves these controversial matters and considers this book simply as a record of what Lloyd George did during his war ministry that one is forced to admit the magni-

tude of his accomplishment. It is in fact one of the strangest things to-day how Lloyd George is taken for granted and even depreciated. Surely it is an error to ignore all the fund of thought, energy, enthusiasm, versatility, industry, courage, imperturbability, doggedness, vision and faith in his country which he displayed in those momentous days. Looking at all he did it is hard to know with whom to compare him.

The Pitts, father and son, who were both in a like position, were at any rate of the governing class, as was Castlereagh, the one surviving statesman who was in at the death of 'Boney'. But it was a triumph of democracy that Lloyd George was able to make his way from humble origins to the position he held on the outbreak of war. When he became—inevitably—war Premier he was, as he says, the only "ranker" in his Cabinet. The others came from wealthy or distinguished families or they had all the prestige which the older Universities or the Bar confer on public men. They had energy of position. Lloyd George had kinetic energy and nothing else. He was a super-Cleon, like the Greek demagogue ever bitingly critical of others, obtruding himself into a world of heavy-weights like Nicias, not overawed by the tradition of a Pericles or a Themistocles, but prepared to show himself their equal when his country was in peril. And thus grudgingly accepted by a predominantly Tory Cabinet, supported by a passively acquiescent House of Commons he is ready to outplay the Cleon part. "Do it yourself, then!" the Greek generals retorted to Cleon's criticisms, and Cleon accepted and triumphed, having taken care to associate with himself the best opposition general of the day. So Lloyd George, fuming at the conservatism of his generals ever sought and never found the opposition general he needed. In default of this and mindful of Caesar or Cromwell or Washington or Clive he felt that a first-class mind could convert itself into a strategic mind and that the leader of a war government had some claim to do so.

During the war he had progressively invaded provinces supposedly barred to the layman. He ousted the soldier from munition making and made munitions with a speed hitherto undreamt of. He ousted the Premier and wellnigh ousted the Cabinet ("What is Government but Dictatorship", he said to the Labour leaders). Once the master and dominating mind of the war Cabinet he sought to decide the disposal of the military forces of the Empire. Many issues were involved in the projected offensive against Austria. It meant letting up on the hopeless carnage in Flanders and the endless struggles with an obstinate Commander-in-Chief and equally obstinate French leaders. It meant putting one's money on a new ally who might be more accommodating and even more grateful. Above all it seemed to offer more hope of a dramatic victory than the perpetual pounding in Flanders, and in spite of all its exertions the new government was badly in need of the fillip of victory. The Asquith Government was overthrown for alleged incapacity, for lack of progress, for want of prevision of the disasters it sustained. Lloyd George successively got rid of Jellicoe, and of Murray on the Palestine front. He superseded the ambassadors at Washington and Paris, dismissed Robertson, and schemed to set up a general strategic board that included statesmen and generals. Yet at the end of a twelve months there was little enough to show for it all. The check of the submarine menace was hardly yet evident, the slogging at Paschendaele, the abortive tank battle at Cambrai, the failure of Russia and the prospective transference of Germany's eastern army to the west, the Treasury empty and on top of it all the sudden collapse of the Italian Front—these were the fruits of all this effort. It was at such a moment as Caporetto that Pitt's heart broke. "Roll up that map," he said, "it will not be needed these ten years." But Lloyd George never seemed to blench in the darkest hour. Defeat only seemed to stimulate him to new vigour and re-

newed exertions. A week after Caporetto he was on the Italian front with promises of immediate aid in men and guns, as many as need be. This was the moment when with allies reeling and faltering Lloyd's George's back was to the wall. Yet it was the moment when his hold over the Commons in his rare but regular appearances was so absolute that there grew up the legend of a semi-hypnotic power radiating from the man. This spirit in the very nerve centre of Britain was a jewel above price. There was no reward too high which the nation could pay for it. The reward was that some four years later an Edinburgh brewer, the chief Tory whip, notified him that his employees were discharging him and since then his counsels have been lost to the nation. But history cannot fail to do justice to him.

What after all was his master quality? He betrays many provincialisms, the marks for example of an imperfect education. The intellectuals used to shake their heads. "He never reads anything," used to be said. The company he kept was more of action, perhaps of intrigue, than of intellect. His one great false step was of course the Coupon election, but surely one intoxication can be permitted after that ordeal. His secret was dynamic power not alone in the striking of a blow but in the planning and the carrying out of his designs. He measured himself with Asquith, with Haig, with German war leadership, and knew he was not inferior. His supreme test before the country was at the Maurice debate. As one read from the other side of the ocean the account of his defence of his actions, it seemed ineffective and halting. Sometimes it seemed even necessary to make an overdraught on future credit to show a balance sheet. But the Commons, the grand inquest of the nation, each member with his sense of his individual pettiness, with a sense that he must vote as his instinct told him, seemed to be conscious that there reached out to him a spirit saying as Chatham did, "I know that I can save this country and that

no one else can." There may have been mistakes and false ideas. There was no doubt that there was also the supreme giving and dedication of a whole being, of a spirit fully alive, valiant and strong. It was this dynamic force which in all his great contests marshalled the whole man for the purpose of the moment. The Lloyd George Budget, the Insurance Act, the election of 1910, foreshadowed the demonic zeal and industry of the Munitions programme and the inspiration of the fight against the submarine campaign.

Shall we see a repetition of that demonic zeal in the new crusade which Lloyd George is undertaking in British politics?

HISTORICAL CONFERENCE

BY ELIZABETH TATCHELL

With marshalled points the grey professors strive:
Pedantic pleasantry, remote allusion
To export trade in eighteen sixty-five,
Disproving published fact to the confusion
Of younger men whose academic lust
Led them to print, (incautious and unthrifty,
After a mere ten years' archival dust)
In full cloth boards, with maps: three dollars fifty.
And extramurally the Spring's in flood.
Her risen tide sweeps erudition under,
Hiding with legion blossom, crescent bud
Men's careful relics in a blaze of wonder.
One flaunts futility in cap and gown
When May, with hat-a-tilt, assails the town.

ATLANTIC CROSSING, 1835

BY D. D. CALVIN

THE diary was picked up last year in an Ottawa bookshop among a lot of books that had been bought in Kingston. It is five inches by eight, bound in boards with calf corners and back. The back is divided into six spaces; on the second from the top the word *Notes* has been erased and the word *Euclid* printed in gilt. Were not diaries sometimes thus disguised as they stood on the shelves of the library? There are about two hundred pages of plain soft cream-white paper, water-marked *J & E Collins, 1818*. Only a scant quarter of the book has been written in; the rest is blank except for a very few notes, which are not part of the diary itself.

The diarist was James Hopkirk, a son of James Hopkirk of Dalbeth House, Glasgow, and his wife Christian Glassford, for whose family Glassford Street, Glasgow, is named. He left Scotland because of reverses suffered by his family when the slaves in the Jamaica plantations were freed. He was born in 1803, and educated for the law, but never practised. The diary itself shows him to have been an educated man with very considerable powers of close observation and accurate description. The spelling and the use of capital letters are at times a little odd.

The first page gives the right nautical touch, a neat drawing of the compass-card, with its thirty-two points indicated around it and the thirty-two half-points written out neatly in two columns below. There is no other preamble, nothing about the journey to join the ship, and the account of the actual voyage begins with the first sentence.

Tuesday, 21st July, 1835. "Having agreed for a cabin passage for New York for self, Mrs. H. servant and 2 children, for which I paid 50 sterling, in the *Tennessee* an American

vessell 415 tons Register, Capt. G. W. Robinson commander, we went on board this morning at about 10 minutes before 8 a.m. at the St. George's Dock gates, and having been taken in tow by a steamer . . . to the mouth of the river . . . we made great progress so much so that by 8 o'clock p.m. we were off Skerries Head Light House."

The names "Liverpool" and "Mersey" do not occur; in 1835 you knew, or ought to have known, where St. George's dock was, just as in 1935 you know or ought to know that "E.C.4" or "W.1" does not need "London", and that British postage stamps are British, even though their "country of origin" is not shown on them, and never has been!

The ship "was built for Mobile and has an open airy house on deck," perhaps a special feature of vessels trading south into the heat of the Gulf of Mexico. She had been "intended for passengers but is now made to hold goods with the exception of what was the lady's cabin in the stern." In it and in two small staterooms off it the cabin passengers were quartered.

Captain Robinson was "a nice, gentlemanly little man, and seems quite disposed to make us all as comfortable as he possibly can. He is very conversable and agreeable," and again, "the captain, with whom we are every day more pleased."

On the second day out, the 22nd of July, there is a note that "the stores and provisions of every kind are most excellent." On the 28th: "nothing can be better than the fare we have always got — breakfast with tea, chocolate, delicious butter—finest fresh eggs." At dinner "roastmeat or corn beef boiled, fowls, ducks, cabbage, potatoes—dumplin or pudding." At tea "cold meat, ham, herrings etc."

The ship's company consisted of the captain, two mates, thirteen seamen (including steward), three boys (apprentices), nineteen in all. The seven cabin passengers were the diarist, his wife, two young children (a girl of four, Christian, and a

boy of under two years), a servant named Margaret, and two young ladies, "a Miss Bishop and a friend of hers, Miss Lynch." Besides these there were eighty-three in the steerage, making a hundred and nine, all told, in a ship of four hundred and fifteen tons (her dimensions would be about a hundred and ten feet long, twenty-eight feet in the beam, and sixteen feet in the hold). Moreover, as already noted, she was no longer a passenger vessel! It is almost impossible, after a hundred years, to imagine what the discomfort of such conditions must have been. The unfortunate steerage passengers are thus described on the 3rd of August: "except one or two decent-looking Welsh, the most filthy and abominable wretches I ever saw, all of the very worst and lowest class of Irish, covered with the Itch and Lice to a most inconceivable degree." On the 4th of August "a child fell down the steerage stair—at first thought her scull fractured." On the 27th of August there were fears of short rations in the steerage, for whose feeding the ship apparently had no responsibility, since they brought their own food. It is a dismal picture of "the good old days" of sail.

The daily notes of the ship's progress are somewhat monotonous, no doubt reflecting accurately the tedium of a normal summer voyage a century ago. Speeds of "7½ to 8 knotts", once "10 knotts", are recorded, but the average for the whole voyage, on the direct course, works out at only 3½ knots. On the 23rd of July they were "fairly out of the channell—dead calm—the rolling of the ship most unpleasant." They had fair wind for a few days, but on the 29th "the sea was like a sheet of glass. We have not made above 12 miles in the last 12 hours." On the 30th he notes "a *tant soi peu* of a favourable breeze" but the wind was "contrary all day—little chance of our making a short passage". (The captain's forecast when the ship sailed was six weeks, which proved to be exactly correct.) On August 7th they ran into a "very severe gale—

rather ahead—the ladies frightened”, but the wind shifted, for on the 8th it is “fine brisk gale quite favourable and carrying us along at a famous pace.” On the 9th the ship’s position was “lat. 45 N. long. 40 E. approx.”, and the diarist writes “I really am heartily tired of this tedious voyage.” On the 11th the wind was “highly favourable” and he observes that if it had always been so they “would have been at New York long ere now”. The 15th found them on the Banks of Newfoundland, “cold comfortless and disagreeable, every thing and all our clothes dripping wet”, but on the 17th he records that “on the whole we have been a great deal more comfortable than I expected.” On the 16th “shells and sand—brought up sticking to the lead, in sounding. The captain had them put under Baby’s feet that he might be the first of the family who stepped on American soil. N.B. It is British American, off the coast of Newfoundland.”

Ships “spoken” or seen are noted in the diary. On the 24th of July they “spoke the *Calona* from Miramichi, she had had very rough weather”; and on the next day “in the morning early spoke the steam boat from Cape Breton for London”. One wishes he had recorded her name and port of hail, perhaps some historian of the Maritime Provinces could tell what “the steam boat from Cape Breton” meant in 1835.

The following morning they “spoke the *William Peel* of Workington from Quebec for Newry with wood, also another British vessell, name I did not hear. We saw this day, all before 12 o’clock, four other vessels.” A ship named *William Peel*, hailing from Workington on the Cumberland coast, only fifteen miles from Skiddaw, makes one wonder whether John Peel of the famous song had a brother William who was a shipowner. On the 6th of August they “spoke the England packet for Liverpool from New York, which left on the 24th July. It was a splendid sight to see her pass, full sail, an immense crowd of passengers. She was requested to report

the *Tennessee*." The 14th of August is recorded as "foggy, cold—we are now on the great Newfoundland Bank and have seen one or two fishing boats." It was so thick that "we were obliged to keep a fire burning on our decks all night, besides a lamp at the Bowsprit lest we should run down some of the small fishing craft." On the 16th, "about 7 o'clock this morning there were 150 sail of fishing craft in sight. The decks of those we passed near enough to see were loaded with splendid cod. We spoke two Spaniards and a Frenchman—they had had a splendid take of fish. We should have liked much to have some but we were getting on too well to stop to buy even fresh fish for dinner." On the 18th they "sailed most of this day in company with the *Humphrey* but not near enough to speak her." After this date there is no mention of other ships, though one would think that more would be seen as they approached New York.

Five births and two deaths during the voyage are recorded; the first death was natural, the second a drowning. Tragedy brooded over the ship on the 25th of July when "a small black terrier dog of the captain's which had been very sick last night and had drunk a quantity of salt water was found dead in his kennell and committed to the deep." The 1st of August was less gloomy for "at 2 this morning my little cocker Minna had 5 pups, 4 very pretty, one a little ugly wretch which I threw overboard and kept the rest." Near the end of the book there are pencil notes of Minna's pedigree, her dam's name was Brenda. Would Scott have thought it a compliment, or otherwise, that the names of the famous sisters in his *Pirate* had been appropriated by a dog-breeder?

Captain Robinson's officers were apparently sailors of the Herman Melville whaling school for on the 27th of July, "Mr. Williams the mate this morning harpooned a very large porpoise, had it cut up and distributed among the steerage passengers. The captain at my request ordered a piece of the flesh

to be preserved for the cabin table, as I had a curiosity to taste it." The steward got more than just "a piece of the flesh", for on the next day "we had to breakfast a sort of stew made of potatoes and the porpoise sweetbreads which was exceedingly good", and "cakes made of the brains which also tasted well. One would never have discovered they were fish, of which they had no taste. The sweetbread was something like kidneys, but a great deal more delicate, the brains tasted like those of lambs.—We had to dinner today steaks made of the flesh of the porpoise. In appearance it was exactly the colour and look of beef steaks, in taste it more nearly resembled wild duck than anything else, had my eyes been blindfolded I should have taken it for this. It was a little tough and dry perhaps" but the diarist "had no doubt a pasty made of it and eaten with red currant jelly could be scarcely distinguished from a venison pasty." Then for dinner next day "a sort of stew or hash made of pieces of porpoise and potatoes, which with red currant jelly—was most excellent. I should scarcely have known it from hare."

One of the products of the cod, sent out from Nova Scotia to the unwary in the hinterland of this continent is labelled "Quail-on-toast", but no one would take it for quail, in fact no one is ever deceived for longer than it takes to get the package opened. But how interesting if the chef of a modern Atlantic luxury-ship (having got the First Officer to harpoon and cut it up) should try to make a porpoise and its various fittings taste, not of fish, but in turn like kidneys (only "more delicate"), lamb's brains, wild duck, venison and hare! Twentieth century passengers would probably say to the porpoise, like Alice, "Keep back, please; we don't want you with us."

Other creatures than porpoise are noted in the diary. On the 24th of July they "saw one of those fish called in the Clyde Pellochs"; the next day "a very large whale"; on the next

“innumerable gulls”, and on the 9th August “an immense number of stormy petrels—beautiful birds—they fly somewhat like swifts.” One evening, early in the voyage, they had a tired-out swallow on the ship; it even “ventured into our cabin.” On Lake Superior, in midsummer, I myself once saw a numerous flight of small birds come aboard a freighter to rest during their migratory flight. They went everywhere on board, perched on shoulder or head, and allowed themselves to be picked up in one’s hand. After a couple of hours they went on their way.

There are few personal touches. On the 16th of August there are notes of his small daughter’s rolling gait on deck, like a sailor’s, and he fears she will not “lay it aside when she gets on shore.” The boy, just learning to walk, rolls with the ship and balances well. On the 10th of August we overlook the diarist amusing himself all day making a broad-brimmed hat out of some old sails and succeeding “in making a most capital one.” This is the sole reference to amusement of any kind whatever during the voyage; little did the diarist dream of the tyranny of organized ‘amusements’, under ‘social hostesses’, in the ships of to-day.

Homesickness seems to have overtaken him on Sunday evenings, particularly on the first Sunday of the voyage, the 26th of July: “I never shall nor can forget the happy days—particularly Sunday evenings—the western sun shining sweetly in—over the tops of the laurel and acacia trees—the blackbirds and thrushes singing sweetly—ah, never, never, shall I be so happy again, go wherever I may I shall never see the place so beautiful in my eyes.”

A large part of the entry for the 29th of August describes a thunderstorm. Mr. Hopkirk “was awoke this morning about 2 o’clock—tremendous noise from a thunder & lightning squall—dressed hurriedly and went on deck. Found captain and all hands up reefing and hauling down the sails—the heavens as

black as it is possible to conceive—suddenly the most vivid flash of forked lightning illumined the whole heavens, we could see the smallest rope for a second—the rain pouring down in torrents, all as dark as pitch. Suddenly one of those extraordinary phenomena called by the philosophers St. Elmo's fire fixed itself at the very top of the fore-mast where it remained I suppose 30 to 40 minutes. I went out, at the price of a complete drenching, to the foot of the mast and saw it, like a luminous ball of lambent fire—it was steady, not flickering, and very bright—not dazzling—more like a lump of phosphorous than anything else." Captain Robinson told the diarist that he had seen St. Elmo's fire only a very few times, and that to see it once in fifty crossings would be a fair average. "One of the most splendid sights I ever saw in my life," he concludes. "I was very fortunate in witnessing it."

The barometer seems to have been of great interest; at one point, between the entries for the 24th and 25th of August, there are several pages about it. Much of it is quotation from a new nautical handbook published in 1834 by one John Bywater of Liverpool. For some of the rules the diarist cites corroboration from his own observation in Scotland and elsewhere.

The end of the voyage was drawing near when he wrote on the 30th of August: "about 5 this morning—we got sight of Fire Island light House." It was, and is, the traditional land-fall, and even Karl Baedeker says that the first American land sighted is usually Fire Island. The wind shifted to northwest and all day they "tossed and tumbled about, tacking to and fro, sometimes in sight of land sometimes out of it." The 31st of August sees them "still tumbling and tossing in sight of land and cannot reach it." They were "boarded by a news boat", and then "took a Pilot on board, anchored at 12 o'clock within the bar." They were brought into haven on the 1st of September when "the Pilot got us under weigh at daylight

—the tide favourable though the wind was contrary, we worked our way up—reached the Quarantine ground where we cast anchor about 3 o'clock and were immediately boarded by a Customhouse and a Health officer."

The cabin passengers were allowed to land at once. They went ashore, with the captain, taking some small luggage, which the customs officer passed with the most cursory examination, "nothing could be more gentlemanlike." Then, "nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of the Hospitals—the buildings are handsome and are surrounded by very beautiful weeping willows." Appearances are deceptive, perhaps especially so to a man delighted to get ashore after a long voyage. The Quarantine Station was then, as it is now, on Staten Island and its probable condition in 1835 may be inferred from an article by F. H. Garrison in the *Bulletin* of the New York Academy of Medicine for January, 1926, where it is stated that during the years 1799-1858 "the history of this station is a continuous record of martyrization of the inhabitants by epidemic diseases." The condition of the *Tennessee's* unfortunate Irish immigrants has been described and they would fit only too well into the picture. And yet there may have been a Tammany leader among them, one of those whose careers inspired Kipling's parody of Thomas Campbell:

There came to New York a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
Ere the vessel that brought him had passed out of hearin',
He was Alderman Mike inthrojoocin' a bill.

The captain and the cabin passengers came up the Bay from the Quarantine Station to New York in a steamer which is described as "very large—quite different from ours. The steam engine is raised high up in the centre"—this no doubt means a beam-engine—"the vessell is quite flat and close upon the water". He then describes the deck spaces, the refresh-

ment rooms and other accommodation, and continues: "The sail up the Hudson to New York is truly beautiful—fine hills—magnificent trees—it resembles most the Largs side of the Clyde at that place. In short, one might fancy the Hudson and its Banks like a man in the prime of manhood and the Clyde an infant—bearing such resemblance as an infant bears to a man."

Mrs. Trollope, writing five or six years earlier, in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* became quite lyrical over this same scene. "My imagination," she wrote, "is incapable of conceiving anything of the kind more beautiful than the harbour of New York. I doubt if even the pencil of Turner could do it justice."

Our diarist does not say where the steamer landed them but probably it was at the Battery. He took a coach to "Holt's Hotel, corner of Fulton, Pearl & Water Streets". It sounds an odd situation to-day, almost due east from Trinity Church and close to the East River, but Holt's (later called the United States Hotel) was a famous hotel in its time. The diarist says it was "a very splendid building—a square of about 130 feet each way, 7 storeys high, built entirely of white marble." He goes into some detail about the interior arrangement and decoration. "We went down about 7 o'clock to the great Public Room where we had tea. N.B. there was rather a scant supply of food—a sort of pretence at cold meat—3 or four slices of the size and thickness of wafers—literally, sealing wafers—I never saw anything so wretched."

The next day, the 2nd of September, at breakfast at half-past seven, Mr. Hopkirk "found the same scarcity of Provisions and a great want of attendance—there were steaks, fowls—trifling pieces of fish—all roasted or boiled to rags, and cold and uncomfortable." At dinner, taken at three o'clock, "a large party assembled (the cookery was execrable—the people all sat as if they were at a funeral, not a word was

spoken, they gorged and bolted their meat in such a hurry that the room was cleared before we had begun—we scarcely got anything to eat. I never saw people eat with such disgusting celerity—the instant they were done off they started and did not even take time to finish what they had put into their mouths but went off munching and chewing.”

Mrs. Trollope writes in the same way of a hotel dinner in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1828: “They ate in perfect silence and with such astonishing rapidity that their dinner was literally over before ours had begun: the instant they ceased to eat they darted from the table in the same moody silence.”

And Dickens, after his first visit to America, had similar things to say, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, of the guests at Mrs. Pawkins’s boarding-house: “The knives and forks were working at a rate that was quite alarming. The poultry disappeared as if every bird—had flown down—a human throat. The food melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and awful thing to see.—The gentlemen got up one by one and walked off as they swallowed their last morsel . . .”

The diarist makes some rather interesting comments upon the New York of 1835. “They do not light the (street) lamps till the shops are shut, taking advantage of the light from their windows to save all the gas they can, a paltry saving—in so great a town. Scarcely a night but there is a fire, of which the New Yorkers think nothing. A most bustling busy place we found it”; the streets near the quays were “lumbered with packages on the pavements, impossible to pass along. The streets were badly paved—full of holes—there seems to be an indifferent police. We admired Broadway, a fine wide street with trees between the foot pavement and street”; it reminded him of the Boulevards in Paris. He notes the use of the footways for displaying, under awnings, “goods of all kinds from silk mercery to furniture”. He approves the City Hall as being “very splendid”.

The short stay in New York was an enforced wait while the *Tennessee* "performed quarantine" and got up to the city. The diarist had reached Holt's Hotel about 6 p.m. on the 1st of September but it was not till the morning of the 4th that Captain Robinson called to tell him the ship had arrived. He went with the captain to the Custom House, and the rest of the diary for that day is very largely a pæan of praise, which must be set off against his dispraise of table manners, for the politeness and helpfulness of the New York Customs officials. (The high protectionist policy of later years changed all that.) All his gear was got out of the ship with a minimum of trouble and expense. In the evening he wrote home, the letter to go by "the packet of the 8th, being the first which sails", and the diary ends abruptly next day, Saturday, the 5th of September, with the statement "Left New York this morning at 7 o'clock."

From some pencil notes of expenses in the back of the book (near Minna's pedigree) it seems that the travellers went by way of Albany, Rochester and "Youngstown on Niagara", to Hamilton. There are two entries from "Hamilton, Upper Canada" written very minutely across the entries for 21st and 23rd August. Their dates are 28th of August (*sic*) and 28th of October, 1835, both should evidently be October, the mistake being due to agitation on hearing of his father's death on 21st August, across which date he chose to record it.

From Hamilton he went to Oakville and then to York (Toronto) where he was in government service. About 1840 he was moved to Kingston where he was Assistant Secretary of the West (that is, Canada West) from 1842 to 1846. This office seems to have been the equivalent of Deputy Provincial Secretary to-day. He was afterwards Collector of Customs in Kingston, which post he held at his death in 1859. He is buried in Cataraqui cemetery.

He maintained an establishment on the lake front west of Kingston. He called it "Woodstone"; his favourite room was

his library. His grounds afterwards became part of the Ontario Hospital property, "Rockwood",—may not the latter be a transposition of the former? Mr. Hopkirk was a friend and associate of his fellow-Scotsmen in Kingston, among them Sir John Macdonald and Sir Alexander Campbell. It is interesting to find that men of his stamp were emigrating to Canada a century ago; Ontario owes much to these early arrivals from Scotland. She seems to have got the best man among those who came out in the little *Tennessee*.

Author's Note.

I am indebted to his grandson, F. B. Hopkirk, Esquire, of Ottawa, for information about the diarist and his family; to Dr. Doughty of the Dominion Archives for notes of his government service; to Dr. Malloch, Librarian, The New York Academy of Medicine, for notes about the New York Quarantine Station on Staten Island.

MARK TWAIN AND CANADA

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

TO the generation in the United States to which Mark Twain belonged, Canada was of little interest—a sort of snow heap. It wasn't even romantic as it was to the youth of England who read of the Rocky Mountains and the Hudson's Bay posts. To the Americans in Missouri it was all too much like home. "Gentlemen," said Mark Twain's contemporary, Artemus Ward, rising at a banquet with his glass held aloft, "I give you *Upper Canada!*"; then he added mournfully, "because I don't want it myself."

Oddly enough, Mark Twain had in his life more contact with the other British communities, even far away, than he ever had with Canada next door. England he visited again and again; wrote it up, and wrote it down, and never knew what he really thought about it. His lecture tour of 1896 (*Following the Equator*) included an extended visit to Australia and New Zealand. South Africa he visited, on the same tour, at the interesting and critical moment when the ashes of the Jameson Raid were still warm, waiting to be fanned into the flame of the South African war. India he visited with continued wonder. Europe he had seen as an "Innocent Abroad". Vienna was for a while his second home: Bermuda was his third. In the evening of his retirement, after his life work was done and his debts paid (1900-1910), he wandered about more than most people do in a lifetime. Yet he never turned to Canada.

Such contact as he ever had with our Dominion arose either of necessity or as business. Under the copyright law—or rather under the lack of it—as the law stood when Mark Twain began to write, and for twenty years or so later, he

could only obtain a Canadian copyright for a book by actually visiting the country *ad hoc* after he had written it. Hence he found it necessary to make a series of visits to Canada to obtain this sort of intermittent purification.

My friend Mr. Cyril Clemens of St. Louis, a cousin of Mark Twain, who knows more about Mark Twain than even Sam Clemens did, has kindly sent me an exact statement in regard to these visits. As Cyril Clemens wrote it, I know that it is true. Yet although Mr. A. A. McIntosh of *The Globe* (Toronto) was kind enough to have a search made in the files of that newspaper, I have so far been unable to find any corroboration of the statement that Mark Twain was in Toronto in 1871, or ever visited Canada before the famous Montreal occasion of 1881, except that when in Detroit where he lectured in 1871 he had crossed the river to Windsor. Indeed, Mark Twain himself corroborates this in his Montreal interview of 1881. It is also to be noticed that in his Buffalo days (1871) he paid a visit to Niagara and wrote it up in semi-comic fashion. In this sketch, Niagara, he says:

You drive over to the Suspension Bridge, and divide your misery between the chances of smashing down two hundred feet into the river below, and the chances of having the railway train overhead smashing down onto you. Either possibility is discomfoting taken by itself, but, mixed together, they amount in the aggregate to positive unhappiness.

On the Canada side you drive along the chasm between long ranks of photographers standing guard behind their cameras, ready to make an ostentatious frontispiece of you and your decaying ambulance, and your solemn crate with a hide on it, which you are expected to regard in the light of a horse, and a diminished and unimportant background of sublime Niagara; and a great many people have the incredible effrontery or the native depravity to aid and abet this sort of crime. . . .

When you have examined the stupendous Horse-shoe Fall till you are satisfied you cannot improve on it, you return to America by the new Suspension Bridge, and follow up the bank to where they exhibit the Cave of the World.

But I will let Mr. Cyril Clemens's account stand as written. If any of it is exaggerated we can remind ourselves that after all he is Mark Twain's cousin.

"Mark Twain", says Mr. Clemens, "paid his first visit to Canada in 1871 when he visited Toronto to obtain copyright for his book of approximately sixty sketches and stories which was brought out by C. A. Backus, Publisher, of Toronto, in 1871. This book contained such famous stories as "How I Edited an Agricultural Paper", "The Story of the Good Little Boy Who Did Not Prosper", "Riley, Newspaper Correspondent", etc.

Mark Twain's next trip to Canada was made in November of 1881 to obtain copyright for "The Prince and the Pauper". He was accompanied on the trip by James R. Osgood, the publisher. Twain recorded in his notebook that he found the Canadian girls so pretty that it was a relief to see a plain one now and then.

The inhabitants of Montreal gave him a dinner. Louis Frechette, the Canadian poet, delivered the address of welcome. Not long afterwards Frechette spent several days with Mark Twain in Hartford.

When the newspapers announced that Clemens was going to visit Canada in May, 1883, to see about the copyright of the forthcoming "Life on the Mississippi", the humorist received the following telegram from Lorne:

"Meeting of Literary and Scientific Society at Ottawa from 22nd to 26th. It would give me much pleasure if you could come and be my guest during that time."

Parliament was opened during the American's visit. Lord Lorne and his staff entered one carriage and in the one behind followed Princess Louise and Mark Twain. As the carriages approached the Parliament buildings the customary salute was fired. This caused Clemens to say, "Your Highness, I have had other compliments paid me, but none equal to this one. I have never before had a salute fired in my honour."

Whether Mark Twain's visit to Toronto in 1871 is apocryphal or not, there is no doubt that his first visit to Montreal was a momentous and distinguished occasion. He was duly registered on his arrival at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday, 26th November, 1881 as "Sam Clemens" and the *Montreal Gazette* of Monday, the 28th, contained a personal item to the effect that "Mr. S. L. Clemens, 'Mark Twain', is at the

Windsor. On Sunday, the 29th, he was interviewed by a reporter who then wrote us his interview under "An Innocent Abroad, A chat with the American Humorist." The reporter described Mark Twain as "cool, quiet in demeanour, acting and speaking always with great deliberation," and he adds that "there is little indication of the clever, witty mind which all know him to possess."

The main part of the interview, available through the courtesy of the *Montreal Gazette*, runs as follows:

AN "INNOCENT ABROAD".

To the casual observer the name of Samuel L. Clemens which was inscribed on the register of the Windsor Hotel yesterday, or rather Saturday, might probably pass unnoticed. A moment's reflection, however, would recall to the minds of most persons recollections of pleasant hours spent in the perusal of certain humorous works, and of oftentimes uncontrollable laughter indulged in over the inimitable drolleries contained in those works, whose author is known far and wide as "Mark Twain", the *nom de plume* of what he himself would call plain and simple Samuel L. Clemens, who arrived in this city on Saturday evening, and whom, yesterday afternoon, a representative of the *Gazette* had the pleasure of meeting. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the face of the humorist, from the cuts which adorn the front page of many of his works. Suffice it to say that the portrait in question is a fair though not a flattering likeness. In manner Mr. Clemens is rather the reverse of what might be expected. Cool, quiet in demeanour, acting and speaking always with great deliberation. There is little indication of the clever, witty mind which all know him to possess. Nor in discoursing with him is there anything to indicate beyond a stray flash of wit here and there uttered in a dry way which would lead one to imagine that one of the most original humorous writers of the day was speaking. In the course of conversation carried on intermittently between the puff of a corn cob pipe, on his part, with our representative, Mr. Clemens explained that this was his first visit to Canada, he had skirted round the edge of Upper Canada; he said, in the neighbourhood of Detroit and Windsor but had never been in the Dominion. After a brief allusion to his business here, which is in connection with his forthcoming "Prince and Pauper", something as he explained out of his usual line, Mr. Clemens spoke of some of his experiences with

lecture audiences, the subject being brought up by the enquiry as to whether he intended to lecture here. His reply to that enquiry was that in order to be in a position to say he had no lectures, he had some years ago burned all his MSS. At any rate he did not care to lecture before a strange audience. "Doors open at 7.30, the trouble will begin at eight," (a familiar line in one of his writings,) suggested the reporter. That, said Mr. Clemens, expressed his idea on the subject, and the trouble wasn't over until a quarter past, meaning the work of gaining the sympathies of an audience. It was always a hard ordeal breaking the ice and a shivering task until the hearer was enticed from his frosty reserve. In this connection Mr. Clemens alluded to Mr. Archibald Forbes' lecture on the "Inner Life of a War Correspondent," which that gentleman delivered in Hartford a few weeks ago. He had sympathized with Mr. Forbes, he said, on that occasion; great as was the interest of that lecture, it took fully thirty minutes to thaw the Hartford people out of their frozen attitude. En passant, the humorist observed that he had formed one of the party of journalists, which included the great war correspondent, at the arrival of that "gaudiest of gaudy frauds," the Shah of Persia.

Naturally one feels inclined to ask a stranger what his impressions of Montreal may be, but the question, in nine cases out of ten, is an absurd one, though, as a rule, every "interviewer" feels it incumbent on him to put it. But in the present case it was obviously useless. Mr. Clemens volunteered the statement that his experience of the city, so far, was confined within the four walls of his room, and his view from the window. He had formed one impression, however, and that was that we were a very religious community. People here, he said, judging from what he could see, went to church about five times a day, and then, in response to an observation, he expressed the opinion that Montreal, more perhaps than Brooklyn, deserved the title of "City of Churches". These remarks naturally led up to a talk on Montreal, its institutions and characteristics. And speaking of the diversified language and the mode of conducting public business in both French and English, Mr. Clemens alluded to his experience of the legislature in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, where it is also so conducted. There in the Parliament the great majority of which is composed of Hawaiians, are three or four American officials and others. The former know nothing of English, the latter are ignorant of Hawaiian. Nevertheless, this fact is no bar to speech-making. The Americans address their little audience of kindred spirits in their own tongue, and the natives do the same. Here, how-

ever, they employ an interpreter, Mr. Wm. Ragsdale, "Bill Ragsdale", as he is familiarly termed, and to him falls the unenviable lot of translating, sentence by sentence, the "eloquence" of each speaker, native or American, in turn. "Bill", said Mr. Clemens, may be said really to have made every speech in that Parliament for years back. Naturally again the reporter suggested a visit to a sitting of our own Council where, though no interpreter is employed, a somewhat similar scene might be witnessed and some amusement, but little edification it must be confessed, might be gained. Possibly the humorist may take the hint and give to the world a chapter on the Montreal beer garden—City Council, we mean. At this point the announcement of dinner brought the interview to a close, and thanking Mr. Clemens for his courtesy, our reporter withdrew.

So much for the interview of Sunday, 27th November, 1881. The reporter's statement that "there is little indication of the clever, witty mind which we all know him to possess" must be taken with a grain of salt. It takes two to make a brilliant conversation just as it takes two to make a quarrel, and there may have been something lacking in the mind of the reporter, in short, little indication of the clever, witty mind which he did not possess. Indeed I have received a very different account of the Mark Twain of that period from my late friend R. C. Smith, the famous "Bob" Smith of the Montreal bar, himself one of the merriest men ever born and the best raconteurs ever made. Smith at that time was a young lawyer just out of McGill and into practice. It fell to his lot four years later to receive Mark Twain on his second visit to Montreal and to spend the afternoon with him at the hotel. R. C. Smith has described to me how they sat in the hotel room swapping jokes and stories. Smith was twenty-six, and Mark Twain at forty-nine was still young enough to enjoy the company of a merry companion, and still fresh enough to enjoy the phenomenal literary reputation earned with the *Innocents Abroad* fourteen years before.

Mark Twain left Montreal within a day or so and went down to visit Quebec from which he returned in the evening

of 4th December. The three following days he spent in Montreal, though there seems to be little record, immediately available, as to whom he saw and where he went. Meantime the newspapers announced a public dinner to be given Mr. Clemens at the Windsor Hotel at \$3.00 a plate. The dinner duly took place, an overwhelming and a remembered success. In the chair was the Hon. L. S. Huntingdon, and among the company were many whose names are still held in kindly recollection, and some even famous. Among them are those of Senator Thibaudeau, of Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Louis Fréchette the poet; here too from the staff of McGill the Rev. J. Clarke Murray the philosopher, even then a veteran, a young medical man, Dr. William Osler, whose name has since gone round the world, and a brilliant young Englishman, newly imported, Professor Charles Moyse.

After the fashion of the time there was a full flood tide of oratory, washed along on a still more substantial flood of liquid refreshment. They drank to the Queen; they drank to the President of the United States—answered by Mr. Consul-General Smith. The chairman proposed the toast to the guest of the evening which was drunk “with great enthusiasm with musical honours”. Then, before Mark Twain answered, Louis Fréchette read the following verses especially composed in his honour:

Allons, ma muse, quelques strophes
 A l'hôte illustre ici présent!
 C'est le plus grand des philosophes,
 Puisqu'il est le plus amusant.

Chante! l'on ne saurait trop dire
 A la louange de celui
 Qui, de son temps, sut si bien rire
 En le faisant rire avec lui.

Rire est le secret du bien-être,
 Si tous riaient de l'univers,
 On verrait bientôt disparaître
 Les malheureux et les pervers.

Le rire est un divin dictame,
Qu'il soit bruyant, doux ou moqueur,
Chez l'homme comme chez la femme,
C'est l'écho le plus vrai du cœur.

Fêtons-le donc dans la personne
De Twain, notre noble invité,
Et decernons une couronne
Au grand prêtre de la gaîté.

Celui dont la plume apprivoise
Dans un si brillant unisson,
La plus fine verve gauloise
Avec le wit Anglo-Saxon.

Then followed Mark Twain's speech; and then more. Thomas White, M.P., and Mr. Provencher spoke for, and against,- the Press; a speech by the Rev. I. F. Stevenson lingers in local tradition, as, next to Mark Twain's, the hit of the evening; and young Moyse and Mr. Ethier wound up the evening, well on in the morning, with the Ladies.

By the kindness of the *Montreal Gazette* I am able to reproduce here the full report of Mark Twain's speech, never yet, so far as I know, reproduced elsewhere. It runs:—

That a banquet should be given to me, in this ostensibly foreign land and in this great city, and that my ears should be greeted by such complimentary words from such distinguished lips, are eminent surprises to me; and I will not conceal the fact that they are also deeply gratifying. I thank you, one and all, gentlemen, for these marks of favour and friendliness; and even if I have not really or sufficiently deserved them, I assure you that I do not any the less keenly enjoy and esteem them on that account. When a stranger appears abruptly in a country, without any apparent business there, and at an unusual season of the year, the judicious thing for him to do is to explain. This seems peculiarly necessary in my case, on account of a series of unfortunate happenings here, which followed my arrival, and which I suppose the public have felt compelled to connect with that circumstance. I would most gladly explain if I could; but I have nothing for my defence but my bare word; so I simply declare, in all sincerity, and with my hand on my heart, that I never heard of that diamond robbery till I saw it in the morning paper; and I can say with perfect truth that I never saw that box of dynamite till the police came to enquire of

me if I had any more of it. These are mere assertions, I grant you, but they come from the lips of one who was never known to utter an untruth, except for practice, and who certainly would not stultify the traditions of an upright life as to utter one now, in a strange land, and in such a presence as this, when there is nothing to be gained by it and he does not need any practice. I brought with me to this city a friend—a Boston publisher—but, alas, even this does not sufficiently explain these sinister mysteries; if I had brought a Toronto publisher along, the case would have been different. But no, possibly not: the burglar took the diamond studs, but left the shirt; only a reformed Toronto publisher would have left the shirt. To continue my explanation, I did not come to Canada to commit crime—this time—but to prevent it. I came here to place myself under the protection of the Canadian law and secure a copyright. I have complied with the requirements of the law; I have followed the instructions of some of the best legal minds in the city, including my own, so my errand is accomplished, at least so far as any exertions of mine can aid that accomplishment. This is rather a cumbersome way to fence and fortify one's property against the literary buccaneer, it is true; still, if it is effective, it is a great advance upon past conditions, and one to be correspondingly welcomed. It makes one hope and believe that a day will come when, in the eye of the law, literary property will be as sacred as whiskey, or any other of the necessities of life. In this age of ours, if you steal another man's label to advertise your own brand of whiskey with, you will be heavily fined and otherwise punished for violating that trade-mark; if you steal the whiskey without the trade-mark you go to jail, but if you could prove that the whiskey was literature, you could steal them both, and the law wouldn't say a word. It grieves me to think how far more profound and reverent a respect the law would have for literature if a body could only get drunk on it. Still the world moves: the interests of literature upon our continent are improving; let us be content, and wait. We have with us here a fellow-craftsman, born on our own side of the Atlantic, who has created an epoch in this continent's literary history—an author, who has earned, and worthily earned and received, the vast distinction of being crowned by the Academy of France. This is honour and achievement enough for the cause and the craft, for one decade assuredly. If one may have the privilege of throwing in a personal impression or two, I may remark that my stay in Montreal and Quebec has been exceedingly pleasant, but the weather has been a good deal of a disappoint-

ment. Canada has a reputation for magnificent winter weather, and has a prophet who is bound by every sentiment of honour and duty to furnish it; but the result this time has been a mess of characterless weather, which all right-feeling Canadians are probably ashamed of. Still, only the country is to blame; nobody has a right to blame the prophet, for this wasn't the kind of weather he promised. Well, never mind, what you lack in weather you make up in the means of grace. This is the first time I was ever in a city where you couldn't throw a brick without breaking a church window. Yet I was told that you were going to build one more. I said, the scheme is good, but where are you going to find room? They said, we will build it on top of another church and use an elevator. This shows that the gift of lying is not yet dead in the land. I suppose one must come in the summer to get the advantage of the Canadian scenery. A cabman drove me two miles up a perpendicular hill, in a sleigh, and showed me an admirable snowstorm from the heights of Quebec. The man was an ass; I could have seen the snowstorm as well from the hotel window and saved my money. Still, I may have been the ass myself; there is no telling; the thing is all mixed up in my mind; but there was an ass in the party; and I do suppose that wherever a mercenary cabman and a gifted literary character are gathered together for business, there is bound to be an ass in the combination somewhere. It has always been so in my experience; and I have usually been elected, too. But it is no matter; I would rather be an ass than a cabman, any time, except in summer; then, with my advantages, I could be both. I saw the Plains of Abraham, and the spot where the lamented Wolfe stood when he made the memorable remark that he would rather be the author of Gray's Elegy than take Quebec. But why did he say so rash a thing? It was because he supposed there was going to be an international copyright. Otherwise there would be no money in it. I was also shown the spot where Sir William Phipps stood when he said that he would rather take a walk than take two Quebecs. And he took the walk. I have looked, with emotion, here in your city, upon the monument which makes forever memorable the spot where Horatio Nelson did not stand when he fell. I have seen the cab which Champlain employed when he arrived overland at Quebec; I have seen the horse which Jacques Cartier rode when he discovered Montreal. I have used them both; I will never do it again. Yes, I have seen all the historical places; the localities have been pointed out to me where the scenery is warehoused for the season; my sojourn has been to my moral

and intellectual profit; I have behaved with propriety and discretion; I have meddled nowhere but in the election. But I am used to voting, for I live in a town where, if you may judge by the local prints, there are only two conspicuous industries: committing burglaries and holding elections—and I like to keep my hand in, so I voted a good deal here. Where so many of the guests are French, the propriety will be recognized of my making a portion of my speech in that beautiful language, in order that I may be partly understood. I speak French with timidity, and not flowingly—except when excited. When using that language I have often noticed that I have hardly ever been mistaken for a Frenchman, except, perhaps, by horses; never, I believe, by people. I had hoped that mere French construction—with English words—would answer, but this is not the case. I tried it at a gentleman's house in Quebec, and it would not work. The maid-servant asked, "What would Monsieur? I said, "Monsieur So-and-So, is he with himself?" She did not understand. I said, "Is it that he is still not returned of his house of merchandise?" She did not understand that either. I said, "He will desolate himself when he learns that his friend Americain was arrived, and he not with himself to shake him at the hand." She did not even understand that; I don't know why, but she didn't and she lost her temper besides. Somebody in the rear called out, "Qui est donc là?" or words to that effect. She said, "C'est un fou," and shut the door on me. Perhaps she was right; but how did she ever find that out? For she had never seen me before till that moment. But, as I have already intimated, I will close this oration with a few sentiments in the French language. I have not ornamented them with flowers of rhetoric, for, to my mind, that literature is best and most enduring which is characterized by a noble simplicity. J'ai le belle bouton d'or de mon oncle, mais je n'ai pas celui du charpentier. Si vous avez le fromage du brave menuisier, c'est bon; mais, si vous ne l'avez pas, ne te désolé pas, prenez le chapeau de drap noir de son beau-frère malade. Tout à l'heure! Qu'est-ce que vous dites? Pâté de foie gras! Revenons à nos moutons! Pardon, Messieurs, pardonnez-moi; essayant à parler la belle langue d'Ollendorff strains me more than you can possibly imagine. But I mean well, and I've done the best I could. (Loud and continued laughter and applause.)

The day after the banquet Mark Twain, now duly purified for the copyright of *The Prince and the Pauper*, left for Boston. That was the end of his contact with Canada till the

visit of two years later when, as Mr. Cyril Clemens says, he was the guest of the Marquis of Lorne and attended at least one séance of the Royal Society. It remains for some research scholar to open the dusty folios of that august body and see if their proceedings are enlivened by any remarks of their illustrious visitor.

After that Mark Twain only saw Canada once again. This was in 1885 (Feb. 18 and 19) when he came to Montreal to lecture in company with George W. Cable in the Queen's Hall. Of this visit, which seems unknown to Mr. Cyril Clemens, which is quite lost from the biographies of Mark Twain, all record in books was lost till it was accidentally re-discovered when this article was in type too late for discussion here. I fear, with the change in the copyright law which gave him automatic rights, his interest in the country vanished. Apart from his little sketch of 1871 about Niagara, he never, so far as I know, wrote anything about Canada or laid the scene of anything in Canada. The only apparent exceptions is the story called *The Esquimau Maiden's Romance*, published in the volume *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg*. The scene is not definitely indicated: but as the characters are seated on a block of ice under the *Aurora Borealis*, we may presume that that means Canada.

The brutal fact is that Mark Twain never cared a cuss about us. We were not free and enlightened enough to be Americans: and not benighted and mediaeval enough to be Europeans. But still, it doesn't matter. We all loved Mark Twain and read his books. One-sided love lasts best. *Entre deux personnes qui s'aiment, il y a toujours une qui aime et une qui se laisse aimer*. So let it be with us and Mark.

Note:—Montrealers of the present day will feel interested in seeing the following list of their fathers and grandfathers of half a century ago who were able and willing to spend three dollars on the promotion of Humour.—S. L. The following is a list of the subscribers to the banquet:

- A: Armstrong, G. E., M.D.; Alloway, T. J., M.D.; Archambaux, F. X., Q.C.; Ansley, G. D.; Abbott, H.; Andres, S. T.
- B: Brown, J.; Bell, James, M.P.; Bessette, D. Z.; Bovey, Prof.; Brown, T. V. R.; Beattie, H.; Boil, T. D.; Bishop, George; Bernett, W.; Béique, F. L., Q.C.; Buller, Frank, M.D.; Beer, W. George; Boyer, Arthur; Beaugrand, H.
- C: Cameron, C. E.; Carsley, S.; Campbell, F. W., M.D.; Crankshaw, J.; Chisholm, C. R.; Craig, Thos.; Craig, Geo. W.
- D: Dawson, S. E.; Duhamel, Joseph, Q.C.; Desjardins, A., M.P.; David, L. O.; Dugas, Judge; Drolet, G. A., Knight Leg. of Hon.; Durocher, J.; Dunlop, G. C., B.A.; Darling, Adam; Drummond, George A.; Dwyer, W. A.; Dougall, J. R.; Doutre, Jos., Q.C.; Downie, Donald.
- E: Ethier, L. J.
- F: Fraser, T.; Forget, L. J.; Foucher, A. A., M.D.
- G: Greene, B. K.; Gardner, Robt.; Gray, H. R.; Goldie, G.; Gardner, W., M.D.; Geoffrion, C. A., Q.C.; Globensky, B.; Gauthier, Frederick; Gordon, Jas.
- H: Huntingdon, Hon. L. S.; Harrington, Prof.; Hodgson, L.; Hall, B. W.; Hutchins, J. R.; Hunter, J. S., M.P.; Hogel, H. A.; Howe, Mr.
- J: Johnson, Prof. Alex.; Joseph, J. H.
- K: Kennedy, J.; Kelly, F. W., Ph.D.
- L: Lyman, Henry; Lyman, H. H.; Lacoste, Alex., Q.C.; Lang, Rev. Gavin; Loranger, J. M., Q.C.; Lachapelle, E. P., M.D.
- M: Macpherson, D.; Macrae, G., Q.C.; Macpherson, A.; McGibbon, R. D.; Macmaster, D., M.P.P.; McGillivray, J.; McElderry, F.; McShane, Jas., M.P.P.; Mathieu, Hon. Mr. Justice; Monk, E. C.; Moyse, Prof.; Marshall, T. R.; Marshall, T. T.; Molson, J. H. R.; Munro, L.; Morgan, E. A. D.; Mercier, Hon. H., M.P.P.
- N & O: Norman, Rev. Dr.; Ouimet, J. Alphonse; Ogilvie, A. W.; Osler, W., M.D.; Ogden, H. B., B.A.
- P: Perrault, C. O., Vice-Consul of France; Patton, O. P.; Peterson, P. A.; Perrault, Louis; Prévost, Hector; Potter, Thos. J.; Provencher, J. A. N.
- Q: Quinn, M. J. F.
- R: Robertson, And.; Roddick, T. D., M.D.; Ross, G., M.D.; Robidoux, J. E., Q.C.; Ritchie, T. W., Q.C.; Ramsay, R. A., B.A., B.C.L.; Rainville, Hon. Mr. Justice; Richardson, W. C.

- S: Stevenson, Rev. J. D., D.D.; Shearer, J.; Simpson, Thos.; Smith, G. C.; Sise, C. E.; Seath, David; Stevenson, Col. A. A.; Sutherland, J.; Stewart, Jas.; Sills, W. F.; Starke, G. R.; St. Pierre, H. C.; Shepherd, F. J., M.D.; Stephen, Geo. C.; Steele, David.
- T: Thibaudeau, Hon. J. R.; Thornton, H. W., B.A.; Trottier, A. A.; Thom, Angus.
- W: White, Thos., M.P.; White, Richard; Watson, Ald. J. C.; White, R. S.; Workman, Thos.; Waugh, W.; Whittie, J. G.; Wurtele, J. S. C., M.P.P.; Watson, W. W.; Wanless, John, M.D.; William, Maurice.

A FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

BY FRANCIS HANKIN

THE tribulations of the last five years have convinced most people that our economic system must be profoundly changed. Some of them feel it should be rooted up and replaced by a new structure; others hold that the system can be reformed so that the grosser evils will disappear, and that it would be unwise to sacrifice the good features it possesses. The advocates of reform claim that persistent study has revealed the salient features of the problem we are faced with, and that a bold handling of them will remove our difficulties.

What are those features? Competition as a governor and stabilizer of prices and production is giving way to integration and co-ordination in all fields of economic effort. Finance is coming more and more under the control of central banks which, by co-operation, could establish and maintain stable currencies. And efforts are being made to co-ordinate and stabilize production in many fields through monopolies and combinations, though with much difficulty on account of legal hindrances. Our concern here is with monopolies and combinations.

Monopolies and near-monopolies, which we may call dictatorships, have a long history, but only in recent years have they become a problem grave enough to require serious attention because of the rapidity with which they are growing, and the power they are exercising in economic life. Between 1922 and 1930 there were a hundred and twenty mergers in Canada involving more than five hundred and fifty concerns. Monopolies fall into two categories determined by the attitude of government towards them. In the first, that covering the field of public utilities, government insists upon monopoly

because the wastes that would accompany duplication of plant and services are obvious. It often owns and operates the monopoly itself, but if it should grant it to private enterprises it regulates the rates charged and the services provided. In all other fields government hitherto has not been favourable towards monopolies, presumably because it has believed that competition was a force effective enough to ensure efficient service and reasonable prices. It has therefore enacted anti-trust legislation to hinder their growth, but without much success.

Combines, or trade associations of all or most of the concerns in an industry for the purpose of regulating prices and production, seek the same ends as monopolies, but their achievements have not been substantial because of the looseness of the tie that binds their members together, and of the influence of anti-trust legislation.

This legislation began to take its modern shape in Canada in 1889 when a section was added to the Criminal Code dealing with combinations. In a form but little changed since, it appears as section 498 of our present code, and declares that it is a criminal offence for persons to conspire together for the purpose of unduly restricting competition, limiting production, or enhancing prices. For a time this section was largely ineffective because of the difficulty and expense experienced by interested parties in securing evidence of the existence of a conspiracy. The difficulties were removed when the Combines Investigation Act, replacing earlier and similar Acts, became law in 1923. It provides for the appointment of a Registrar who may enquire into the practices of any trade on his own motion or on petition of any six persons. If his preliminary enquiry leads him to believe that an unlawful conspiracy in restraint of trade exists, he may hold a fuller investigation, or a commissioner may be appointed to do so. The reports and conclusions are sent to the Minister who, if

he thinks fit, will transmit the evidence and documents to the attorney-general of the province in which the offence has been committed for prosecution. If no action has been taken in three months, the Dominion Government may instruct the Solicitor-General to proceed against the offending parties.

These anti-trust laws have curbed some of the most flagrant attempts at exploitation by monopolies and combines, but they have not prevented their growth. We are beginning to see that this may be because they have good points as well as bad.

The evil they may do has been disclosed during the Ottawa enquiry into Price Spreads. In pursuit of profits, often more than reasonable in present circumstances, powerful corporations have reduced the wages of their employees to a level below that which can provide a reasonable standard of subsistence; some have forced down prices of primary commodities and goods made by small and unassociated manufacturers so much that the returns to the producer, and the wages he can afford to pay, are distressingly meagre; and, in doing all this, they have diminished, perhaps unwittingly, the market for their own products by reducing the purchasing power for consumers' goods. Their practices have prolonged the depression which they are so anxious to see pass.

And yet they may be striving, a little blindly, it must be admitted, towards an aim which may have something of social good in it. They are seeking to co-ordinate the activities of each trade, to eliminate waste and to enjoy the economies of mass production. Monopolies may sometimes reach this aim but, while passing on some of the benefits to the consumer, they often retain an inordinate share for themselves. Combinations also seek the same ends, but generally are unsuccessful in their efforts because of the legal restraints imposed upon them. Many witnesses before the Commission on Price Spreads have told of the improvements they could make if all

members of their trade could enter into agreements to control production and prices. They could pay higher wages, and eliminate unnecessary effort and expense. But few of them spoke of the need that would then arise for regulating prices or profits, or of the power industry would possess to prevent excessive expenditure on surplus productive capacity.

This last point, the evils of over-investment in plant and machinery for the production of goods that are to be consumed, is not so widely understood as the others, and therefore warrants some explanation. The whole national income or effort, apart from what is paid for services, is expended partly in the production of plant and machinery called capital goods to be used in the production of other goods, and partly for the production of things for daily use called consumers' goods, which may be things that disappear or wear out rapidly, such as food and clothing, or more durable things which deteriorate at a slower rate, such as automobiles or houses. The only reason for creating capital goods is to be able to make and distribute consumers' goods in the largest volume. If these capital goods cannot be kept continuously at work, they are either superfluous, in which case the labour employed in creating them is wasted, or else there is a deficiency in the force that can keep them at work, that is, the purchasing power to buy the consumers' goods which the capital goods produce. In times of depression there is a superfluity of the former and a deficiency in the latter, and, although many causes may contribute to this condition, there is no doubt that over-expansion of capital goods is one of the most important of them. It takes place chiefly during "booms", when industry is reaping large and mounting profits which, though pleasant while they last, lead to unfortunate results. A large part of these profits is "ploughed back", as the phrase goes, by the corporations enjoying them: they are used to extend plant and machinery, and thus to increase output. But in industries without a

central control, extensions are made by individual firms without regard to the total effect on the whole, and generally, capacity for output is greatly increased. The situation is further aggravated because mounting profits cause higher dividends to be paid, and as these go chiefly into the pockets of the well-to-do who spend only a part of their income on consumers' goods, a considerable sum becomes available for investment. The total effect is to increase very rapidly the capacity to produce consumers' goods. There would be no problem if the income available to purchase these goods grew at the same rate as the increase in capacity, but this does not happen, for wages and salaries, which are largely spent on consumers' goods do not rise to the same degree as profits. They always lag behind with the result that, when the new plant comes into production, the total value of the goods that all industry can produce, if sold at a profit, is greater than the effective consumers' purchasing power. Naturally competition becomes keener, profits turn into losses, wages are reduced with a consequent reduction in consumers' purchasing power, unemployment increases, depression afflicts us all and deepens, until the so-called "natural economic laws" of liquidation work themselves out with much suffering to the unemployed, and added burdens of debt to government.

If, as many of the economists believe, the cause of the predicament in which we find ourselves in every depression lies in over-expansion of capital goods or facilities induced by excessive profits and lack of a central control in each industry, then the cure is to be found in the imposition of a check on these profits, and the institution of controls over expansion. There are two ways of curbing profits: by government regulation of prices or by taxation. The merits of both will be examined later. But the check that sometimes is needed to slow down investment in plant and machinery may be imposed in several ways. Central banks have tried to slacken the pace

of expansion, without much success, by increasing the rate of interest during "booms". There is no doubt that this means will have to be employed again, but it must be supplemented by other action which may take one of two forms. A direct control over investment might be exercised by government, but this would lead to a centralization of economic authority that would decrease materially whatever measure of individualism our present system is capable of retaining. A better method, better because it recognizes and assists the strivings of the economic world towards co-operation and co-ordination, and also because it reduces government interference to the minimum, would be to encourage the growth of self-government in industry by permitting, instead of frowning upon, the development of monopolies and combines when properly regulated in the interest of general social welfare.

But if industry is to be allowed to co-ordinate its activities with the maximum of freedom which is only to be restricted for the social good, the attitude of government towards monopolies and combines must be different from that prevailing in the past. They must be encouraged where circumstances are suitable, but they must be controlled. There are some signs that a change of attitude has already taken place, because anti-trust laws are not now enforced so rigorously as they used to be against trade associations that establish common prices, provided, however, that those prices are reasonable. But for industry the situation is still unsatisfactory because there exists no clear standard of what is reasonable, and therefore legal. As a consequence, the attempts of trade associations to control production and prices are always timid, and are often carried on "with the blinds down". Frequently they are ineffective, because the associations do not feel themselves able to discipline recalcitrant members who are ready to break agreements, when by doing so they can gain a temporary advantage over their competitors. The indefiniteness of the situation has also

prevented the formation of associations in many industries because of fear of breaking the law, and in some cases inability to combine for the purpose of establishing order and stability in industry has led to amalgamation and monopoly.

If we are to secure the benefits of co-ordination and stability that monopolies and combines or trade associations may afford, we should determine clearly in what manner and within what limits their formation should be encouraged or compelled. We should also make up our minds as to the kind of control that should be imposed and the agency that should exercise it.

We should do well to examine what has already been done in Canada and elsewhere to bring about the co-ordination that monopolies and combines seek. We have made a beginning with agriculture in the Natural Products Marketing Act. But progress in the co-ordination of industry has been slower because the problems of organization and regulation are more difficult to deal with. The Government of Great Britain has forced the coal trade to adopt a more orderly system of production and marketing, and has asked other industries to put their houses in order. But the most ambitious attempt at organization and control of industry has been made in the United States under the NRA. It is true that the chief objects were to establish minimum wages and maximum hours, and to bring about recognition of trade unions, but, in order to do this, it was found necessary to give powers specifically to some industries, but tacitly to all, to control production or prices or both. In granting these powers the President recognized that they might be abused. He therefore exhorted industry not to raise prices unduly, and tried in some codes to set limits to their increase. His efforts may have been successful in a few industries, but on the whole they have failed, because statistics show that, during the life of the NRA, the cost of living has risen more rapidly than wages. The cause

of the failure lies in the attempt to do the impossible in regulating the prices of industrial products, which are so numerous and varied. If regulation is necessary when industry is allowed to set common prices, and this is generally admitted, then it must be done in some other way. The NRA has also failed to accomplish all it was intended to do because it attempted too much. It tried to introduce a uniform plan of self-government in industries and trades occupied by a large number of concerns of small size operating under widely varying conditions. As a result of the difficulties experienced in doing this, the codes applying to them are likely to be withdrawn. But there is little doubt that the codes governing industries in which the units are large and the investment of each is great, will survive, though most of them will have to be greatly modified. The reason for this expectation is that those industries for a long time have sought powers of self-government for the purpose of enjoying greater stability, and also, no doubt, of preventing over-expansion of plant. But while they are anxious to get these powers, they are not likely to welcome the regulation that ought to be the complement of them. It is the duty of government to see that they do not escape from it, otherwise the industries enjoying self-government, if they exploit the consumer and worker, will defeat the purpose for which it was established—the achievement of a greater stability in economic life by a wider distribution of purchasing power among consumers and the prevention of over-expansion of plant.

In formulating policies and laws to meet the need for industrial self-government in Canada, the experience of the United States should warn us to make a beginning only with the larger industries, and probably those producing staple commodities. We might also allow it for those industries in which the great majority of members are ready to adopt it, and there might be a case for enforcing it, as some provinces have already

done, upon undertakings producing or distributing the necessities of life, such as milk, bread, and coal, in order to reduce the costs to the consumer by the elimination of duplicate effort.

But if we grant these powers of self-government, they must be brought under control. An example of how this may be done can be found in the regulation imposed by government on monopolies operating public utilities. Their charges must be approved by Public Utility Commissions whose duty it is to regulate rates and standards of service. If they do this properly, they value the real investment in the enterprise, and approve rates which will allow a reasonable return on it. The same method can be used for controlling industrial monopolies and combines although, as already pointed out, regulation of prices themselves may be difficult or impossible except in industries where they are few in number. In all others the indirect method should be used by regulating profits. The government, through a proper agency, should value the real investment in each industry, examine its experience over a period of years, determine the rate of earnings that will be free from excess profits taxation, say 8%, a reserve (to be kept liquid for the payment of dividends in bad times) of say 3% annually to cease when it totalled say 15%, and fix the graduated taxation for anything beyond, say 25% of the first 1%, 50% of the next 1%, 75% of the third 1%, and 100% of the remainder. The rate and basis of taxation would have to be suited to each industry, and changes would have to be made from time to time to suit changing circumstances, but if the principle of excess profits taxation of monopolies and combines were adopted, price regulation would automatically follow. It is true that, in some cases, prices might not be as low as they might be under direct regulation by government because the employer might prefer to keep prices high and to pay higher wages to his workers, but then the higher wages could purchase the higher priced goods. In any case, taxation of this sort is

not likely to result in any substantial revenue to government. That is not its object, because the employer would prefer to reduce his prices or increase his wages rather than pay taxes. And, of course, the effect in the large would be to distribute a wider purchasing power for consumers' goods, which is a vital necessity if our present system of mass production is to continue to operate.

As an example of the agency that government should set up to regulate industry, we can again look to the Public Utility Commissions. The members of the Commissions are appointed by government, and have autonomous powers of enquiry and decision. They have much the same authority as judges in a court of law, but procedure is less formal. These commissions have worked with varying degrees of effectiveness. Some have imposed rigid regulation on the utilities under their authority; others have been lenient or lackadaisical, often, it is said, because of political influence. This is a danger to be guarded against in the constitution of any commission to regulate industry.

A suitable agency to initiate industrial self-government in Canada, and to regulate the powers it would confer, would be a Federal Trade Commission constituted on the same general lines as the Board of Railway Commissioners, which regulates railways and utilities coming under Federal authority. In order to guard against the dangers of political influence, appointments to the Commission by the Government might be restricted to a choice from a panel of names submitted by a committee chosen by the chief national associations in commerce, industry, agriculture, and those acting for the workers and the consumers. In this way the interested parties could ensure a selection by government of competent and disinterested people.

The Commission should have the power to enquire into the practices of any industry on its own motion or on petition

of a certain number of persons, provided the facts cited in the petition showed the need for investigation. It should be able to summon witnesses, and examine them under oath. The evidence laid before it would show the existence of monopolies or combines, or the desire or need to create them, or the Commission might decide that the circumstances warranted the maintenance or restoration of competitive conditions. In the latter event it might well act without reference to government, but in all other instances it should make recommendations leaving to government or parliament the responsibility of putting them into effect. This procedure, it may be argued, would delay or suspend action, but, as all reports of the Commission would be made public, it is not likely that the government or parliament would long refuse to follow recommendation generally regarded as well founded. But the most important reason why responsibility for action should be left with government or parliament is to make impossible the accusation that liberty has been placed at the mercy of bureaucratic authorities. If the Commission should find that a monopoly or combine exists, and should see no reason for its dissolution, then it would merely recommend the form of control it thought best. Should it find that the majority of members of an industry desire to form a trade association for the purpose of controlling production and prices, and could approve their plan, then it would recommend the authorization of the plan, but it would also suggest the controls that should be imposed. In both cases the government might be empowered to act without reference to parliament, because there would be no coercion except of a minority, which is in accord with democratic principles, and except through taxation of a monopoly, which has always met with approval. But if the Commission should think it wise to compel the members of an industry to institute self-government against the wishes of the majority, then the recommendation might well be debated

in parliament, because it would propose to curb the liberty of a substantial group of people without their consent.

The Commission should have powers to recommend any form of control it might think suitable, even though the Act authorizing its creation might give a general indication of the type of control expected. Its main duty would be to propose the basis and rate of taxation of profits, but there are many other matters it would have to deal with, which cannot be gone into here in detail. It might propose the establishment of minimum wages and maximum hours (the British North America Act would probably have to be amended to permit of this) and would, no doubt, examine and report on the advisability of adopting standard practices in an industry. It might have to arbitrate on the division of the regulated earnings between the units in an industry in order to reward the efficient at a higher rate than the inefficient. It would exercise control over the expansion of plant and the scrapping of existing machinery when new machinery showing only slight economies became available. It would have to see that no undue restraint was put upon the use of real improvements in methods of manufacture, on the production of new articles, or on the use of patents of real value. Salaries also would have to be regulated in some way. These and other questions, though subsidiary to the main object of regulating profits, would have to be studied by the Commission.

In order to empower the trade associations coming under the authority of the Commission to carry on self-government effectively, the legislation authorizing it would have to make agreements between these associations and their members enforceable at law. At present, such agreements may be broken with impunity because, if they came before the courts, they would most likely be regarded as conspiracies in restraint of trade, and therefore illegal.

The Commission would meet many difficulties in its work; its conclusions in the early stages would be tentative; and action taken upon them would be, to some extent, experimental in character. This is to be expected, as the task before it would be the difficult one of trying to bring about a new and more permanent equilibrium of forces which the changing character of the economic structure have made increasingly unstable and unreliable. There are some who say the task is impossible; that the capitalist system is doomed; and that any efforts to reform it will be defeated by the intricacies of the adjustments which will have to be made, and by the unwillingness of the leaders of business and finance to approve them, and that, as a consequence, the only course to pursue is to inaugurate a system of comprehensive state capitalism and socialism. But there are many people who fear this would lead to bureaucratic despotism in the economic world and loss of liberty in the political world because, if the state were master of both, it could hardly be expected to enforce dictatorship in the one and sustain liberty in the other. For those who value political liberty the problem of maintaining it is a difficult one. Our present economic system is tending more and more towards large scale production and, within it, individualism is losing ground. Its place is being taken by organization, regimentation, planning and discipline. In these circumstances, the best we can hope for is to retain as much individualism as possible by fostering the growth of self-government in industry. By doing so we shall have a good chance, possibly the only chance, of preserving political liberty. If each trade were autonomous in its own field but ready to co-operate with all other trades for the purpose of planning for the economic welfare of the whole we might expect to see the development of a self-governing economic world subject to the state only in so far as the latter would establish and enforce the rights and duties necessary for the social good. Such a growth would

result in a logical and sadly wanted delimitation of function. The economic world would manage its own affairs, using its specialized ability and accumulated experience with the least possible restraint from government, and that imposed for the purpose of assuring the largest measure of social good and of encouraging, and in some cases compelling, the best ordering and planning of economic effort through self-government. On the other hand, government would be freed from many burdens of economic administration now thrust upon it which it is inherently unfitted to assume. Then it would have greater freedom to perform its proper work of establishing rights and duties, and of dealing more effectively with the increasing number of social and political problems that confront it .

LAWRENCE AND HUXLEY

BY HENRY ALEXANDER

AMONG the post-war writers of English fiction, three authors have perhaps aroused the greatest excitement—James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, and Aldous Huxley. Joyce is a literary phenomenon who calls for special and extensive treatment; he stands alone as one of the great experimenters of our age. Lawrence and Huxley can be dealt with more briefly, and certain aspects of their life and work form so striking a contrast that the comparative method immediately suggests itself. At the same time there are obvious resemblances between the two. Both mirror—though in different ways—the post-war neurosis that is so characteristic of our time; both portray a society disintegrating spiritually and economically; both show the modern fondness for psychological analysis in their writings. And there is one other point of personal contact—in the latter part of Lawrence's life they were close friends, and Aldous Huxley has collected and edited a large number of Lawrence's letters with an introduction which reveals a deep insight into his peculiar genius.

The first obvious contrast shows itself in the origin and upbringing of these two writers. Aldous Huxley seemed almost predestined to greatness. Grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, the exponent of Darwinism in the nineteenth century, son of a professor of Greek, brother of a professor of Biology, he has clearly a highly intellectual inheritance. His education was that of the English upper classes—Eton and Oxford. At an early age he plunged into literature; he has written poetry, essays, books of travel, even a play, but his main contribution lies in the field of the novel. He achieved success rapidly and immediately obtained recognition as a brilliant writer. Compare with this the obscure life of D. H. Lawrence. The son

of a miner, he was brought up in a colliery district in Nottinghamshire under the most humble conditions, attended the elementary school in his native town, and worked in an office for some time at thirteen shillings a week; after a short period at a teachers' training college he became a school teacher in London, but soon gave this up and devoted himself to literature. Like Huxley he produced poetry, plays, books of travel and essays, but primarily he too was a novelist. Success, however, did not come easily to him as it did to Huxley. His whole life was a struggle against poverty and ill-health; recognition came late, only just before his death in 1930, at the age of forty-four.

A corresponding contrast appears between the settings chosen by Huxley and Lawrence. In Huxley's most characteristic work we find a portrayal of the middle-class of London—the bohemians, the intellectuals, the bright young people of the "cocktail age". With a brilliant pen and an uncanny gift of observation he depicts for us the hectic life of this social group in such books as *Antic Hay* or *Point Counterpoint*. In other works he branches off in different directions, but this is his usual *milieu*. Lawrence, on the other hand, in his most typical books paints a rather grim picture of industrialism as the background for his story; in *Sons and Lovers* we watch the perilous life of a coal-miner, but we have also a strongly contrasting glimpse of the countryside that surrounds these bleak colliery districts and equally vivid pictures of rural life. He may go outside this field, as in *The Plumed Serpent*, whose setting is in Mexico, or *The Lost Lady*, which ends in Italy, but the background of his stories is always entirely different from that of Huxley.

Against these varied settings the two writers produce work governed to a great extent by the theme that is predominant in much modern fiction—the relation of the sexes. Here, again, the same striking contrast is visible. Lawrence's

treatment of this subject is intensely personal—it is a reflection of his own problems that appears, more or less disguised, in his various books. There can be no doubt that there were serious maladjustments in his emotional life. All his books reflect this disharmony. Perhaps the clearest and most sympathetic picture is to be found in *Sons and Lovers*. Of this book he says himself that the first part was all autobiography. Here he vividly describes his childhood and youth in a miner's cottage, with a brutal father and a delicate mother, socially and intellectually far superior to her husband. Paul Morel—who is largely Lawrence himself—develops what the psychoanalysts call a mother-fixation as he realizes this superiority of his mother and sees the brutal treatment of her by his father. This affects his own attitude towards love and marriage, and his life after his mother's death, which is poignantly described at the end of this book, is largely an attempt to readjust himself and achieve a normal sexual relationship. His efforts prove futile, and we are left with a picture of Paul, after undergoing these harrowing emotional crises, setting out to make his way in the world much as Lawrence did after his period of school-teaching was over and he began to write. In subsequent books this same problem of maladjustment is seen from various angles. We find it in *The Rainbow*, in a setting rather like that of *Sons and Lovers*; in *The Lost Lady*; in *Women in Love*; in *Aaron's Rod*, where a further complication enters; and, with a picturesque and exotic background, in *The Plumed Serpent*. The most detailed and startling picture is found in his last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, where the glimpses of frustration and brutality are so realistic that the book was censored in England.

This account of the dominant theme in Lawrence's books may sound forbidding when thus reduced to a brief formula. But this is unjust to Lawrence. His work is lit up with an impressive sincerity, sometimes almost startling in its naked

revelation of facts that are usually hidden under vague generalizations. No modern novelist has a deeper insight into the emotional life of men and women and, with this, an ability to portray these emotions in an arresting and dramatic manner. There is no attempt to exploit sex, no titillation of the reader's appetites; it is all profoundly serious, intense, and often pathetic. Even in his most outspoken book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the situations he describes have so strong an element of sadness in them that one closes the book with a total impression of pity—pity for humanity and its problems that cause so much sorrow. This does not mean that Lawrence is a propagandist—there is scarcely a word of direct protest in his work; like every great artist he leaves his picture of life to tell its own story and point its own moral. Some critics say that these pictures of ill-adjusted individuals are too abnormal to be of interest to the reader who is endowed with a normal emotional life. But this seems a narrow attitude and one which, if it prevailed, would prevent our enjoyment of much great literature. What, after all, is Hamlet, but one who is ill-adjusted to the demands of so-called practical life? Or King Lear, or Tess of the D'Urbervilles, or Jude the Obscure? If literature is to be a reflection of life in its totality, such characters must be found within the picture. And the side of life portrayed by Lawrence is of particular interest to modern writers for several reasons. First, because we have emerged from the Victorian attitude which deliberately refused to recognize its existence—although some may feel that we have gone too far in the opposite direction. Secondly, because at the present time, owing to the pressure of modern life and economic conditions which cause a postponement of marriage, emotional maladjustment is probably more widespread than in periods when the age of marriage was earlier. Lawrence in his novels thus throws a vivid light on a disturbing element in our modern social organism.

The relationship between the sexes is a central theme in Huxley's novels also, but it is approached in a very different manner. His is a much more light-hearted treatment; he handles the subject in a spirit of ironic comedy. There is a resemblance between Huxley's attitude towards love and that of the writers of the Restoration period, when passion was not to be taken too seriously, but merely a pastime, an excuse for amorous intrigue. Many of Huxley's characters play with their emotions in the same way; love is a sport, an amusing interlude in the more serious pursuits of art or politics or business. There is a striking absence of values and moral judgements; his picture is definitely amoral. But behind this there lurks a note of disillusionment; this casual treatment of emotion seems to bring no permanent satisfaction, no deep abiding joy. We are back in the spirit of the 'nineties. We perceive again the note of negation, as mirrored in Swinburne's poem, *A Ballade of Burdens*:

The burden of much gladness. Life and lust
Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight;
And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
And overhead strange weathers burn and bite;
And where the red was, lo the bloodless white;
And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
And where day was, the likeness of the night;
This is the end of every man's desire.

Whether one prefers Lawrence's intense and subjective treatment of this theme to Huxley's note of cynicism and objectivity must depend on the temperament of the reader. Some will condemn both attitudes, but they cannot be disregarded in any survey of the modern tendencies in our literature, for they have undoubtedly exercised a great influence on both contemporary thought and writing.

If we examine more closely the external setting in the works of these two writers we get an equally great contrast. In his most characteristic books Lawrence gives us impressive pictures of the English industrial regions of the Midlands

interspersed with more attractive glimpses of the rural districts adjacent to this rather drab region of chimneys and factories. There can be few descriptions of industrialism and its deadening effect on the people who come under its sway more powerful than those in such books as *Sons and Lovers* or *The Rainbow*. Of course we must allow for Lawrence's special point of view; he is the artist type, a rebel from the class he was born into, and after he has emerged from it through his genius he looks at it with the eyes of an outsider. But if we are to read *Sons and Lovers* as autobiography—and Lawrence in his letters has said that it is mainly autobiography—this atmosphere of industrialism poisoned the life of his mother, a cultured and refined woman. It is doubtful whether the average miner, born and bred in these surroundings, realizes their harshness. But by Lawrence they were seen in all their naked brutality and he describes them with an almost epic strength, reflecting the protest of a sensitive mind scarred by its environment. We see Morel senior at work underground in the mine, his return home black and grimy from the pit, introducing a note of terror into a quiet, peaceful home; we read of his crude merrymaking at the local public-house; he is not really a bad fellow at heart but has been brutalized by the conditions of his daily work. There is pathos in the picture—not only when Morel meets with an accident as a result of his dangerous occupation, but still more as he loses all spiritual contact first with his children, then with his wife. It is a poignant picture of the tragedy of industrialism and its disintegrating effect on human relationships. The younger generation are not content with their father's humble and unattractive employment; they are socially ambitious, and he is left behind. It reveals a situation that must be common in modern society but has rarely been portrayed so effectively. Lawrence is obviously trying to be just to Morel; both his good and his bad qualities are shown. But the attractive side of his nature is gradually

crushed by the conditions of his work and we watch the cumulative deterioration in his character. The story contains an indirect but powerful and disturbing indictment of certain aspects of our social life.

Happily Paul Morel, who is to a great extent Lawrence himself, is not restricted to the rather sombre atmosphere of his home. He finds an escape in the countryside, and this allows Lawrence to give us those vivid pictures of life on an English farm which show so pleasing a contrast to the harsh note of industrialism. Paul's early love for Miriam develops amid these peaceful and idyllic scenes. There is a perfect blending of the emotion of young love and the blossoming seed-time of nature, a picture drawn with the eye and pen of a poet. The note of frustration is not yet present; all is still harmonious.

Lawrence has rarely reached greater heights in his descriptive writing than in the impressive ending to *The Rainbow*. He is describing the encroachments of industrialism as it spreads its tentacles over the countryside, witnessed in a sort of vision or nightmare by Ursula, the heroine, who has experienced a tragic love-affair and in the midst of this desolation sees the rainbow from which the book takes its title. It is one of the finest prose passages in Lawrence's works and an interesting example of his symbolism and the poetical nature of his style.

She saw the stiffened bodies of the colliers, which seemed already enclosed in a coffin, she saw their unchanging eyes, the eyes of those who are buried alive; she saw the hard, cutting edges of the new houses, which seemed to spread over the hillside in their insentient triumph, the triumph of horrible, amorphous angles and straight lines, the expression of corruption triumphant and unopposed, corruption so pure that it is hard and brittle; she saw the dun atmosphere over the blackened hills opposite, the dark blotches of houses, slate-roofed and amorphous, the old church-tower standing up in hideous obsolescence above raw new houses on the crest of the hill, the amorphous, brittle hard-edged new houses advancing from Beldover to meet the corrupt new houses from Lethley, the houses of Lethley advancing to mix with the houses of

Hainor, a dry brittle, terrible corruption spreading over the face of the land, and she was sick with a nausea so deep that she perished as she sat. And then, in the blowing clouds, she saw a band of faint iridescence colouring in faint colours a portion of the hill. And forgetting, startled, she looked for the hovering colour and saw a rainbow forming itself. In one place it gleamed fiercely and, her heart anguished with hope, she sought the shadow of iris where the bow should be. Steadily the colour gathered, mysteriously, from nowhere, it took presence upon itself; there was a faint, vast rainbow. The arc bended and strengthened itself till it arched indomitable, making great architecture of light and colour and the space of heaven, its pedestals luminous in the corruption of new houses on the low hill, its arch the top of heaven.

And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven.

Stylistically this passage is by no means faultless; it suffers from a certain excess and repetition; but as a revelation of the writer's spiritual attitude it is of great interest. Those who level a charge of pessimism at Lawrence should note a passage like this, which breathes a spirit of hope and faith in the future of humanity. These scenes by no means exhaust Lawrence's resources in this direction, but he has seldom excelled these two contrasted backgrounds.

As we pass over to Huxley's characteristic works we find an entirely different setting. We move in the artistic and literary circles of London, the social group of which he is a member. The note is far less sombre and austere, as one might well imagine; the typical background is a night-club or a social gathering at a great house. There is little direct description—the narrative is carried on mainly by conversation and very modern and amusing conversation it is. Huxley shows great

skill in catching the conversational tone of modern society and reproducing it in an entertaining and enlightening fashion, of course somewhat heightened for the purposes of his art. He has done this on an enormous scale in *Point Counterpoint*, a book written with very modern technique, obviously influenced by the cinema. It portrays for us a cross-section of London society, moving somewhat jerkily from group to group, with only a slight relationship between the members of the various groups. Almost every aspect of middle-class London life is reflected—politics, literature, science, and sheer frivolity. Life seems to be in a ferment; it is the post-war reaction; a sense of values seems to be totally lacking and a process of social disintegration is obviously at work. Against this general background of negation and futility one or two groups emerge that seem to have a more positive and constructive attitude towards the world and its problems. One consists of a scientist and his assistant immersed in their researches and trying to solve the mystery of life through this scientific approach. This is in line with Huxley's personal attitude and gives him an opportunity to bring in ideas that are closely allied to his own. He uses two other characters for the same purpose, Philip Quarles and Rampion, a writer and an artist, who in two other directions reflect a more creative spirit and a more constructive point of view. But these stand out as exceptions to the great mass of characters leading their frothy and often unsocial lives. Politics is represented by a Fascist leader who comes to a tragic end. In a book of this type we must not look for unity; it is deliberately chaotic to represent the apparent chaos of present-day society. Any thread that runs through it is supplied by the comments of the artists and scientists and the theories they put forward, often at considerable length. Following a long-established tradition in the English novel, Huxley continually interrupts his narrative with long digressions for the purpose of social comment and analysis.

In one of these discussions, which contain some of the most interesting writing in the book, Huxley, through the medium of Philip Quarles, expresses his ideas on the intellectual life, a subject on which he seems to be in substantial agreement with Lawrence's views as reflected in his novels and still more clearly in his letters. Both indicate a typically modern distrust of purely intellectual processes. This is a reaction, one suspects, against a certain tendency, more characteristic perhaps of the nineteenth than of this century, to glorify the cult of the mind, sometimes even to the point of producing an unbalanced human personality, too remote from the life and strivings of ordinary humanity. In epigrammatic and satiric sentences which one reads with an uneasy feeling Huxley pours ridicule on the highbrow:

The real charm of the intellectual . . . life is its easiness. It's the substitution of simple intellectual schemata for the complexities of reality; of still and formal death for the bewildering movements of life . . . The rush to books and the universities is like the rush to the public house. People want to drown their realization of the difficulties of living properly in this grotesque contemporary world, they want to forget their own deplorable inefficiency as artists in life. Some try to drown their sorrows in alcohol, but still more drown them in books and artistic dilettantism; some try to forget themselves in dancing, movies, listening-in, others in lectures and scientific hobbies. . . The pursuit of Truth is just a polite name for the intellectual's favourite pastime of substituting simple and therefore false abstractions for the living complexities of reality. But Truth-seeking is much easier than learning the art of integral living.

And, less crudely, in his more poetical and symbolical diction, Lawrence sings the praises of the physical side of his nature in a remarkable letter written in 1913.

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge? All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame,

forever upright and yet flowing; and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around.

We who in our humble way try modestly to pursue the intellectual life find it hard to accept the rather crude distinction suggested by these two writers between mind and body; a harmonious synthesis of the physical and intellectual nature of man is surely not unattainable, and one imagines that the scholar and thinker can develop the art of living at least as well as the lowbrow, in spite of occasional notorious examples which seem to point in the opposite direction. No sane person wishes to stifle completely our primary impulses, but Lawrence's idea that we should blindly follow our instincts and distrust our mental processes would, if followed literally, surely lead us speedily back to barbarism. The despised intellectual may not be a perfect type, but he seems to deserve a little more credit than either of these writers seems willing to give him. As a symptom of certain tendencies in modern thinking and art, this protest against intellectualism is, however, of considerable interest and it is closely connected with some striking features in contemporary fiction.

Finally—to leave similarities and return to contrasts—how far are these two writers influenced by earlier novelists? In this, as well as in other aspects of Huxley's technique and subject-matter, it seems clear that he has derived a certain amount of inspiration from H. G. Wells's work. In Wells's sociological novels the analytical digression is common; such works as *The New Machiavelli* and the group to which it belongs are full of these passages. In another direction, too, Huxley seems to be the successor of Wells; like him, he tries to forecast the future development of humanity from the point of view of a scientist. In that fantastic book *Brave New World*, Huxley, starting from certain conditions in contemporary society, attempts to project us into the distant future. Caricature is predominant in the picture—it is Swift perhaps

rather than Wells who is the progenitor of this imaginative effort—but it is a caricature based on present-day tendencies. Its satirical element is in contrast with Wells's sober prophecies, but the general method is somewhat the same and occasionally the detailed account of the future social structure is strikingly similar. Thus instead of the four social groups that Wells has portrayed in *A Modern Utopia*, Huxley gives us five, ranging from the supermen who control society to the drudges who are close to the animal world. Not only in this suggestion of an approaching social stratification but on such subjects as new methods of human reproduction, of education, of amusement, Huxley's pictures are full of amazing and daring speculation, often quite extravagant but with an uneasy suggestion of a basis of truth—a truth that is frequently disturbing because of the vivid light it throws on contemporary civilization.

Thus, starting out from our present imperfect attempts at birth-control and eugenics, Huxley leads us to a society in which the ordinary forms of human reproduction have been abolished and mankind is propagated scientifically and systematically in the laboratory. Here it is perfectly easy to decide what social groups are to be created, how many there shall be in each, and to inoculate them before birth against all the illnesses that afflict ordinary humanity to-day. Similarly, Huxley expands the present-day psychological theory of behaviourism and applies it to education. He invents an amusing technique for educating children which he calls hypnopædia. It consists mainly of inducing a hypnotic sleep in the class and, during this period when the mind is passive and receptive, repeating innumerable times by means of loud-speakers the ideas and slogans that one wishes the subject to adopt. It is perhaps not so far removed as one might imagine from certain modern methods of education and propaganda. In the same way our amusements will develop on lines for

which we have already been partly prepared. Just as the silent moving picture developed into the "talkie", so the "talkie" will develop into what Huxley calls the "feelie". By means of an ingenious arrangement the spectator at the cinema of the future will be able to experience all the sensations which the actors and actresses on the film are supposed to be undergoing. This idea opens up interesting possibilities, but it is obviously only a few stages ahead of the wish-fulfilment that lies behind many modern types of entertainment.

In at least one other place Huxley shows again the influence of his predecessor Wells. Like most acute observers, both are interested in the effect of the technique of advertisement on our modern life. Wells has dealt with this subject in *Tono-Bungay* in an entertaining way that has more serious implications; in *Antic Hay* Huxley introduces it with the element of satire once more predominant.

Lawrence, on the other hand, seems to have little in his writing that is definitely derivative. There is perhaps a certain Gissingesque quality about his descriptions of drab industrial poverty; his nature pictures used as a setting for his peculiarly intense human figures perhaps occasionally remind one of Hardy; his portrayal of emotion at times suggests the textbooks of the psycho-analysts; but all these slight influences are fused into a striking unity and there can be little doubt that, in spite of all arguments as to the content of his works, Lawrence is one of the most personal and original geniuses of twentieth-century English literature. There will be a great winnowing of his work, but at his best one feels that he shows qualities more likely to secure permanent recognition than the somewhat facile and popular effects of his friend and contemporary Huxley.

THE PRIZE-WINNER

BY E. J. PRATT

Pure blood domestic, guaranteed,
Soft-mannered, musical in purr,
The ribbon had declared the breed,
Gentility was in the fur.

Such feline culture in the gads,
No anger ever arched her back—
What distance since those velvet pads
Departed from the leopard's track!

And when I mused how Time had thinned
The jungle strain within the cells,
How human hands had disciplined
Those prowling optic parallels,

I saw the generations pass
Along the reflex of a spring,
A bird had rustled in the grass,
The tab had caught it on the wing:

Behind the leap so furtive-wild
Was such ignition in the gleam,
I thought an Abyssinian child
Had cried out in the whitethroat's scream.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTH AFRICA

BY BROOKE CLAXTON

THE years since the War have been so crowded with events that it is difficult to remember what we were thinking about ten years ago. To-day, a group of Canadians discussing national problems would talk about social and economic questions or world security. Ten years ago the same group would probably have discussed immigration, racial relations and the constitutional position of Canada within what most people still called the Empire. I remember about that time the shock given to a Canadian Club audience when an Empire statesman referred to Canada as a "nation". We had hardly become accustomed to the newly-won panoply of nationhood; we were not quite certain whether it was more than war paint.

Symptoms of colonial mentality were shown in the feeling raised in Canada by the move to establish a Canadian Legation at Washington in 1920, by the Chanak incident in 1922, by our completing alone the Halibut Treaty in 1923, by the Byng-King affair of 1926 with its cries of "Lieutenant of Downing Street". These feelings were the remains of colonial status, which far from being vestigial, tended to preserve weakening sore-spots in Canadian life. The variety of the opinions, strongly held, often bitterly expressed, and always coloured by emotion, concerning our relation to the Commonwealth was a further divisive influence in a country which already had too many. This delayed our getting the institutions necessary to the good government of Canada internally or to the proper conduct of our relations abroad. It has been apparent that Canada would never become a self-respecting and united nation, nor would it even secure the full and very real advantages of co-operation in the Commonwealth so long as one part of the population thought of Canada as a Crown

colony and another part thought of her as an independent state. To satisfy both Imperialists and Nationalists, it was necessary that our relation to the Commonwealth should be authoritatively described in words which at once emphasized our common allegiance to the Crown and our independent status. That might stop narrow-minded "imperialist" obstruction to inevitable development, and at the same time put an end to the sharp-shooting of the "little Canadians" who had been naturally forced to expend a large part of their energy in asserting themselves. It would permit us to unite in getting on with the job of building a life within Canada suitable to the greatness of the opportunity.

For these reasons most conscious Canadians welcomed the Balfour Declaration of 1926:

They (the self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions) are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

But what did it mean? General Hertzog, who had said that he was going to the Imperial Conference to secure the right of secession, left the conference well satisfied with this declaration, and later said that it gave him the right he wanted. Australia and New Zealand, whose outspoken loyalty measures up to the standard of the *Morning Post*, were satisfied. So, presumably, was Mr. Balfour. The Declaration meant what people read into it; it was the crowning feat of British constitutional genius.

But the Declaration formed only a part of a report which dealt with a number of concrete proposals for constitutional development of great technical importance. Some of these were submitted for study and report to a committee of experts. That committee, of which Mr. Lapointe was an important member, brought in a report in 1929, and this was homolo-

gated by the Imperial Conference of 1930, when Mr. Bennett represented Canada. The same conference approved of the text of the Statute of Westminster which was to implement by legislation the principles of the Balfour Declaration. This was passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom in 1931.

The Statute has already been the subject of extensive comment in Canada, and it is sufficient here to recall that in its preamble it is set out that

... inasmuch as the Crown is the symbol of the free association of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and as they are united by a common allegiance to the Crown, it would be in accord with the established constitutional position of all the members of the Commonwealth in relation to one another that any alteration in the law touching the Succession to the Throne, or the Royal Style and Titles shall hereafter require the assent as well of the Parliaments of all the Dominions as of the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

Important provisions of the Statute were that

(1) Each Dominion was to have power to pass legislation and even to repeal Imperial Acts relating to the Dominion (s. 2).

(2) Each Dominion was to have power to make laws having extra-territorial operation (s. 3).

(3) Imperial Acts would not extend to a Dominion except with its consent (s. 4).

This was hardly a new charter for Canada, for section 7 of the Statute expressly excepted the British North America Act from its operation. We had left the power to amend the Canadian constitution still vested in the Imperial Parliament, and the French minority in Canada still looked to London for protection of their rights.

In Canada the constitutional activities from 1926 to 1931 created little stir, because since 1926 we have been concerned with material things. Too much so, for one can doubt that the extremes of the boom and depression could have been avoided if we had had a united country in which every part had confidence in the whole, and if we had had the constitutional power to do whatever was necessary, when it was necessary, with sole

regard to the good of the entire Dominion, and not of the parish pump. In recent years hardly a day has gone by without reference in Parliament to some change, widely accepted as desirable, but made impossible by our constitution. Too often it has been a mere excuse for failure to take the responsibility and accept the risks of leadership. Consequently, nothing has been done to give Canada a workable constitution or to unite Canadians to face their common problems as a single people should.

In South Africa the situation has been different. The South African Act of 1909 united the four provinces in the Union with equal language rights throughout and constituent powers, but it did not end the struggle for freedom. The issue first raised in 1911 as to the legal possibility of South African neutrality in a British war led to the quarrel between Generals Botha and Hertzog in 1913 and to the rebellion of 1914. The question of neutrality is important because it is the crucial test of independent status, and a large part of the Boer majority have continuously had a strong desire for constitutional liberty. It has been pursued with a steadfast, downright honesty of purpose that the true Britisher would say had "something British" about it. The last thing the Afrikanders wanted was to rely on Great Britain for anything.

When General Hertzog came into power in 1924 it was the avowed object of his Nationalist Party to clear up this constitutional question, and he went to the Imperial Conference in 1926 determined to secure recognition of the right to secede and to remain neutral. In the debates on the conference in the South African House in March, 1928, General Hertzog and the majority of the House expressed the view that South Africa and any other Dominion could not only remain passive in a British war, but could claim—and other states must recognize—its absolute neutrality. But this view was never accepted by General Smuts, who held that while

South Africa was free to determine whether or not it would actively participate in a British war (so far as I know, this view has not been seriously questioned by a British statesman in the last forty years), the common allegiance of all British subjects to the Crown inevitably produced the legal result that, if the King was at war, all his subjects everywhere were at war. In other words, the question of neutrality would rest with the enemy and not with South Africa.

The Statute of Westminster gave South Africa an opportunity of quenching the flames of discussion raised by the very vagueness of the Balfour Declaration. It removed the last limit from her legislative power, and she could even, if she wished, repeal her constitution, the South African Act itself. It happened that no substantial economic issue divided the Government Nationalist (Hertzog) and the Opposition South African (Smuts) parties, and this absence emphasized the constitutional question as the main point of contention throughout the country. It was the one national problem of prime importance completely within the control of South Africa. Could they solve it?

This was the situation when in 1933 General Hertzog and General Smuts put to one side the differences which had for twenty years divided them, and in a great effort of statesmanship endeavoured to unite the country by forming a coalition Government, with Hertzog as Prime Minister and Smuts as Minister of Justice.

The first point in the agreement of coalition was the maintenance of the Union as a national unit on the basis granted by the Statute of Westminster, and nothing was then said about changing the constitution. Although this was foreshadowed in the speech from the throne early in 1934, public opinion was little prepared when on 22nd March, 1934, first reading was given to the Status of the Union Bill, the Union Constitution Bill and the Royal Executive Functions and Bill.

In moving the second reading of the Status of the Union Bill on 28th March, the Hon. Mr. Pirow, Minister of Railways and Harbours and Defence, explained the purpose of the Bill:

. . . the present constitutional position of the Union is no longer reflected by the South Africa Act. . . In South Africa, unfortunately, experience has shown that constitutional doubts very soon become political issues—political issues, moreover, fought with extreme bitterness and almost invariably along racial lines. . . we have at present a government representing more nearly than any other government in our history both sections of our population, and the members of this government are in complete agreement about every provision of the present Bill . . . there is not a single provision of the Bill which goes a step further than the existing constitutional position.

The Bill endeavoured to meet the wishes of both sections of the population. In the preamble it recognized for the one a common allegiance to the Crown and for the other it claimed the status of a sovereign independent state.

Second reading of the other two Bills was moved the same day. Before referring to the debate, it might be well to state briefly the contents of the Bills.

The preamble of the Status of the Union Bill after repeating the formula of the Balfour Declaration and referring to the Statute of Westminster, goes on:

And Whereas it is expedient that the status of the Union of South Africa as a sovereign independent state, as hereinbefore defined, shall be adopted and declared by the Parliament of the Union. . .

It will be noted that “as hereinbefore defined” refers to the Balfour Declaration, which itself speaks of the Commonwealth countries as autonomous communities “within the Empire”.

Section 2 provides that the Parliament of the Union shall be the sovereign legislative power for the Union and that no Imperial Act shall extend to the Union except by an Act of the Union. Section 3 re-enacts for the Union the parts of the

Statute of Westminster relating to it. Section 4 provides that the Executive Government of the Union in regard to any aspect of its domestic or external affairs is vested in the King acting on the advice of his Ministers of State for the Union, and may be administered by His Majesty in person or by a Governor-General as his representative. The other provisions of the Bill need not be mentioned here.

The Union Constitution Bill enacts the South Africa Act as a law of the Parliament of South Africa.

The Royal Executive Functions and Seals Bill provides a Great Seal and Signet for South Africa, and for the "counter-signature of an instrument expressing the King's will and pleasure as head of the Executive Government of the Union by one of the King's Ministers in the Union." This enables acts relating to South Africa to be signed without even the interposition of a British Minister to warrant the King's signature.

Second reading of the Status of the Union Bill was moved on 9th April and the debate was continued on the three following days.

Only Colonel Stallard and five others opposed the Bills because they went too far. Notwithstanding the feeble numbers of the opposition the debate was conducted on a high level and the issues involved were thoroughly canvassed. Everyone was impressed by the seriousness of the measures, though most of the proponents said they only reflected the existing position.

General Smuts spoke late in the debate and strenuously denied the suggestion of the opposition that the Bills made any real change in the position.

Our object was simply to put into legal language, as far as human knowledge could do, the actual constitutional position as we understood it. No, there was no intention whatever to deal with contentious issues or to go a step beyond the existing position. I have in writing the Prime Minister's

promise that the points on which we had differed in the past would not be touched; that we would continue to differ on them. . . This Bill is a measure of common agreement on the vital issues of our constitution.

Speaking of the Balfour Declaration, he referred to the equation between Great Britain and the dominions. That is the governing thing. . . If that equation is fundamental, if that is really what this great declaration of 1926 meant, then how can you conceivably argue that the dominions are not sovereign international independent states without denying that Great Britain, which is equated with them, has that status in the world?

Dealing with secession:

To my mind these things, secession, neutrality and the like are impracticable and academic. I do not believe that anything we can say in a constitution will settle our attitude or influence it when we come to the day of secession or to the day to declare our neutrality. These events, if ever they come to pass, would shake the whole British empire and perhaps the whole world to its foundations.

In stating that the Bills made no substantial change in the existing constitutional position and particularly did not affect the right of neutrality and secession, General Smuts undoubtedly represented the views not only of the South African party of which he had been the leader, and of the great majority of members of British descent but also of a considerable part of the Nationalist party which formed the larger element in the coalition Government. The other Ministers who spoke took the same general attitude. There was another point of view, however, frequently expressed, perhaps most vehemently by Mr. Erasmus, a member of the Nationalist party from the Cape:

To my mind this Bill proceeds on the following lines. I want to mention this here without enlarging upon it. The first point of view is that our independence is our own, and that the nature and the extent of it is for us alone to define. Secondly, it proceeds from the standpoint that the British Government has ceased to have any legal say or authority whatsoever over the inhabitants and the territory of the Union. Thirdly, that the British commonwealth has ceased to be an international unity. Fourthly, it proceeds from the

standpoint that South Africa has reached the highest rung of political liberty which it is possible for a State to attain to, if South Africa can do what any sovereign independent State could do. Fifthly, it proceeds from the point of view that South Africa has had enough of the loose unwritten constitution of the British empire, and, therefore, wants to create a new constitution in black and white on the basis of our sovereign independence by means of an Act of this Parliament, and that he wants to proclaim our sovereign independence to the world in that way.

Mr. Erasmus, and others who felt like him, voted for the Bills for exactly the same reasons that Colonel Stallard and his followers voted against them. Thus, the two extremes took the same view of the effects of the legislation. But that view was denied by the four Ministers who spoke for the Government and by a great number of the members who spoke. To put it briefly, Colonel Stallard voted against the Bill because it meant independence, Mr. Erasmus voted for the Bill because it meant independence, General Smuts voted for the Bill because it did not mean independence. General Hertzog was silent but there is no doubt but that his views were correctly expressed by Mr. Erasmus.

The Status of the Union Bill received third reading on 30th April and The Royal Executive Functions and Seals Bill on the 2nd May. All the Bills received third reading in the Senate where they were passed without division on the 18th May. They are now in force.

This is not the place to discuss the legal consequences of this legislation which is the most interesting development of the Statute of Westminster. Indeed, it is becoming more apparent as time goes on that it is impossible to speak intelligently about the constitutional relations of the Commonwealth in legal terms alone. It is also too soon to assess their political consequences. But it may be said that while the Bills have done a great deal to realize the high hopes held that they would end racial feeling between British and Africaner, the

fight has now shifted to one between the old constituents of the national party itself.

As coalitions usually do, the coalition Government has become a single party with all but a score of the seats in a House of one hundred and fifty. Colonel Stallard, Mr. Coulter and Mr. Marwick have formed a new Dominion Party, placing in the forefront of their programme "the maintenance of the British Empire as a united whole, with common aims and interests and securing the Union's part therein with status as a Dominion of the British Crown". They are opposed to "all movements to resolve the component parts of the Empire into sovereign independent states". At the moment the parties of Mr. Tielman Roos and of Labour seem to be unimportant. The new political division lies between the coalition and the Nationalists who kept out of the coalition. The latter are led by Dr. D. F. Malan, and it appears as if their chief difference with the coalition continues to be on constitutional grounds. It is impossible to estimate here what support from the Africaner population Dr. Malan's party will receive in their efforts to secure independence.

In these notes on Commonwealth relations particularly as they relate to South Africa, reference should at least be made to the gradual passing of the Irish Free State out of the British Commonwealth. Anyone who has observed the series of changes which have been made there since the Treaty of 1921 must face the fact that Mr. De Valera and the majority of people in the Irish Free State regard their association with the Commonwealth as an *external* association with the Commonwealth, and that in every essential respect the Free State might just as well be a republic.

Meanwhile, neither Australia nor New Zealand has even adopted the Statute of Westminster, and Newfoundland has temporarily returned to colonial status. It is clear, as was said at the British Commonwealth Conference held in Toronto

in 1933, that "the speed of the Imperial flotilla is not that of the slowest ship", and "there is no reason why the countries of the Commonwealth should feel it necessary to march in lock-step." Each can set his own pace.

That conference brought to light not only the different conceptions of the constitutional position of each Dominion, but also the different regional interests of the various parts of the Commonwealth. It reached the conclusion, a surprising conclusion at first glance, that the very continuance of the Commonwealth itself might depend on world peace, and that the only hope for world peace lay in an effective system of collective security in which questions of neutrality and secession will be as academic as General Smuts says they are. In other words, in an interdependent world, "the only way to avoid a war is to prevent it" as Mr. Lapointe has said. Mr. Pirow's speech to the Empire Press Association in February, 1935, indicates that South Africa has not yet arrived at that point in her thinking. She is still thinking of independent sovereignty in the abstract. I believe that to be important there and here for one reason. That is, to give all citizens of the country an allegiance with the same appeal to all alike, a common attitude towards the country in which they live. In South Africa it has been found necessary to do this by the means mentioned. We have the same need of arriving at unity, "unity in diversity", perhaps, but still unity.

It is, of course, only the largest constitutional questions which depend on war and peace. There is a field within which progress can be made in Canada alone. There is no doubt that Canada needs and some day will get a constitutional "New Deal" and constituent powers. But they will only be made possible by the extension of active co-operation and the development of a feeling of trust between the provinces and between the races. That ideal will be realized when they begin to understand that we are all in one boat together, and that it is not too bad a boat after all.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

I

THE PRIME MINISTER ON CAPITALISM

WHEN it was announced last December that the Prime Minister would open the new year and the political campaign with a series of radio-talks, most of us were only mildly interested. We wondered, perhaps, whether the Liberals would follow with an exactly equal number of minutes and words, or whether, if they did not, there would be a squabble in Parliament about monopolizing a national property for party purposes. Then we went quietly about our humdrum daily occupations and no one—at least no one of my acquaintance—was in the least prepared for the series of aerial torpedoes that came detonating out of Ottawa between January 2nd and 11th. The projectiles were filled with what had previously been considered an almost seditiously high explosive, and so timed that the target was just able to recover enough consciousness after each shot to appreciate the full impact of the next.

The universal reaction was surprise. What business is it of a Conservative Party to reform capitalism? Is it not of the very essence of conservatism that it guards the *status quo* to the last ditch against the assaults of radicals? It is all very well for a Liberal Party, standing half-way between right and left, to compromise with socialism by controlling in the general interest the exploitation of the sources of wealth; but here was the Conservative leader hurdling far over the Liberal platform in what looked to many of his supporters like a fit of bolshevik rage.

After surprise, the ensuing emotions of listeners and readers fall under three main heads—horror, jubilation, and contemptuous scepticism—with numerous intermediate gradations. 'Horror' is scarcely too strong a word for the expression on the countenance of the manufacturing friend with whom I walked along Sherbrooke Street on the morning of January 5th. 'Jubilation' is surely the right name for the feelings of the many men and women who have been suspended for two years somewhere between liberalism and the C.C.F., and who will now flock to the official fold of the Conservative shepherd. 'Sceptical contempt' or 'contemptuous scepticism' describes accurately, I think, the outbursts of those conventionalized Liberals whom I still sometimes meet, and whom I took special pains to meet after this historic upheaval.

My own reaction was one of the gradations of jubilation, tinged with a little doubt, but looking forward with a savoury anticipation of exciting consequences. It appeared to me, for one thing, that something new had happened. For the first time in my experience, a Canadian politician, speaking almost literally to the whole people, put before them in the language of political economy rather than political debate an analysis of the economic-social system under which we live, its defects, and the measures by which he proposed to attempt their cure. There was little recrimination, no mud-slinging, no vulgar personalities. It would be folly to expect that thought and language can be kept on this high plane in the approaching conflict, even as between the leaders. But it was a good beginning; and the fact that Mr. Bennett addressed the first speeches of his campaign, not to the emotions, but to what, in spite of the behaviourists, I still like to call the mind of his listeners, will stand him in good stead with the despised intellectuals. Some of these latter were, indeed, stirred from the lethargy of ineffable superiority by an unusual recognition of their existence, and may conceivably vote.

Was he sincere? There lies the doubt: and I refer here not to the attitude of the routine Liberal — for that is not doubt, but negative certainty — but to the query in the mind of the detached observer owning allegiance to no party. Was the Prime Minister, realizing the almost hopeless state of the Conservative cause, merely making an original and desperate bid for votes in the forthcoming election? If so, the whole programme of social legislation and control of capitalist enterprise becomes a series of those airy nothings, election-promises, rather than the firm plan of a statesman who means to lead his people to better things.

I have found a number of thoughtful people, not routine Conservatives, who believe that the Prime Minister, during his term of office, has grown from the small stature of the party politician to that of the statesman, and means genuinely to dedicate himself to the task which he has outlined. It may be so. There was, however, one recurring note in the speeches which did not contribute to confidence on this point. That was the very thin and irritatingly unnecessary excuse for not having begun long ago to move in the indicated direction. It would have been more frank and more effective to confess that the events of the last five years have forced upon the Prime Minister, as upon thousands of other intelligent men, an altered estimate of the morality and efficiency of the so-called capitalist system. With that altered estimate came new ideas of the legitimate claims of the unprivileged masses of humanity, and new ideas as to how these claims might be met. The magnificent proposals of the Conservative leader, if they are sincere, are the fruit of that change, not of any knowledge or creed which he brought with him into office.

Mr. Bennett proposes to reform capitalism in such a way as to achieve a fairer distribution of products, profits and leisure, and a higher measure of security for the producer. He will do so by the following means: (1) a uniform minimum

wage and maximum working week for the whole of Canada; (2) the abolition of child labour and the sweatshop; (3) unemployment, sickness and accident insurance, and a revised scheme of old age pensions; (4) legislation, based upon the forthcoming report of the Price Spreads Commission, to eradicate unfair practices in the distribution of commodities; (5) the establishment of an economic council auxiliary to the civil service; (6) legislation to prevent the watering of stock in companies incorporated under federal law. These developments, in conjunction with the Marketing Act enacted last session and the recently established Central Bank, will constitute the 'new deal' for Canada. Ambitious, is it not? Yet most of it is needed merely to bring Canadian social legislation up to the point which it reached years ago in England and a number of European countries.

The question whether this galaxy of benefits to the industrial worker can be afforded by a debtor country must be left to the economists, who in all probability will disagree violently on the subject. The disinterested layman whose soul has been harrowed by the miseries of the unemployed will perhaps say that, if we cannot afford them, we had better retire from this industrial business and buy our manufactured goods abroad.

At any rate here would be an excellent way to spend some of the seventy-five millions which Mr. Beatty says can be saved by a rational treatment of the railway problem. But upon the disastrous deficits of the C.N.R., Mr. Bennett is exceedingly vague. When he tells us that this problem is one which cannot be solved by the politicians, he apparently means something more than that no party acting alone dare tackle it seriously, knowing too well that to do so would be to forfeit indefinitely the prospect of power. Can he be hinting that not everything possible in the way of co-operative economy is being done by those upon whom the Duff Report cast this responsibility? Or has he in mind merely the truism that,

given legislative unification under adequate safeguards against selfish exploitation, the benefit of the scheme would still depend upon good faith and administrative efficiency? On the whole, this is Mr. Bennett's nearest approach to useless mystification.

We do not know, then, how Mr. Bennett proposes to save money at present being sunk on the National Railway. Nor has he anything definite to say on the subject of taxation. But perhaps he calculates that if his reforms, coupled with similar developments in other countries, can do something to flatten out the precipitous hills and valleys of the trade cycle, the cost to government will be much less than the present expenditure on relief.

At any rate he is going ahead, undeterred by the prophets of financial doom. Already his insurance bills are being introduced, giving some justification to those who believed him sincere. But economics apart, what price the constitution? How does he propose to surmount those barriers of provincial rights which have hitherto frightened off such mild assaults as have been made upon the strongholds of social and industrial conservatism?

According to his own statement in Parliament, the Prime Minister is depending upon the conventions drawn up at Geneva by the conferences of the International Labour Organization. He holds that by ratifying these conventions the Federal Parliament will obtain power to enact legislation imposing uniform minimum wages, maximum hours, unemployment, sickness and accident insurance throughout the Dominion. He relies, that is to say, upon Section 132 of the British North America Act, which reads as follows:

The Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all Powers necessary or proper for performing the obligations of Canada or of any Province thereof, as part of the British Empire, towards foreign countries arising under treaties between the Empire and such foreign countries.

It is obvious that the men of 1867 who drafted this clause were not contemplating treaties or conventions (which are the same thing) signed and ratified by Canada as a distinct entity. In those days there was but one treaty-making power, which acted for the Empire as a whole, and no one had yet thought of international engagements assumed by a Dominion on its own responsibility. But there is a clear tendency to-day to interpret Section 132 (in conjunction with the Dominion residuary clause in section 91) extensively, taking into account the vast constitutional advance of the last two decades. In 1932, the Privy Council dealt with this question when it decided that the Parliament of Canada has exclusive legislative power to regulate radio communication in the Dominion. Canada is a separate party to the International Radiotelegraph Convention of 1927, and a portion of the Privy Council's decision is directly in point. 'In fine,' says Viscount Dunedin, 'though agreeing that the Convention was not such a treaty as is defined in s. 132, their Lordships think that it comes to the same thing. On August 11, 1927, the Privy Council of Canada with the approval of the Governor-General chose a body to attend the meeting of all the powers to settle international agreements as to wireless. The Canadian body attended and took part in deliberations. The deliberations ended in the convention with general regulations appended being signed at Washington on November 25, 1927, by the representatives of all the powers who had taken part in the conference, and this convention was ratified by the Canadian Government on July 12, 1928.

The result is in their Lordships' opinion clear. It is Canada as a whole which is amenable to the other powers for the proper carrying out of the convention; and to prevent individuals in Canada infringing the stipulations of the convention it is necessary that the Dominion should pass legislation which should apply to all the dwellers in Canada'. [Appeal Cases, 1932, pp. 312-313.]

Canada has been a prominent participant in the International Labour Organization set up under Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles, being, until displaced by Russia and the United States in February, 1935, a permanent Member of the Governing Body of the International Labour Office. At its annual conference this Organization has, very obligingly for Mr. Bennett, adopted draft conventions on the eight-hour day, health and accident insurance, minimum wage-fixing machinery, invalidity and old-age insurance, and (at the last session) unemployment insurance. If the Canadian government sees fit to ratify these agreements—and it shows every sign of doing so—it is difficult to see why precisely the same reasoning should not apply as in regard to the Radiotelegraph Convention. In that event, what price provincial rights?

There are two jokers in the pack, one legal and the other political. The first is the possibility that our Supreme Court and the Privy Council, while admitting that legislative competence accrues where the convention is a normal step in the conduct of foreign policy, might look with judicial disfavour on the use of the treaty-making power for the purpose of acquiring such competence. The political risk is the indignation, possibly even panic, which this method of overriding constitutional obstacles might evoke in certain parts of the Dominion. It is not only Quebec which has of late been showing itself tender on the subject of provincial rights; and when the full possibilities of this constitution-jumping are understood, the party which began it may find that it has stepped into a nest of hornets.

Meantime the parliamentary debates evince an incredible confusion between section 132 of the British North America Act and Article 405 of the Treaty of Versailles. In 1925 our Supreme Court advised the government that its duty under Article 405 was merely to refer the draft conventions of the International Labour Organization to the authority, federal

or provincial, which in Canada is normally competent to enact the type of legislation contemplated in such conventions. There would be infinitely more clarity in the matter if our legislators could contrive to understand that the whole question put to the court was what the government was *bound* to do, not what it *could* do. The question whether a ratification by the federal government would bring section 132 into operation was not among those submitted for an opinion, and the Court was therefore quite properly silent upon it. The advice of 1925 is accordingly almost totally irrelevant to the government's present course.

The cynics have been saying that the Prime Minister, knowing the obstacles that confront his programme, is counting upon them as a scapegoat. But it is about as hard to accuse Mr. Bennett of elaborate machiavellianism as it would be to credit him with levity. In his inconsistencies hitherto he has been at once patent and remarkably serious. And as this goes to press, he is securing from a docile House of Commons, where the voice of the opposition has had all its sting removed by the authentic liberalism of his proposals, resolutions of approval preliminary to ratification of such of the conventions as are useful for his purposes. The next step will be ratification by the government, after which the House, confronted with these resolutions, can scarcely, even if it were not so predominantly Conservative, balk at the legislation necessary to carry the conventions into effect.

An entertaining conundrum that keeps cropping up as one reads Hansard these days is—What is left for a Liberal Party? Freer trade? But the Conservatives retort with reciprocity negotiations at Washington (*O tempora, O 1911!*); and history does not show much lowering of tariffs by Canadian Liberals. *Laissez-faire*, hands off industry? So Mr. Bennett suggests, apparently overlooking the programme formulated by his opponents in 1933. That included a national

system of unemployment insurance, control of investments, the abolition of artificial price control and agreements in restraint of trade, democratization of industry, fair and just distribution of wealth—enough to make *laissez-faire* turn in her Victorian grave! But the truth is that the Liberal Party has never, in this country at least, been a whit more devoted to Benthamism than have the Conservatives, and it has now pretty effectually stopped itself from any return to that creed, even if it wished to bury itself in the nineteenth century.

The sad fact is that, since the Premier's bolt from the blue, our two bourgeois parties present no difference of principle by which the voter in this year's election will be able to choose. If politics were governed by reason rather than tradition, prejudice and personal interest, their obvious course would be to unite. The issue then could be clearly defined as one between controlled capitalism and socialism, and that would have the merit of giving us something real to decide. The name of the new combined party would not matter—call it Liberal-Conservative or Conservative-Liberal—but the result, besides showing us the exact strength of socialism in this country, would be an administration which would have the political power necessary to solve such problems as transportation and the amendment of our constitution.

But the joy and the profit of conflict, to say nothing of attachment to old labels, will lead us this summer into a battle between the ins and the outs, with a weak guerilla force of socialists nipping at the hocks of both. The chief interest for the observer will be to discover how far Mr. Bennett's drastic liberalization of conservatism has really improved his chance of return. For while he will gain votes among the wavering independents, he will lose them among the die-hards and provincial-rightists; and masses of people will do exactly as they would have done if he had remained silent. A farmer friend who usually knows what he is talking about remarked

to me a week ago that most of his neighbours had been no more politically moved by the Prime Minister's appeal than by the jazz and bed-time stories which it had interrupted. They had had five lean years unvaried by anything but the degree of leanness, and they were promising themselves for next autumn at least one variety, a new government. So the total result, for campaign purposes, may be nil. The social consequences, on the other hand, may be far-reaching; for Mr. Bennett has gone speedily about his work and the statute-book promises to show before dissolution an epoch-making accession of humanitarian laws.

After that, and regardless of what happens at the polls, the Supreme Court and Privy Council will probably spend some busy terms contradicting each other on the real meaning of the British North America Act. But meanwhile there is joy in Geneva at the prospect of half-a-dozen new beads when next the Labour Conference devoutly counts its rosary of ratifications.

P. E. CORBETT.

II

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE

So far as Europe is concerned, the year 1935 may prove to be the turning-point in the fears and uncertainties that contribute so largely in bringing about war. Last year witnessed two assassinations both of which were reminiscent of that fateful murder at Sarajevo twenty years earlier. That two such events could occur without generating a conflict is in itself a source of hope; tribute for this is due in part to the more efficacious machinery which now exists to deal with such crises, but much more to the difference in the general situation between 1914 and 1934. In the former case, Europe was

divided into two armed camps, more or less evenly matched, and between these two was a conflict of interests genuinely irreconcilable; it was impossible for both Germany and France to have Alsace-Lorraine, just as it was impossible for both Serbia and Austria-Hungary to absorb the South-Slav peoples—to say nothing of Russian and Italian pretensions. When there arises such a clash of national ambitions that compromise is impossible and both stand ready to support their claims for force of arms, then war is inevitable. Such a situation existed in 1914, but it did not exist last year nor does it exist to-day. If Germany were determined, regardless of the cost, to annex Austria, or if France were prepared to send troops across the Rhine to uphold the sanctity of the Versailles Treaty, the situation would be different and the danger of strife much more imminent. Such, happily, is not the case.

The danger of the past year arose from the fact that no one knew precisely what the other would do if Germany seized Austria; nor did the various states concerned give any indication, until the crisis was upon them, as to what action they would take in the face of such an event. Now the situation has at least been clarified. The conversations in Rome and London make it clear that any Nazi move against Vienna would bring all the powers of Europe into the field against Germany. Threatened with such opposition, the Reichswehr leaders would be nothing short of mad to counsel action, and they are not lacking in sagacity. When Europe recovers her tranquillity, some solution of the "Austrian problem" must be sought; but for the time being there is little danger of a German army marching on Vienna. However inadequate such a policy may eventually prove to be, it does at least bring to an end the still more dangerous elements of uncertainty and drift.

French diplomacy was brilliant after France lost the war of 1870 and it has been equally brilliant since she won the Great War. We may at times question the wisdom of its

aims, but we can have only admiration for the patience and the skill with which those aims have been pursued. In the years following the war, French policy was directed toward keeping Germany isolated; such a policy undoubtedly contributed to the breakdown of the "Weimar System" and to the rise of Hitler, and thus, it may be argued, increased the perils of France; but there can remain no doubt of its having achieved its goal. With consummate patience, and in the face of innumerable set-backs, France has at last succeeded in aligning almost every state of Europe on the side of the territorial division laid down in the peace treaties.

With respect to Italy, the success of French diplomacy was retarded by a tactical blunder in the years following the close of the war. The peace settlement had left Italy bitterly disappointed and upon French shoulders she laid much of the blame. When, therefore, the French regarded the emergence of Mussolini with ill-concealed disdain and scornfully dubbed him a "Carnival Caesar", Italian pride was cut to the quick. Since then their relations have been marked by ill-will and distrust. There was no fundamental opposition of interests between them; rivalry in the Balkans, friction in Africa and the problem of naval tonnage are explained largely in terms of pride and prestige, while in the final analysis German expansion constitutes at least as great a threat to Italian as to French security.

Now, thanks to Hitler, *Caesar* and *Marianne* are again holding hands in a friendly manner. During the conversations of *Il Duce* and M. Laval at Rome in January, the bargain was finally struck that effected a rapprochement between them. Italy would abandon her support of the Revisionists in exchange for liberal concessions in Africa, and both would undertake to guarantee the independence and integrity of Austria. Both powers also made a declaration denying the validity of a unilateral denunciation of the peace treaties—a

measure of course directed at Germany. On the whole, it was a good bargain for both sides; Italy was aroused to the danger of another *putsch* which might bring a Greater Germany sweeping down to the Brenner Pass—a possibility scarcely likely to be reassuring in view of the quarter of a million Germans south of the Tyrolean frontier. Moreover, the grant of a free hand in North and East Africa would give her ample scope to indulge her imperialist longings, and she had long realized that any attempt to move frontier posts along the Adriatic would be followed by a disastrous war. So if the fishing in south-eastern Europe was too hazardous, African waters were less troubled. The accord was also a resounding success for the French; not only did it bring another great power out into the open as a defender of the *status quo*, but at the same time it shifted Italian pretensions from the Balkans and so did a great service for France's allies. The loyalty with which France supported the members of the Little Entente during both the Hungarian-Yugoslav crisis and the Rome conversations makes an interesting comparison with the Italian attitude of mild sympathy in the former, and complete indifference in the latter. The attitude of Italy was, to be sure, dictated by *Realpolitik*, but the lesson is nevertheless not likely to be forgotten.

As in the case of Italy, Germany has also frightened Britain into renewing the ties with France. Thus again Hitler has unwittingly played into the hands of French diplomatists, and what the latter were alone unable to achieve in fifteen years, his policy has accomplished in fifteen months. At the time of writing it is impossible to foretell precisely what will come of the Anglo-French proposals. But this much at least may be taken for granted: if Hitler nullifies the attempt to create a general collective system of European security, France and Britain will be drawn still closer together. If, on the other hand, the proposals are translated into fact, the result, at its

best, will be a system of European peace on a more just and firm basis than we have known since the war; at its worst, it will entail a combination of forces so strong that Germany will not dare to violate the peace.

It was an astute and at the same time a sound diplomatic move. Germany was already in the act of tearing up Part V of the Versailles Treaty and virtually throwing it in the faces of the former Allies. The latter thus found themselves in a dilemma; they were not prepared to defend that section of the Treaty in the only effective way that remained to them, namely, by recourse to arms, nor yet were they prepared to see Germany win such a moral victory as would result from her successful denunciation of the Treaty. In this predicament, they hit upon an ingenious formula. Certain familiar assertions of Hitler were recalled: "When the Saar is returned to the Reich", he had declared, "the last cause for enmity between Germany and France will have been removed"; and again, "Germany desires only peace, but she insists on being treated as an equal." Why not then take Germany at her word, recognize her right to armaments, which she will have in any case, on condition that she returns to Geneva, and invite her as an equal to accept the Eastern and Central European Pacts and an enlargement upon the Locarno Treaties necessary to guarantee security from attack by air?

The plan, we have said, is ingenious. It offers France, and indeed all Europe, a sounder basis for security than she has felt for a long time. If security must be a prelude to disarmament, a thesis that has been so consistently maintained, that requirement has been fulfilled and a real measure of reduction becomes practicable. From the British point of view, the scheme has much to commend it to an electorate that has become increasingly insistent on making its will felt in matters of foreign policy. Already public opinion had driven the government to repudiate its policy of isolation and Simonian

obscurity with results that were surprisingly encouraging. British intervention in the Hungarian-Yugoslav crisis and her participation in the Saar plebiscite had been immensely helpful and the public knew that it, and not its governments, had advocated the sounder policy. Consequently, the new plan could not but appeal to a large section of the electorate, and such an appeal was of no little importance in view of the coming elections. Moreover, London proposals conformed in at least two ways with the best traditions of British foreign policy. For more than five hundred years her diplomacy has been directed towards ensuring her security from attack by the various powers that have held the northern sea-board of the continent; in former times the danger lay on the water, but now that the aeroplane has become a greater menace, her strategy must change accordingly. The "Air Locarno" promises Britain an effective measure of defence, so far, at least, as defence in the air can be effective. Finally, the plan brings a note of definiteness to Britain's attitude on the various questions with which Europe is confronted, and there can be no doubt that her prestige and her influence for peace has always been at its zenith when she laid down a clear and unequivocal policy as to the conditions upon which she would intervene in continental affairs.

The London proposals, coming on top of the Franco-Italian Agreements, place Hitler in an uncomfortable position. He may or may not accept the Air Pact, the Eastern Locarno and the Central European Convention; if he accepts, Germany will be welcomed back into the Concert on the basis of equality with the other powers, a position she has not enjoyed since the war, and the pacts will become a defence for her, as well as against her; but in either case, she still finds the rest of Europe ready to defend the present frontiers. Thus Germany is asked, in return for the legal right of armament and the status of an equal, to sign away her dream of expansion. And the irony

of the situation lies in the fact that that is precisely what Hitler has been declaring that Germany is prepared to do. It is a disconcertingly literal calling of his bluff.

Meanwhile Germany remains almost friendless. Hungary, to be sure, shares her hatred of the peace treaties, but Hungary is a small power; moreover, her attitude toward the *Anschluss* is decidedly problematical. Germany will continue to enjoy the friendship of her eastern neighbour so long as she remains silent about the Corridor and the Francophobe Colonel Beck holds the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. But once she again begins to press her claims for frontier revision in Eastern Europe, Poland will quickly return to the arms of France. In short, any attempt to translate Germany's dreams into realities would simply mean dashing her head against the steel wall by which she is encircled. If it is true, as the French insist, that the Reich is amenable only to the argument of force, then the arguments against Pan-Germanism remain overwhelming, regardless of the fate of the Franco-Italian and the Anglo-French schemes.

Thus, we must insist, for the present and indeed for some time to come, the peace of Europe is reasonably assured. Needless to say the situation cannot remain unchanged for an indefinite period. Sooner or later the policies of either Germany or her neighbours—better still, of both—must be modified. Failing that, Germany will bide her time, rebuilding her armaments until the ties become loosened that bind her opponents together; when that time arrives her new military machine will have its "day". However, it is encouraging to note that the early months of 1935 have brought a decided improvement in the affairs of that troubled continent and that present conditions appear to presage a brighter future.

Unfortunately, so much cannot be said of the Far East. The atmosphere over the Pacific and the China Sea has been stormy since 1931, but recent events have tended only to

deepen the gloom. It is becoming manifest that there has arisen in that part of the world a situation in which national interests are at once more vital and more irreconcilable than any corresponding forces in Europe. Moreover, unlike present-day Germany, Japan gives every indication of being prepared to utilize all the means at her command in the pursuit of her ambitions. Therefore, to maintain that war with Russia or America, or perhaps even a naval race with the latter, would quite probably mean national suicide for Japan, is to say nothing; for the tragedy lies in the fact that in her present mood Japan is quite capable of embarking on just such a course.

Seldom has the foreign policy of a great power disclosed such a degree of intransigence as that of Japan at the present time. This is undoubtedly due, in part at least, to the serious internal issues with which the country has been faced. One cannot pass lightly over certain internal phases of the "Japanese problem". Already she has a population of sixty-six millions, that is to say, 959 inhabitants for every square kilometre of cultivated land, and since 1932 a net yearly increase of more than a million. To feed these millions, she must import a large proportion of her foodstuffs, and to provide for her industries she must purchase abroad almost all her requirements of iron, cotton, oil and rubber. Each year she has a quarter of a million new hands for which she must provide work; she has tried emigration without success, she refuses to resort to birth control, so the only course that remains to her is increased industrialization with its necessary corollary of a greater foreign trade. Since 1932 her aggressive economic policy has produced serious repercussions abroad and it remains to be seen if this, together with her political ambitions, will not sooner or later lead to a conflict with other interested powers, namely, Russia, Great Britain and the United States.

It is common knowledge that the military leaders forced the Manchurian policy upon the government and that the

naval officials are now calling the tune; each in turn has supported the other. Both branches of the service feel that the diplomats have let them down in the past, at Versailles, at Washington, and again at London. This time they will take no chances; since Japan must have a free hand on the mainland, she must have a navy equal to that of any power that might contest her claims; parity with the two great naval powers is the condition upon which she will enter negotiations. The demand of Japan, together with her activities at Nanking and the further penetration into Mongolia, gives substance to the claim that Japan aims at dominating the Far East and eliminating from that area all western influences. If this is in truth her aim, the danger of a war with one or more of the powers having wide interests in the eastern Pacific becomes very real. For the time being, China is too feeble to make effective protest against the imperialism of the island empire; but the Russians are thoroughly aroused, and while they fear the consequences that a war would probably produce upon their politico-economic system, they recognize the possibility of their becoming embroiled.

Meanwhile, Japanese aggressiveness is consolidating the friendship between the United States and the members of the British Commonwealth, just as the distrust of Germany brought Britain and France together again. In proportion as Japan advances toward her goal, the British-American *entente* will be strengthened. Both are anxious to avoid not only war, but a naval race with Japan; but if either should be forced along one of these paths, there is no doubt as to where the other's sympathy will lie. Such a strengthening of the ties between the two great English-speaking Commonwealths is the one compensation that arises from the Far Eastern embroglio and it is one that has tremendous potentialities for the future peace of the world.

R. L. FREDENBURGH.

BOOK REVIEWS

SCIENCE

COSMOS AND COMMUNITY

Through Space and Time. By Sir James Jeans. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1934. Pp. 218. \$2.50.

The Advance of Science. Edited by Watson Davis. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy. 1934. Pp. 389. \$3.50.

Scientific Research and Social Needs. By Julian Huxley. London: Watts & Co. 1934. Pp. 279. 7s. 6d.

The Web of Thought and Action. By H. Levy. London: Watts & Co. 1934. Pp. 238.

Science in an Irrational Society. By H. Levy. London: Watts & Co. 1934. Pp. 80. 2s.

Sir James Jeans' latest popular exposition *Through Space and Time* is based on the Royal Institution Christmas lectures of 1933-34. The fact that these lectures are supposed to be delivered in a style "adapted to a juvenile auditory" need not deter anybody of mature years from reading this fascinating book. Taking his readers on an imaginary journey through space—real, three-dimensional space—Sir James breaks the journey at every convenient stopping place and with consummate skill plays the part of the guide-lecturer. The earth is not left until in broad outline he has told the story of its origin and of the evolution of plant and animal life; the voyage through our atmosphere gives him an opportunity of telling about light and radio waves, of layers of ionized gas and stratosphere balloon ascensions; the story of the sky brings his readers out into astronomical space where the moon, the sun, the planets, the stars and the nebulae all are the occasion for interesting chapters. Throughout the book philosophical speculation is almost absent. If a layman can be found who as yet has not read any of Sir James' numerous best-sellers he should begin with this one. His imagination will be stimulated and he will acquire a background of fact without which speculation is futile.

The Advance of Science may conveniently be bracketed with Jeans' book, for it, too, is the story of man's achievements in scientific discovery. Its editor, Watson Davis, is Director of *Science Service*, an institution founded in 1921 "for the propagation of science, as a non-profit corporation with headquarters in Washington". With a board of trustees including such outstanding Americans as Dr. John H. Finley of the *New York Times*, and Dr. Burton E. Livingston of Johns Hopkins University (to mention but two of a fairly long list), the public is assured of authentic information. In days when the cheaper Sunday papers feature scientific articles, it is well that the public has protection of this kind against "clap-trap".

Although this volume lacks the literary charm of *Through Space and Time*, it is equally authoritative, for specialists in many fields have contributed to its pages. Its range is as wide as the activities of present-day science. You may read about the sham-

bling walk of the Neanderthalers, with their receding foreheads, weak chins and bulbous noses, or you may learn how modern man encompasses the earth and the sky with his many inventions. If you wish to know what heavy hydrogen is and who discovered it, you will find the answer in this book; and if you are interested in the way in which the pituitary gland influences bodily functions, an excellent chapter will introduce you to an important field of medical research. Although he who runs may not always read intelligently, short well-written articles do not demand a sustained effort on the part of the non-scientific reader, and a number of very beautiful half-tone illustrations will add to his interest in a book which is highly recommended.

For a number of years the philosophical significance of some of the findings of science has received attention in books and magazine articles. Philosophers have discussed new ideas in physics and physicists have written about the freedom of the will. A question of more immediate concern is the influence of science on the social, the economic and the cultural life of mankind. Applied science has so improved methods of production that thousands have been thrown out of employment and poverty exists in the midst of plenty. What is the remedy? From the air messages from the uttermost parts of the earth enter the homes of even the poorest. Is this but a means of disseminating "vulgar culture" or can it be used to widen the horizon and broaden the sympathies of the "listener-in"? Commonplace as such questions may be, they are of vital importance and we welcome these books by Huxley and Levy because their theme is the social aspect of science. They are the first two volumes in a series *The Library of Science and Culture* which, in the words of Professor Levy, the editor, "is designed to present to the general reader a picture of the world, both of action and of thought, as science is shaping it."

Scientific Research and Social Needs has some features in common with *The Advance of Science* because Julian Huxley has many wonderful things to relate in the story of his tour of British science. He tells how the production of sheep could be doubled as a result of investigations about mineral fertilizers; how the work of many laboratories is leading to improvements in the heating, ventilating and sound-proofing of homes; how the comfort of clothes is being improved by researches on the permeability of fabric to air; how a thigh-bone may be removed from an embryo chick and subsequently grown in a nutritive fluid exactly the same as it would have done in the chick; and of many other things affecting the welfare of mankind. This book, however, is far from being a mere recital of facts. From an introductory chapter by Sir William Bragg to a discussion with Professor Levy at the end, throughout the book the reader is constantly forced to consider the social aspects of science. He is reminded that, although some

scientific work is international, many activities are intensely national, seeking means of improving a nation's trade or her defences. He is shown that scientific research to a considerable extent is financed by industry with the hope of obtaining future profit, and he is told that a disinterested study of the needs of the individual citizen lags behind that of methods of increasing production. Both Huxley and Levy are agreed that much of modern science is dominated by the social and economic structure in which it exists. But, whereas Levy thinks that many of the failures and defects arise inevitably from a system based on "production for profit" and finds the solution in substituting a new motive, Huxley seems to consider that science is a yeast of such strong ferment that it may "transcend its limitations" and help in bringing about a better order.

The Web of Thought and Action may conveniently be considered along with *Science in an Irrational Society*, for in both Professor Levy seeks to show the necessity of studying rationally the laws which govern the interplay of man, his scientific discoveries and his social laws. In the first of these books the aim is to develop "a philosophy of life—a philosophy that will lead us if successful, to an understanding of our conduct in relation to it." Levy sets about his task by interviewing a technician, an engineer, a politician, an economist, a parson, the director of an orthological institute, a social historian, a biologist, a psychologist, a physicist, and a philosopher. A large part of the book is thus devoted to a kind of Socratic dialogue between the author and his representative men, a method which I do not find entirely satisfactory. It has been used recently by the British Broadcast Corporation, with Professor Levy as a frequent performer, but, as everybody knows that the answers to the questions are carefully prepared before the interview takes place, the effect is somewhat weakened. Certainly in a book which aims at reaching scientifically a conclusion, you are liable to get the impression that the author is appearing more in the rôle of an advocate for a preconceived viewpoint than as a judge. (In justice to Professor Levy it should be stated that he does not deny the existence of such a bias in his own case.) But it is interesting to have the other fellow give his opinions in his own words, and this method makes *The Web of Thought and Action* easier reading than *Science in an Irrational Society*. This book, however, has the advantage of being short, for it is the account of a Conway Memorial lecture, delivered in April, 1934. The leader of the C.C.F. party in Canada is likely to make more converts than Professor Levy to the view that human needs demand the overthrow of a system based on production for profit, because the analysis in this little book is not easy reading. But so vital for the future of mankind are the questions raised by Professor Levy that his books should have a wide circulation.

J. K. ROBERTSON.

THEOLOGY

THE DEAN DEPARTS

- Vale.* By W. R. Inge. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.
Recent Developments in German Protestantism. By Otto Piper.
 London: Student Christian Movement. 4s.
The Atonement. By Robert S. Franks. Toronto: Oxford University Press. \$1.75.
Religious Thought in the Eighteenth Century. Ed. by J. M. Creed and J. S. Boys Smith. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.
Mediaeval Religion. By Christopher Dawson. Toronto: Oxford University Press. \$1.80.
Christianity and the Nature of History. By H. G. Wood. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

For many years Dean Inge has been one of the outstanding figures in the religious life of England. "I have given strict orders," he says, "that no memoir of me shall be published after my death. (The curiosity of the public about the private lives of men and women is so great that the man with two talents, as well as the man with five, has reason to fear that his imaginary merits may be disclosed, and his frailties dragged from their dread abode to tickle the ears of the groundlings, when he is no longer there to defend himself)." In lieu of the memoir which we are not to enjoy he has given us this little book, *Vale*, a title suggested by the composition of a departing Eton "Colleger" in the Ovidian couplet—"we wrote in it more easily than in English". In this the dean tells us all he wishes us to know of his private life, especially the immeasurable felicity of his marriage, gives a sketch of the changes in his day, and refers to his great interests, Plato and Plotinus, the Church of England and Eugenics.—A book of great charm and a better memoir than any other could write for him.

Since the War Germany has been isolated from the rest of the world not only politically but to a large extent intellectually also and religiously. In some degree, no doubt, post-war problems have been similar in all lands, but they have pressed upon Germany with peculiar insistence. It seems no exaggeration to say that since the War there has been a rebirth, a reorientation, a reconstruction of German theological thought. But, while the change has been largely conditioned by the political and social life of the people, it has been influenced and inspired by recent studies into the life and teaching of Martin Luther. The great Reformer "never thought that his principle, 'Salvation by faith alone through God's mercy in Christ', was in itself a sufficient basis of religious life, as Protestantism in later times increasingly believed. . .

For Luther this principle presupposed the existence of the One Holy Catholic Church with all its organization and its history. Although he was in violent opposition to some of her principles in his day, such as the Papacy, indulgences, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the overestimation of Aristotelian philosophy, he still recognized the everlasting value of her institutions and her doctrine. It is therefore a superficial view which explains the continuance of so many Catholic forms in early Lutheran worship by Luther's conservative temper. He preserved them, not because he was conservative, but because he had experienced their value. The new interpretation of Luther started from this discovery." Professor Piper, the successor of Dr. Karl Barth in Munster, and himself at the moment a refugee, offers us in this small but important book an historical explanation of the present theological situation in Germany and an admirably lucid and objective study of its many facets, movements and leaders. The book will be of the greatest help to those who wish to know what European Protestantism is thinking and to be ready for the problems which in time must force themselves upon Protestantism in the English-speaking countries.

Dr. Franks' *The Atonement*, is a model of what a theological treatise should be. The author has a thesis to prove; he starts from a definite principle, he comes to a definite conclusion, and the argument throughout is precise, learned, consecutive, systematic, readable and lucid. Brought up in the Calvinist tradition Dr. Franks early fell under the spell of Ritschl, but from Ritschl he differs in that he is persuaded that Christian theology must have a secure metaphysical foundation. His purpose in this book is to prove the Atonement-theology of Abelard by the method of Anselm's *Cur Deus Homo*? It is not too much to say that Dr. Franks has given a classical form to this type of theology.

But is it adequate? "It seems to us," says Abelard, "that we are justified by the blood of Christ and reconciled to God in the following way. His Son took our nature and persevered in instructing us both in word and deed even unto death. This was the singular grace shown us, through which he more abundantly bound us to Himself by love; so that, set on fire as we are by so great a benefit from the Divine grace, true charity should fear nothing at all". This doctrine Dr. Franks paraphrases as "the doctrine that Christ reconciles men to God by revealing the love of God in His life and still more in His death, so bringing them to trust and love Him in return". He thus attempts the "deduction of the doctrine of the Atonement from the metaphysic of religion", that is, from the single principle of the love of God. But this is fundamentally unsatisfactory because from the general proposition that 'God is love' it is impossible to deduce that 'God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son'. This is

in fact to stand theology upon its head! The result is that in its astonishing merits this book which starts from the question, *Cur Deus Homo?* seems to end with the question, *Num Deus Homo?* This, however, is as far as possible from Dr. Franks' intention.

There are Protestants like Dr. Major who (as is indicated by his recent *The Roman Church and the Modern Man*) seem to suppose that Christianity made, if not a false, at least an abortive start in the first century and started again under happier auspices in the sixteenth. Consequently learned and genial Roman Catholics like Mr. Christopher Dawson may be almost excused for saying that the Reformers "believed that mediaeval religion was nothing but superstition and apostasy". But in truth we are all, though in different respects, heirs of the great mediaeval Church, and it greatly behoves Protestants to be better informed about our wonderful inheritance. For this purpose Mr. Dawson's *Mediaeval Religion*, which includes two admirable papers, "the Origins of the Romantic tradition" and "the Vision of Piers Plowman", is to be whole-heartedly commended. If the book is not for complete beginners, at least it is full of interest and suggestion to those who come to it with a very little knowledge. There was a time when "the virtues of the warrior were vices to the monk, and the virtues of the monk were the vices of the warrior". Mr. Dawson shows how this dualism was gradually overcome. In particular he indicates the vast importance of the Moorish civilization for the development of mediaeval thought, and, in connection with this, the strange part played by the troubadours.

"It is just this pursuit of an unattainable unity, this mingling of idealism and sensuality, of chivalry and violence, which constitutes the romantic appeal of the Middle Ages. Where the Christian tradition is completely victorious as in the case of St. Louis, chivalry ceases to be romantic and becomes spiritual and where the other element becomes supreme, as in the court of Burgundy in the fifteenth century, romanticism passes away into galantry. It is the middle region, the world of Lancelot and Tristan and Thibaut of Champagne, which is the region of romanticism". In the instigation of this movement the troubadours were the path-finders. "In the world of the troubadours it is the whole pattern of life and thought that is different. They differ from ourselves not so much because they are less civilized but because they are civilized in a different way, and there is no standard of comparison by which the two cultures can be judged. . . The significance of this element in mediaeval culture is missed alike by those who regard the Middle Ages as a time when life was darkened and narrowed by superstition and asceticism, and by those who idealize them as an age of mystical enthusiasm and high moral endeavour when all social life was inspired by the ideals of the Christian faith."

Mr. H. G. Wood is the second Nonconformist and the first layman to deliver the Hulsean Lectures in Cambridge. Here as elsewhere Mr. Wood shows himself to be an extraordinarily nimble-witted critic, but for the most part he is concerned with the philosophy of history from the Christian point of view. "The positive contribution of Christianity to intellectual freedom and to the advance of knowledge" he says, "is none the less actual because it is the fashion to ignore it. I may be allowed to remind you that the great advance in methods of historical enquiry took place in the field of church history, and was largely the work of men of positive faith." The Christian faith is inseparably connected with history and claims even a certain finality in history, but Mr. Wood believes in progress, though not uncritically. Thus, "Shaw may be a greater dramatist than Shakespeare, but his superiority will not be due to the fact that Shaw emerges later than Shakespeare in the stream of time. Those of us who hesitate to follow Mr. Shaw's lead on this issue can at least recognize that the body of dramatic literature is enriched, now that it embraces Shaw as well as Shakespeare." This book will be found of much charm and interest to the general reader as well as of real significance to the technical historian. Mr. Wood does not enter into strictly theological questions; thus he does not discuss the notion of *Heilsgeschichte*, nor does he consider whether or in what sense the Incarnation may be considered a fact of history. None the less the book is Christian "apologetic" of a very high order.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM.

* * * * *

HISTORY AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

ENGLISH-SPEAKING RELATIONS

- Canada and the American Revolution: The Disruption of the First British Empire.* By George M. Wrong. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1935. Pp. xiv+497. \$5.00.
- The Heritage of Freedom: The United States and Canada in the Community of Nations.* By James T. Shotwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. Pp. xi+136. \$1.75.
- The Study of International Relations in the United States: Survey for 1934.* Edited by Edith E. Ware. With an Introduction by James T. Shotwell. New York: Columbia University Press. 1934. Pp. xviii+503. \$3.50.
- Australia and England: A Study in Imperial Relations.* By Henry L. Hall. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Company. 1934. Pp. xii+320. \$4.00.

To Professor Wrong all those who are interested in Canadian history have long been deeply indebted. In the *Review of His-*

torical Publications relating to Canada, the forerunner of the present *Canadian Historical Review*, he began as long ago as the 'nineties a work which has not only become indispensable to all serious students of the subject but one which laid the foundations of that breadth of outlook in this field for which in his own writings he has always stood. The provincial horizon and the pedantic treatment have alike been alien to his work. In the present volume he surveys in a wide perspective the critical events by which Canada, so recently taken from France, was preserved for the Empire while the older colonies broke violently away. With illuminating anecdote and allusive comment he portrays the colonial and aboriginal societies in eastern North America following the conquest of New France, and the people and government of England in the days of George III. Canadian history is seen as largely determined by its place in the history of this continent and of the Empire. Constantly the past is viewed in the light of the present and the roots laid bare of present institutions and cultures, prejudices and loyalties. The continuing French character of Quebec is seen as a victory for New France, while the persistence of the British connection to-day is attributed to the fact that Canada was still French rather than British during the Revolution and the provinces became a haven for the Loyalists when it was over. Students desiring a detailed and thoroughly documented treatment of the period will still need to have recourse to Professor A. L. Burt's recent volume on *The Old Province of Quebec*, but in the present work all readers will find a suggestive treatment and a comprehensive view presented with that combination of lucidity and urbanity which we have learned to expect from the author.

In the Marfleet lectures which he delivered at the University of Toronto in 1932, Dr. Shotwell, who is Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, analyses the bases of the historic attitudes towards world relationships of the United States and Canada. While both countries have been relatively isolated from the world outside, this "has not meant isolation from each other. In the intimacy of their contacts rather than in the 'unfortified frontier', . . . [they] have something more than theory or admonition to offer the world." The world organization which both countries must assist to build "should be a League of Conferences fully as much as a League to Enforce Peace". He suggests greater elasticity in the structure of the League of Nations to make possible membership involving varying degrees of responsibility for the imposition of sanctions. The system of League sanctions he would see further supplemented by regional agreements. He points out that despite differences between the political attitudes and ideals in Canada and the United States attributable to diversity in the historical background these are fundamentally liberal in both countries. "The heritage of

freedom is the capacity to meet new problems unafraid." He is hopeful concerning the capacity of the United States to adapt itself to the new world order, for a prime political effect of the war has been a process which he styles "the passing of parochial America". To an astonishing degree "the United States is at the present day schooling itself, or is being schooled, to take its place as a world Power".

Ample substantiation of the last statement is afforded by the account of the manner and the extent of this schooling which is set forth in the volume edited by Dr. Ware at Dr. Shotwell's suggestion for the American National Committee on Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations. The volume constitutes a comprehensive description and directory of the manifold agencies in the Republic for research and education in international relations and the programmes now being pursued and is sure to stimulate enlarged activity along these lines. Of special interest to Canadians is a chapter of twenty-four closely-packed pages on work in "Canadian-American Relations". This work, including the study of Canadian history and affairs, has grown surprisingly from very small beginnings at the close of the war. The chapter concludes with an account of the Project of Research in Canadian-American Relations planned by an international committee under Dr. Shotwell's direction and now in progress under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. It has enlisted the co-operation of a large group of specialists on both sides of the border and bids fair to place on a new and solid footing the expert study and popular exposition of the history of Anglo-American Relations and of current problems that are involved in them.

Canadians are prone to think of English-speaking relations too largely in North American terms. A salutary corrective to this habit of mind is provided by Dr. Hall's *Australia and England*. Many aspects of our own history that we may have thought to be unique turn out to have Australian parallels, and our own foibles sometimes confront us here as in a mirror. The author is interested less in constitutional and other matters as they involve conflicts of authority than he is in "cleavage of opinion", which, as he points out, has been almost ignored by most writers on the evolution of imperial relationships. The results of his wide researches concerning the nature of Australian ideas about imperial relations are well worth the attention of all thoughtful Canadians who would improve their understanding of the springs of opinion on such matters.

Opinion in Australia has sometimes run far ahead of events, at other times has lagged noticeably in adjusting itself to the actual changes in political and other circumstances. The burgeoning of national consciousness led to talk of separation by those to

whom national identity seemed to be unattainable by any other course. This talk died out with the growth of ability to envisage a community of autonomous nations. Perhaps also its passing was hastened as the public awoke to the limitations imposed on Australia's future by geography and natural resources. After analysing the geographical and human background of Australian experience and describing from first-hand evidence the working and attitudes of the Colonial Office, the author approaches the problem of imperial relations, taking up in succession the unsuccessful attempts to solve it on bases of separation, of neutrality in British wars, of imperial federation and various schemes for securing imperial unity. It is shown that "Imperial Federation, that delicate exotic reared in the hothouse of political science, was never popular in Australia", though it was advocated as an antidote to ideas of separation or of neutrality, as a means of preventing the imperial disintegration involved in either of those ideas. It was opposed as being incompatible with Australian nationalism and liable to involve entanglement in imperial wars over issues in which Australians were not interested. The author is "fairly certain that what actually killed all schemes of Imperial Federation was the lack of interest on the part of the working classes of the Empire, the people who thought they had most to lose and least to gain in the event of any change of that sort". Yet Australian insistence on increasing self-government was combined with a desire to influence British foreign policy in order that it might serve Australian ends. Australia felt the need of naval protection and was willing to help foot the bill but wanted naval power to support Australian policy. The trend of imperial relations towards the recognition of "Dominion Status" was already strong before the war and such status would probably have received recognition before many years even if there had been no war to speed developments in that matter as in so many others. Hence the author deals in the main with the period before 1914.

Sensitiveness of a sort not entirely unfamiliar to observers of the Canadian scene played no slight part in shaping Australian opinion on imperial relations. Inferiority complexes and superiority complexes, both sometimes historically valid and sometimes without justification in hard facts, have to be taken into account if one would get at the roots of attitudes on imperial relations in Australia as well as in Canada. Canadians who have made any attempt to analyse the causes and character of their fellow-countrymen's opinions on imperial relations, will find material here for intriguing comparisons. Those who have made no such attempt, either because they take Canadian opinions for granted or attribute little importance to such matters, will find their eyes opened by this volume to a field of growing interest to the student of political relationships.

R. G. TROTTER.

VERY MODERN HISTORY

Modern England (1885-1932). A History of My Own Times. By Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders; London: Methuen and Company. Pp. xiv+551. With maps. \$5.00.

A Short History of Our Times. By J. A. Spender. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Pp. 318. \$3.00.

Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry. By R. J. S. Hoffman. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. Pp. xii+363. \$3.50.

A Short History of International Affairs, 1920-1934. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Pp. x+351. \$2.25.

National States and National Minorities. By C. A. Macartney. Toronto: Oxford University Press. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Pp. ix+553. \$5.50.

The Foreign Policy of the Powers. By Jules Cambon, Richard von Kühlmann and five others. New York: Harper and Brothers. Pp. 161. \$1.50.

Since the death of Queen Victoria Englishmen have been shy of writing the history of their own generation. Recently, however, they have so far forgotten the academic veto on any statement relating to the period subsequent to the retirement of Mr. Gladstone as to produce several excellent books on the eventful, if inadequately documented, twentieth century. Saving the traditions of English scholarship, none of the authors holds a chair, although Sir John Marriott has for long shared a bench in the rarefied atmosphere of the House of Commons. His experience of public life, beginning in 1885, has equipped him, in ways which would have been impossible to him merely as a Fellow of an Oxford college, for recording and interpreting the political history of his own time. It is as impossible to avoid his books in the libraries as to overlook his articles in the reviews, and there will be few of those who are prepared to admit the usefulness of his history who will not also appreciate the effectiveness of his writing. They will not be disappointed in his most recent publication, *Modern Britain (1885-1932)*. It is the last volume in the series of political histories edited by Sir Charles Oman and is virtually a sequel to his *England Since Waterloo*.

The book is well planned, has a suggestive bibliography, and a number of chapters that should be very useful to those who are more particularly concerned with the development of the British Commonwealth. Sir John's vigour and lucidity are as commendable as ever; his objectivity is as careful and unblemished as it

it reasonable to expect in a historian whose political sympathies are obviously not on the side of the Trade Unions. But in dealing with events which can still kindle the blood no man's interpretation, however scientific his professions, can be sure of impartiality absolute. Sir John has done a difficult and a necessary task with enviable skill and I should have no hesitation in prescribing his book for the student as I do now for the general reader, suggesting only the limitations implicit in the term "political history", and as a complement the latter part of Gilbert Slater's *The Growth of Modern England* (Macmillans).

A more informal treatment of the same period is offered in Mr. Spender's *A Short History of Our Times*. The author is a well-known English journalist whose powers of description are employed with effect in recounting the march of events. His method is narrative rather than analytical and for the average man who wishes to eliminate the "blind spot" in his historical perspective, the book should have an immediate appeal. While the title is addressed to an English audience the author's sense of his European neighbourhood is manifest in the attention he gives to the affairs of the Continent. He makes an excellent synthesis and seldom betrays any political bias, although I should say that his sympathies were a shade further to the left than Sir John's. Such easy and informative reading deserves its reward in large sales.

A more specialized work, written by an American, is R. J. S. Hoffman's *Great Britain and the German Trade Rivalry*. The emergence of Imperial Germany as a Great Power after 1871 disturbed other balances besides the political, and not the least characteristic condition of the diplomatic era thus begun was the phenomenal conversion of the German economy to industrialism and all that the change implied in expanding trade. The reaction of the British is examined by the author with detail and documentation in the tradition of doctoral theses. His compilation and comment will enable the student more fully to comprehend an aspect of Anglo-German relations usually dismissed or ignored. Memoirs, documents and histories all tend to leave the most "popular" cause of the war—economic rivalry—to editors, Marxists and chambers of commerce. Dr. Hoffman's researches have systematized what has previously been left to vague and isolated assertion.

His conclusions will hardly provoke teachers of the subject to burn their lectures. "The British Government," he writes, "may stand acquitted of making war for the ends of trade, but that the anti-German orientation of the British mind and British world-policy sprang chiefly from the great economic competition seems incontrovertibly proved." The fact remains that without the appeal to the guarantee given to Belgium in 1839, Sir Edward

Grey would scarcely have been able to carry the country with him by his speech of 3rd August, 1914. To quote Prince Lichnowsky, whose opinion as German Ambassador in London from November, 1912, is at least as authoritative as Dr. Hoffman's: "What had Great Britain to gain from a war with Germany? Why should she want to destroy German trade, British trade being largely dependent upon trade with Germany? . . . A European war could not but have a disastrous effect on British prosperity. . . . England was ready to come to a full understanding with us, always provided that her other friendships did not suffer in consequence, and on the understanding that Germany would pursue an unambiguous policy of peace. But we quitted this path when we induced Count Berchtold to strike at Serbia." (*Heading for the Abyss*, pp. 40-41). Dr. Hoffman's preoccupation with the subject of his thesis has led him to forget the advantages of the comparative method, and he has ignored entirely the counter-attractions of France and Russia as bogies which disturbed the English for the greater part of the period under consideration. The card-index, like the camera, can sometimes deceive and with all respect for Dr. Hoffman's labours of which students of the subject would do well to avail themselves, I do not think that his book is altogether free from distortion.

Turning to the post-war era and to the wider vista of world history, I am pleased to be able to refer to one of the few treatments of the period in assimilable form by an English writer of authority. A host of monographs have supplied analyses of particular topics and Professor Toynbee's annual *Survey of International Affairs* has kept the specialist informed of the trend of recent history. The growth of these volumes, however, during the course of a dozen years has held even the most determined student at bay, and invaluable as they are, together with Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's *Documents on International Affairs*, they are more proper to the reference-shelf than to the armchair. The Council of the Royal Institute under whose auspices they are published did an admirable thing, therefore, in commissioning Mr. Gathorne-Hardy to write *A Short History of International Affairs, 1920-1934* based, for the most part, on the annuals.

In addition to its qualities of arrangement and compression, the book is neither a miniature of Toynbee nor a chronicle, and the author's point of view, clearly stated at the outset, lends animation to his handling of a perspective so myopic without obscuring his presentation of the facts. His conception of the subject is topical rather than national and is concerned with major phases like security and disarmament, the United States and the League, Islam, and international relations on the American continent, during his three periods of Settlement, Fulfilment and Crisis. His readers, who I hope will be many, may not always be willing

to accept his comments but they will at most be stimulated to thought and at least be informed of the way in which a dull-witted world has posed itself a number of apparently insoluble riddles.

One of them has exercised Mr. C. A. Macartney (associated like Mr. Gathorne-Hardy with Chatham House) and his answer is a classic. He has written on the history and characteristics of the nation state in relation to its racial, linguistic and religious minorities. The many problems involved have received piece-meal attention in a considerable literature but it has been Mr. Macartney's purpose to produce a more definitive study than has hitherto appeared in English. It is well that such a work has been done since it deals in a scholarly and suggestive manner with one of the most formidable questions of our time. For "every state in the world contains minorities whose existence, even where it does not affect its international relations, must yet constitute a constant preoccupation of its domestic policy."

Mr. Macartney sets himself the task of formulating principles to be applicable in any rational approach towards a solution. His purpose involves some enquiry into the nature of 'nationality' (a concept on which there can never be too much objective discussion) and into the early phases of nationalism as engendered in political surroundings either favourable or inimical to its growth. There follows a consideration of the national state in relation to the non-national minority which emerges with it from the past. The core of the book comprises a critical account of the work of the League as the international body charged with the problem in the acute form left by the treaties of peace.

The principles which Mr. Macartney at length discovers are not the least valuable part of his contribution. Experience rejects the expedients of frontier revision or exchange of populations as not permitting of general application. Where the question of nationality has been solved it has only been by "a dissociation of the conceptions of nation and state" and by "a real and absolute equality between all persons concerned". Such principles are unoriginal but enduring; they have never been in greater need of emphasis. It is only when they have been admitted and the doctrines of racial superiority discarded, that nationality, untrammelled by politics, may be free to realize its cultural and spiritual possibilities. While it may be regretted that Mr. Macartney was unable to make any reference by way of comparison to the treatment of minority problems both in South Africa and Canada, the omission scarcely impairs the value of a book which I can only describe as indispensable for the student of the modern world.

According to Mr. Harold Nicolson, the democratic control of foreign policy must necessarily be confined to the consideration of principles: beyond that the democracy's ignorance disqualifies it.

Even so limited a prerogative implies a public opinion not wholly unacquainted with the permanent interests determining the attitude of other nations as well as its own. The American Council on Foreign Relations, in an attempt to meet the necessities of the case, have published a symposium on *The Foreign Policy of the Powers*. It is a book for Mr. Cole's intelligent man; its length will not exhaust him and he will find the list of authors impressive, for names like Sir Austen Chamberlain and John W. Davis are not those of mere academics. The contributors have not all followed the behests of their editor (few contributors ever do) and in some of the chapters it is a little difficult to distinguish principle from expedient. While it may be comforting to learn from M. Jules Cambon that "we must go back to the end of the middle ages to find the origins of French foreign policy in modern times", it may also be revealing to find Signor Grandi explaining away the sadism of Corfu as "the first real contribution to European peace". If the book suffers from the unevenness of its kind, as an exposition it is to be lauded, and like the *Yale Review*, where the articles first appeared, it should be valuable both to those who sit in libraries and to those who travel in trains.

W. E. C. HARRISON.

* * * * *

THE PACIFIC

Problems of the Pacific, 1933. Economic Conflict and Control. Proceedings of the Fifth Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, 1933. Edited by Bruno Lasker and W. L. Holland. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1934.

The Institute of Pacific Relations is a non-official organization of societies, in countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean, which are devoted to the study of international affairs. Under its auspices there is convened biennially a conference of private persons from each of these countries to study the causes and occasions of international friction in the Pacific area. This volume records the proceedings of the first of these to be held on this side of the Pacific.

The editors provide a useful introductory survey of developments in the Pacific since the Shanghai conference of 1931. The time and the place involved that conference so completely in a discussion of the Manchurian question as to reveal the necessity for the consideration at the next conference of the more fundamental long-run tendencies upon a knowledge of which preventive policies might be based. The Banff conference therefore considered the general topic *Conflict and control in the Pacific*. Research done in preparation for the meeting was directed to a study of domestic economic policies in the belief that attempts to solve internal problems often lead to policies having most unfortunate, if

unintended, international repercussions. A series of "data papers" made the results of these enquiries available to the members of the conference. The second half of this volume is devoted to the printing of nine of these reports including one by Professor K. W. Taylor of McMaster University on the *Effects of the Imperial Economic Conference on the Trade of Member Countries of the Institute of Pacific Relations*.

The summary of conference proceedings to which the other half of the volume is devoted shows how difficult it is at such gatherings to get away from the problems of the moment to a consideration of underlying tendencies. The delegates assembled at Banff in the shadow of the failure of the World Economic Conference to free the world's trade from the hindrances imposed in the interests of that modern trend to self-sufficiency of which the Ottawa agreements were, in the minds of other nations, the chief symbol. The rising cloud of the N.R.A. filled the southern sky. A war in the depreciation of currencies seemed imminent. Japanese trade expansion and shipping competition troubled the British sorely. And yet, although these topics formed the bulk of the discussions, the record shows that much time was given to the consideration of such enduring causes of trading difficulties as differing standards of living and standards of labour between countries. Opinions as to their significance differed so sharply that the programme of research for the next conference refers this problem to the experts.

A perusal of this volume reveals unmistakably the high degree of mutual interdependence which the spread of the capitalistic system has imposed on all countries and at the same time the remarkable similarity of the solutions proposed by different peoples living in diverse circumstances to the problems which that system now imposes. It will provide any Britisher who examines it, among other things, with a sobering revelation of "ourselves as others see us".

F. A. KNOX.

* * * * *

TWO STRANGE EXILES

The Dunkelgraf Mystery. By O. V. Maeckel, with the collaboration of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. London: Hutchinson and Company. Pp. 223. 21s.

Much interest has been taken in the identity of the strange foreign pair who secluded themselves at Hildburghausen from 1807 until the death of the lady in 1837 and that of her protector in 1845. The problem was attacked by Pastor Pfitz of Eishausen in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of May 10th, 1845; much more ably by Director Kühner, of the Musterschule at Frankfort, in his book, *Die Geheimnisvollen im Schloss zu Eishausen*; romantically by

Ludwig Bechstein and G. Hesekiel in their respective novels, *Der Dunkelgraf* and *Graf d'Anéthan d'Entraguès*; by La Roche, in an undocumented pamphlet; by Frederick Hofmann, in the *Gartenlaube*; by Dr. R. Human, Kirchenrat at Hildburghausen, in a work entitled *Der Dunkelgraf, Erinnerungsblätter aus dem Leben eines Diplomaten*; by Karl Kirchner in his introduction to a new edition of Brachtvogel's novel, *Der Rätsel von Hildburghausen*; and by Ida Zillessen, in a brochure called *Eine neue Erklärung des geschichtlichen Geheimnisses auf Schloss Eishausen bei Hildburghausen*. The authors of the present work have sifted the arguments and weighed the conclusions of all these writings, and have set forth their own views with due moderation and not without skill.

The gentleman in the case had position, wealth and culture. His companion, much his junior, was evidently his superior in rank. Their relationship was apparently that of guardian and ward. For three years they lived in the town itself and then removed to the castle at Eishausen, five miles distant. The man called himself Vavel de Versay, but was known locally as "the Count" and, after his death, as the Dunkelgraf (Dark Count). The lady is now generally referred to as the Dunkelgräfin. He neither introduced nor identified her, but a memorandum he left to be opened after his death gave her name and status as "Sophia Botta, spinster, bourgeoisie, from Westphalia, aged 58."

The thesis maintained in this work is that the Dunkelgraf was a Dutch gentleman named Leonardus Cornelius van der Valck, who had been an officer in the French army and afterwards Secretary to the Dutch Embassy in Paris; and that the lady was none other than Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Princess Royal of France, daughter of Louis XVI. The first part of this thesis is definitely established, but the startling suggestion in the second part must remain purely conjectural, although some tradition and even some curious 'evidence' are cited in support. Against it, however, may be briefly mentioned the following considerations: (1) No valid reason is adduced for the alleged substitution for the Princess at Hünigen or at Bâle of the lady who became the Duchess of Angoulême in 1799, other than the supposed desire of the Princess to lead a secluded life, although the authors now (after the appearance of their book) believe that they have discovered such a reason; (2) if such a substitution actually occurred, evidence is wanting of the identity of the substitute, and the utter lack of such evidence is inexplicable; (3) it is conceded that several persons must have been aware of the substitution if it took place, and their complete silence concerning it is not satisfactorily explained. Herr Maeckel admits that he is unable "to offer an incontestable solution of the mystery," but thinks that "it would be scarcely possible for anyone to do so."

That the Dunkelgräfin, in any case, must have been a lady of high rank who was not detained against her will is manifest from the constant if protective deference shown her by the Dunkelgraf; from the attitude of the Duke and Duchess of Hildburghausen; from the fact that the couple appear to have lived in 1803 at Ingelfingen in Würtemberg, and to have left suddenly because of the seizure by Napoleon's orders of the Duc d'Enghien in the territory of Baden, and his subsequent assassination; and from the further fact that they were in Vienna, where the Dunkelgraf was received by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, in 1805.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

* * * * *

POLITICS

MR. WOODSWORTH

Woodsworth, Social Pioneer. By Olive Zeigler, M.A. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Company. Pp. 200. \$2.00.

In her study of the leader of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation Miss Olive Zeigler has presented an attractive and readable account of an adventurous political journey. Mr. Woodsworth has been described as the Keir Hardie of Canadian politics. There are not a few points of resemblance in the character and career of these two men. There is the same earnestness and zeal, the same inflexible devotion to a cause, and the same tendency to subordinate personal ambition to the propagation of principles. The career of Mr. Woodsworth is the progress of a pilgrim in politics. Like Bunyan's character he has met danger and discouragement on his path but he has not turned back from the journey. In a figurative sense the Celestial City is still before him. Perhaps he would have difficulty in describing his destination in definite terms. He is an idealist rather than a practical politician. It is certain, however, that the possession of political power has never been for him an end in itself. If he thinks of the Celestial City at all, one may be sure that it is the kind of New Jerusalem of which Blake wrote in such moving terms. It is a tribute to Mr. Woodsworth's character that those who do not accept his political programme do not hesitate to acknowledge his honesty, his sincerity, and high purpose.

Miss Zeigler is to be congratulated on the manner in which she has performed her task of portraiture. Her selection of material is admirable for her purpose, yet one does not feel that she has been carried away by extravagant enthusiasms. She has preserved a fine simplicity in her writing and has succeeded in making her subject a living personality. Quite naturally she has

used her biography to present the programme of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in a favourable light. This, however, is not a cause for criticism. Unquestionably Miss Zeigler is one of those who have caught Mr. Woodsworth's missionary zeal for a new social order. She does not seek to disguise her discipleship. And one may hope that, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the means of improving social and economic conditions in Canada, there will always be a readiness among our people to accord sincerity and courage a place of honour in the catalogue of political virtues. Measured by this standard Mr. Woodsworth has won an established place in Canadian public life. Measured by the same standard Miss Zeigler has presented a faithful portrait of her leader which deserves to be read by all who are interested in current trends in Canadian politics.

NORMAN MCL. ROGERS.

* * * * *

LITERATURE

"RESOLUTE" JOHN FLORIO

John Florio: The Life of an Italian in Shakespeare's England. By Frances A. Yates. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. (Cambridge University Press.) 1934. Pp. ii+364. \$5.25.

This book has three marked merits. It is the work of a conscientious scholar, it understands what style means, and its organization is adequate. Miss Yates—who is now preparing another book on the relations between Florio and Shakespeare—has scrutinized closely all the available books and documents that might be expected to yield information about Florio's personal life, his habits of thought, and his influence upon contemporaries and theirs upon him. Where conjectures have seemed necessary to supplement this fact or that, or to deduce their causal connection, these guesses, usually cautious, are frequently acceptable and sometimes brilliant. The writing itself is clear, graceful and always unfatigued, and the 'blue print' of the book is so designed as to provide a pretty complete moving picture of the figure of "resolute" John Florio threading his way, now circumspectly, now petulantly, but always ambitiously, through the throng of Elizabethan scholars, playwrights, poets, merchants, "espials", disputants, courtiers, lords and ladies.

The liberal faith of Michael Angelo Florio, father of John, led him to take refuge in England between 1550 and 1554. For a time he was the pastor of a flock of Italian Protestants in London and he was also teacher of Italian to Henry Herbert, after-

wards Earl of Pembroke, and to Lady Jane Grey. His eldest son John was born in London in 1553. The father died at Soglio about 1566 or 1567 and the youthful John, who had probably studied under the learned Bishop Vergerio at Tübingen, came back to England to begin his career as a teacher of Italian in London and Oxford. Among his pupils were Gosson; the daughter of the French ambassador, Michel de Castelnau, Lord of Mauvissière; the young Earls of Southampton and Rutland; Lucy Russell, Countess of Bedford; Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; Ladies Elizabeth Grey and Mary Neville; James I's consort, Queen Anne of Denmark, with Prince Henry and Princess Elizabeth. His friends included the poet Samuel Daniel, whose sister he married; the Welsh doctor, Matthew Gwinne; Richard Hakluyt, who employed him to put into English Ramusio's Italian version of Jacques Cartier's account of his first two voyages; Giordano Bruno "the Nolan", famous philosopher; Theodore Diodati, whose son Charles became Milton's friend; and Ben Jonson, who must have consulted him often and who gave him an inscribed copy of *Volpone*. Florio's daughter Aurelia married James Molins, a surgeon, and in 1617 he himself took a second wife, Rose Spicer. He remained in high favour at court until the Queen's death, but his old age was spent in poverty at Fulham, where he died in 1625 or 1626.

Florio's chief works are *First Fruits* and *Second Fruits*—manuals for use in the study of Italian, with many elegancies of style and worldly-wise precepts; *The Worlde of Wordes*, an Italian-English dictionary the second edition of which contains nearly 74,000 definitions; and, most important of all, his translation of Montaigne's *Essays*. Its success is the more remarkable when we contrast the serene temper of Montaigne with Florio's anxious opportunism and "mind impatient"; and Montaigne's first-hand knowledge of Italy with Florio's limited acquaintance, if any, with France. And yet Florio's rendering of Montaigne is so quick with his own spirit, so teased and twisted into his own copious-repetitive idiom that it has become an English classic. The translations by Charles Cotton, William C. Hazlitt, E. J. Trechmann and Jacob Zeitlin (the last-mentioned incomplete as yet) may all be more accurate, but Florio's book *lives*, and lives its own life. Raleigh read it in the Tower and it influenced Jonson, Bacon, Webster and Shakespeare.

It is sometimes supposed that Shakespeare's Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost* stands for Florio, and Arthur Acheson rides the theory that in Parolles and Falstaff Florio is caricatured. Miss Yates ignores the latter suggestion, but thinks that in both Holofernes and Armado we may have not indeed exact portraits, but echoes and imitations of Florio's "very voice and manner".

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

A NEW BOOK BY G. H. C.

Halt and Parley, and Other Poems. By George Herbert Clarke.
Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1934. Pp. 30.
Price, \$1.50.

This small collection of poems is marked by richness of material and variety of treatment. Although its dominant mood is deeply introspective, there is sufficient objectivity to satisfy that larger audience of lovers of poetry who like to see their own emotions reflected in clear-cut and immediately intelligible verse. In the three volumes which he has published, Professor Clarke has given evidence of the vitality and freshness of his vision and of his interest in the common life of men. There is no suggestion of the class-room atmosphere or of the "academic" in the narrow and much-abused sense of that term.

The most significant poem of this third publication is *Halt and Parley*, which gives its title to the book. It was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and was selected by Thomas Moulton as one of the *Best Poems of 1934*. It portrays a man under the dual disguise of Body and Soul approaching the gate of Death and inquiring of the Toll-Gate Keeper the price which must be paid to reach the goal of a vanishing ideal. Even while they are parleying, the price is paid in the death of the body.

Let the toll be taken!

Nay, gallantly dare

The dark passage, Soul! Body's paid the full fare—

Poor clod—while you've parried and parleyed out there.

This symbolism in different settings is sustained in poems like *Fog-Horn*, *Eclipse*, *Two of the Cast Converse*, and in *So the Relays Rush On*, where the human journey is undertaken in cloud and mist and night.

So the relays rush on, but to what goal
Of faith or fable, destiny or dream,
We know not, nor Who lit the glowing coal
And sped the bearers, nor whether some Supreme
Causer is now Spectator. We cannot tell.
God's couriers or not, we would run well.

But Professor Clarke has not denied himself his lighter moments. His pastoral etchings are drawn from the Canadian countryside and betray nothing of that derivative expression which is the bane of so many writers who lazily resort to English *clichés* to avoid the difficulty of imparting new and arresting shapes to their observations of nature. His love of animals is shown in *Rory in The Garden*, a delightfully whimsical description of one day in the life of a dog.

I go not too close
 To the pasturing cattle,
 Though I once gave them battle;—
 I trust not those.

Once I was bolder,
 And shouted my scorn
 Till one lowered her horn;—
 But now I am older.

The rough-and-tumble element is admirably represented by *Luke and John*, a narrative poem relating the experiences of John Masefield when, as a lad of seventeen, he worked for several months in a pub owned by Luke O'Connor in New York. Professor Clarke has made sure of his facts, having reviewed the story with each of the two principals, and has completely caught the spirit of *The Everlasting Mercy* in its galloping octosyllabic couplets, its clever rhyming and its colloquial give-and-take.

E. J. PRATT.

* * * * *

TWENTY-TWO TALES

A Century of Short Stories, 1824-1927. Edited by Thorlief Larsen and W. L. Macdonald. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1935. Pp. xxii+327. \$1.50.

This collection has been authorized by the Minister of Education for British Columbia, and others besides the school children of that province will find in it a varied and satisfying diet. The stories range in time from Sir Walter Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale* to Ernest Hemingway's *Fifty Grand*, and in technique the range of difference is at least as great. There are stories translated from Merimée, Björnson, Turgenev, de Maupassant and Chekhov. The rest are by the best artists of the short story in the English language on both sides of the Atlantic. It is ungracious to criticize anthologists for omission, but where Kipling and O. Henry are allowed two each—the latter with far the better claim—it is strange to find none by Wells or Arnold Bennett, both competent in the art, and none—stranger still—by "Saki".

The authors supply a sound introduction, weighted, as befits the authorization, with a proper ballast of scholastic instruction.

There are many old favourites in the volume and the standard of the twenty-two tales is high. Katherine Mansfield's *Ma Parker* may well rank for the prize, since no conceivable short story could be better.

W. H. FYFE.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

SUMMER, 1935

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR CANADA

BY J. W. DAFOE

UNOFFICIAL expositions of foreign policy are very often arguments for a desired or ideal policy; and this to many people is much more agreeable than an objective discussion which discloses facts that do not fit into the ideal scheme. For Canada, as for all countries, the need is to face up to the facts; and to realize that we cannot shape our policies through periods of geologic time, but that there is a state of urgency. Mr. Winston Churchill commenting recently on a suggested course of action said: "It would certainly take a long time. Have we got a long time?" That question supplies the note for both discussion and action. We have very little time to make decisions. Failing which events will make decisions for us.

The foreign policy of a country represents the relationships with the outside world which it desires to establish or

maintain; and it is affected and conditioned by all kinds of circumstances domestic and external. For Canada there are peculiar circumstances which modify and, in some respects, determine policy. First I should put the lack of any traditions. The idea that we have external contacts vitally affecting our interests and that they must be related to some consistent policy has no lodgment in the minds of vast numbers of the people of Canada — quite possibly a majority. We are now paying for our much too prolonged period of national infancy during which, in Lord Dufferin's phrasing, "Canada, nestled at the feet of her majestic mother". But the sheltered harbour is now definitely behind us; we are beyond the headlands and subject to the tides and winds of this dangerous world.

Canada is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations; and by reason of this we have traditional loyalties, states of feeling and emotion, indefinable obligations — all of which are political realities. And to these there are reactions which are also political realities.

Canada divides the North American continent with the United States. If I were to say that we are united to our great neighbor by innumerable ties, visible and invisible, my words might be misunderstood; so I will say that between these countries there is an association of interests, social, economic and in its highest sense political that is a determining factor in our national existence and in the making of our foreign policy. He who challenges this lives in a world of illusions.

Canada is a member of the League of Nations and in estimating her duties as a member has to consider her position as a unit of the British Commonwealth. I do not think this need involve us in difficulties, since there should be no conflict in obligations. But as the only North American member of the League, Canada is in a position which is not without its possibilities of trouble.

To fashion a foreign policy in which all these elements will have their true relationships one to the other is a problem which our public men to date have saluted respectfully and passed by.

Upon only one point can the people of Canada be said to be united. This is in their conviction that our foreign policy must be one of peace. It is true that there are groups of people, somewhat vocal, who have a kind of nostalgia when they think of the great war; and no doubt, as always, there are young men to whom war would be a great adventure. But not even they want Canada to promote policies that would provoke war. Canadians therefore are all for peace; but they are divided as to how it is to be kept and insured. These divisions of opinion would only be clearly revealed in a crisis, and estimates as to the strength of feeling behind any particular view are therefore liable to be wrong; but I cannot but think that today much the largest body of opinion in Canada favours isolation as the most desirable policy for these times.

The isolationists say, with truth, that there are few countries in the world less liable to attack than Canada. Unless then we make or accept commitments callable by others we cannot, they say, be involved; therefore there must be no commitments, no entanglements of any kind. This body of opinion is strong and is growing stronger as the sum of international follies grows ever larger.

Except for a core of irreconcilables, holders of this view could, I believe, be brought to support policies less intransigent, less short-sighted, if these policies are directed to certain ends. They can I think be made to see that in a war like the last one, which sucked twenty nations into the vortex, Canada in all probability would be involved from an early date, if not from scratch. This might well be the case if hostilities began in the area of the Pacific. The comfortable theory that Canada is remote from the centre of world affairs and is therefore

protected by distance and the sea no longer holds. If the world enters upon an era of war for the furthering of national ambitions and the vindication of national sovereignty we may find ourselves in the path of the hurricane, now that war has taken to the air where distance is being annihilated. If predictions as to the speed with which airplanes will travel in the stratosphere are fulfilled our western coast will be some twelve hours from Japan, while our eastern coast will be nearer still to Europe.

Japan is making the Pacific an area in which pre-war, pre-League principles of statecraft are in full operation. We can see there in full perspective a contemporary exemplification of the morals and methods of the era of naked force and unrestrained ambitions from which we hoped, the world had escaped. And we can see Europe drifting towards what Ferrero calls the hyperbolic war — the war of unlimited range and violence.

These being the conditions, it is not possible that the people of Canada, once they become aware of them, will accept a policy of complete and unarmed isolation as affording them a guarantee of security and peace. Such a forecast is not reconcilable with the claim of the Canadian people to be regarded as intelligent enough to take the long view.

From another quarter external to the country, Canada is offered on terms, immunity from war. This is Lord Beaverbrook's prescription; it involves the consolidation of the British nations into an Empire and its withdrawal from the world, through the rejection of all commitments, into a state of complete isolation. "Lord Beaverbrook," says the *Spectator*, "is not concerned to save the world from war. It can go to perdition in any way it chooses provided the British Empire keeps out of the welter." It is not necessary for us to give any consideration to this suggestion of foreign policy, since it has, I should think, no backing of opinion in Canada. Great

Britain can no more cut herself loose from Europe than Canada can from North America. "We lie," said Winston Churchill in his recent broadcast on the causes of war, "within a few minutes striking distance of the French, Dutch and Belgian coasts and within a few hours of the great aerodromes of central Europe. We are even within cannon shot of the Continent."

If we dismiss the possibility of complete withdrawal from the world either as a national unit or as part of a consolidated empire we begin to find ourselves at fairly close grips with the problem. Three lines along which policies might develop begin to emerge as we study the situation and try to forecast future events.

One might be called the policy of the armed empire within the League. This is a case of putting new emphasis upon a conception of Empire relationships which was once strongly supported and is now undergoing a revival. The British nations, it is proposed, are to enter into engagements and commitments with one another, the whole forming a concerted plan of defence and therefore of offence — the terms being in reality convertible. This armed empire would remain in the League which would still be regarded as having its uses as an instrument of international co-operation but would be deemed to be powerless in matters of high policy. Security and peace would be sought by the old methods of armed force, and by an alliance, if this could be arranged, with the United States.

Hints as to the advisability of some such developments and open advocacy of a policy embracing it begin to abound. Apparently Sir Maurice Hankey has been making suggestions to this end in all the capitals of the Empire. Articles with the titles of yesteryear, filled with familiar arguments adapted to changed circumstances, are blossoming forth in the reviews. As for instance, "Imperial Defence", by General

Fuller in the *Nineteenth Century* for February. He wants a co-ordinated strategical plan of defence-offence based upon air developments; with a super-imposed Imperial General Staff which it is explained "is a strategical council which will view the Empire as a whole and its defence as one problem." The General is careful to dot his article with qualifying phrases in which it is explained that in all this there will be nothing to affect the present constitutional set-up of the British Commonwealth. But implicit in the scheme is the creation of common instruments of action and behind these there must be agencies for the formulation and control of a common foreign policy. We are going to see a drive to bring this about: it will be urged unofficially perhaps, upon the Dominion premiers at the pending Imperial rejoicings. The white paper which has just been issued by the British government in support of its policies of re-armament is a plea for a resort to pre-League methods of seeking security; and it foreshadows, I should say, an effort to bring the Dominions to the same opinion preparatory to launching some project for a common foreign policy for the British nations to be backed by joint action, as occasion arises.

I know something of the emotional appeal and the seemingly practical case in its support that can be massed behind this strategical and political plan; and these states of potential emotion are of course political realities of which statesmen must take note. But I know something also of the reactions which would be set up in Canada by any attempt to give effect to such a project, and these too are political realities of the first magnitude.

My judgment for what it is worth, is that the injection of this issue into the Canadian discussion of foreign policy, which I foresee, will be disruptive and unsettling to the highest degree. Its rejection by a substantial majority of the Canadian people is, in my opinion, a certainty. They will regard

as sophistries the arguments of the British War Office that we can insure peace by arming and showing a united front to the world; instead they will believe, and rightly as I think, that this will be the most certain of methods to plant the bones of stout young Canadians all over the world in quarrels not of our making, and in which no real Canadian interest is discoverable.

The British memorandum appears to be a declaration by the present British government of want of confidence in the League, and a rejection of the principles which find expression in the Covenant; henceforth, it is broadly hinted, Great Britain will revert to the practices of pre-League days, and will put her trust chiefly in her armed strength. Great Britain in short is joining in the game of power politics. The impact of this policy of repudiation upon Canadian opinion and therefore upon the shaping of Canadian policy may be momentous. It may reinforce the tendencies towards isolation, and at the same time convince those who think that isolation is our safest policy that this ought not to be linked with defencelessness. An armed defensive isolationism for Canada is a not unlikely by-product of Great Britain's policy of retreat from the League — should the policy now foreshadowed prove the permanent British policy about which perhaps it is allowable to have one's doubts. If the British government believes, as is likely, that the Dominions will join her in the course she maps out and will pool their forces and their policies with her, which they will doubtless be urged to do, we may see in Canada, should we agree with Great Britain that the League is futile, a movement for armed detachment and an external policy which will be dictated by a single consideration — that of minimum risk and maximum security. In the shaping of any such policy our geographical position and such protection as this affords will determine policy to the exclusion of traditional or emotional considerations.

But I do not envisage this as the desirable or even the probable future policy of Canada. I am not prepared to admit that the League is a failure and should be abandoned; but I still believe that if the great powers will honestly co-operate to provide a system of collective security by guarantees and sanctions, with the provision of adequate machinery for the adjusting of international difficulties as they arise, it will be possible to convince the people of Canada that for them this is the course alike of honour and of safety.

In view of all that has happened it is easy to say that the idea of which the League is the embodiment is not capable of realization. But it is premature to give practical effect to this expression of pessimism in view of the alternative to the collapse of the League.

The rock on which the League rests is that of security based on collective guarantees which will, if necessary, be made good by joint action. The history of the League to date is largely the record of refusal to face this fact; and therefore failure to provide the procedure necessary to give effect to this principle.

The United States refused to join the League when it realized the extent of the obligations it was asked to assume. Other nations joined but were resourceful in reducing their engagements to a nullity. Some nations were equally ingenious in capitalizing League engagements to serve policies of national ambition disguised as League interests.

Nations bolted the League when they found their obligations under the Covenant an obstacle in the way of carrying out plans of conquest fashioned in the old spirit of imperialism.

Might it not be said, however, that none of the nations which have thus been successful in blocking the development of the League has found this procedure profitable — with Japan, perhaps, as a temporary exception?

They now find themselves journeying on an old and familiar road: that of national sovereignty, protection by

armaments and by balance of power agreements — the road that has always led to war; and will lead there again, a certainty of which both the governments and the peoples seem to be increasingly aware.

Europe today is the result of fifteen years of, let us say, postponement of acceptance by the nations of the obligations of the League. There have been lately increasing signs that these nations are beginning to recognize that if they continue to exercise their powers to flout the League the alternative is being shaped for them by inescapable fate; and that with this prospect of recurring war before them they are developing an inclination to consider the wisdom of remembering the League Covenant. The effort to negotiate an air pact between the nations of Europe which is still proceeding, is an attempt to give practical effect to the basic principle of the League. If this pact is agreed to, the signatory nations will be committed to a procedure by which the aggressor will be automatically identified and sanctions instantly applied. Thus under pressure of the urgent need to hold in check the catastrophic possibilities of unrestrained aerial warfare the nations are proposing to accept limitations of sovereignty and to assume obligations which for years they have been rejecting as impossible.

Further there have been indications that there is a dawning realization in the United States that its refusal effectively to co-operate with other nations either through membership in the League or by making the Briand-Kellogg Pact something more than a collection of words has not been quite so much to the advantage of the United States as has heretofore been thought. The United States has suffered loss of prestige and material damage in the Far East; and it is probable that the story of American humiliation is only well begun. The United States has been flouted and told, in effect, that it has neither interests, which it can protect, nor power, which it can apply, in a portion of the world where it has fondly believed

for half a century that the policies with which its name has been associated would always be respected. This is the direct consequence of the refusal of the United States to join the League; and nothing can be done about it either now or in the future until the United States helps to create an effective system of collective security by means of the League or otherwise. When this happens, if it ever does, the reign of world law will be applied to the Far East instead of the "good old rule, the simple plan that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can." This, it would seem, would be a much simpler and more sensible course than either of those with which the United States is now faced: abandonment of American interests in the Far East or a resort to war in their defence. And for Great Britain it might be added, there is the same tangle of choices.

In any movement to replace power politics, now again dominant, with collective security, Canada should co-operate, thus finding a foreign policy by which she could honour commitments to which she has already put her signature, but which she has hitherto regarded somewhat lightly; and making a contribution to world security in which she would share. We are apt to belittle the value of our co-operation in such a movement. It might well be, if we would be united and resolute in this matter that at this critical juncture we would exercise an influence out of all proportion to our number, or to the rank we now hold among the nations of the world. Our influence in the family of British nations might be decisive. On many grounds the British nations should be vigorous and constant supporters of a world policy of peace by collective action — not the least of these being the strong likelihood that the permanency of their own family associations with its sentimental and emotional satisfactions and its cultural and material advantages is tied in with the erection on firm foundations of a world order by which the nations through collective action will establish and perpetuate peace.

PETER PORCUPINE

BY W. E. C. HARRISON

THE fame of a Radical varies inversely with the infamy of the authority he opposes and is a function of his intellectual integrity and of his methods of attack. Domestic sordidness, no less than unheroic failure to achieve his ends, will ruin him; while his writings, on the other hand, may enchant him into a figure of literature, just as his character, capturing the popular imagination, may merge him into legend. So the recording historian, with objectivity scarcely angelic, separates the Langlands and the Cades, the Parnells and the Washingtons, the Chamberlains and the Gladstones, even the Lenins and the Masaryks, into degrees of radical perfection.

William Cobbett is as splendid a figure as any in the hierarchy, and he has the added advantage of being dead for a hundred years. Our perspective of him is therefore long enough without being too remote for us to see him clearly. His political landscape was dominated by the French Revolution, the war with the Republic and Napoleon, and the twenty years of depressed and reactionary peace between 1815 and 1835 when he died. During that period England, according to the formula of Pitt, had saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example, fallen into an economic slough almost to the depths of social revolution, emancipated her Catholics and approached the democratic brink and the attendant destruction of property and submerging of intelligence to the alarming extent of half a million middle-class votes. Cobbett had expended his immense bucolic energies for thirty years to push England into a democracy as thoroughgoing and downright as he was himself. To say that his effort failed and

that thirty-three years after the passing of the First Reform Bill, the enfranchisement of the town worker could still be anathemized as "shooting Niagara", may be to damn but not to dismiss him. For William Cobbett remains as effectively insulated against the corruption of time as he was against the army of his opponents by the words that flowed so richly and inexhaustibly from his pen, words with peculiarly corrosive properties acquired from early contact with the acid of Swift. He had a genius for controversy and a literary power unequalled in contemporary journalism; his stubbornness and persistence were English agricultural; his kindliness human; his egotism his own, bold and unassailable. His writings were not merely a contribution to the literature of invective but to the commonwealth of English prose; nor did he parade merely another picturesque figure in the historical pageant without adding permanently to the traditions of the working-classes in England, among whom the virtue of self-help, the quality of political consciousness, the faculty for association, are not without their debt to Cobbett. When the many volumes of his works have been lost and democracy has become a forgotten cause, fragments of his *Rural Rides* may yet be read as a latter-day *Piers Plowman*.

If it be true that Tories of maturity spring from young radicals, the converse may be equally valid. A political scientist intent on deductive proof might begin his reasoning with William Cobbett. The son of a small farmer, born into the England of 1766, and grandson of a day-labourer whose legacies were "his scythe, his reap-hook and his flail", would scarcely be expected to inherit political opinions. "As to politics," says Cobbett for himself, "we were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter." The clamour of the war with the colonists in America hardly disturbed them. "The shouts of victory, or the murmurs of a defeat, would now

and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and, most certainly, that privation did not render us less industrious, happy or free." Although, over a pot of the best ale, his father could warmly uphold the cause of the Americans and find small difficulty in converting his family, "he had only to represent the king's troops as sent to cut the throats of a people, our friends and relations, merely because they would not submit to oppression; and his cause was gained." But Cobbett's comment at thirty-three proved him to have grown up a Tory: "Speaking to the passions is ever sure to succeed on the uninformed."

In the meantime, however, he had served for nearly eight years in the army, a sufficient test for any man's loyalty in days when corporal punishment was not yet fixed, as it came to be in 1807, at the enlightened maximum of a thousand lashes. To the young Cobbett who joined his Majesty's 54th Regiment of Foot at Chatham in 1784 after running away to London and landing in an attorney's office, such rigours offered the rosy prospect of emancipation. "Gracious heaven!" he wrote later, "if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a democratic club-room, but save me from the desk of an attorney."

In a service officered from the plutocracy, and as Wellington insisted and Cobbett corroborated, recruited from the scum, Cobbett devoted his leisure to improving himself. "I procured me a Lowth's grammar, and applied myself to the study of it with unceasing assiduity. . . I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning and every evening, and, when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time

I was posted sentinel." Few writers (Flaubert must be an exception) can ever have served so determined an apprenticeship. In 1785 he joined his regiment in Nova Scotia and after some six years' soldiering there and in New Brunswick, he emerged with an honourable discharge as Sergeant-Major Cobbett.

But his martial innocence had been gravely shocked, and his purpose in leaving the army was to expose the corrupt practices which as keeper of the regimental books he had observed in certain of the officers. How was the honest Cobbett to know that the entire system, including the British Constitution itself, was festering with corruption? His court-martial proceedings became obviously too dangerous for him to press, and being much too full of vitality to risk an obscure martyrdom, he went to France to perfect his knowledge of the language. So ended his first brush with Authority.

He spent the six happiest months of his life in France (probably because he had recently got married) and there found the people, "excepting those who were already blasted with the principles of the accursed revolution, honest, pious, and kind to excess". The dethroning of the King and the promise of a war with England drove him, already "ambitious to become the citizen of a free state", across the Atlantic to America, where he arrived in October, 1792. He set about making his living by teaching English to those French refugees who had anticipated the Reign of Terror. For their benefit he wrote in 1795 *Le Tuteur Anglais*, which he afterwards modestly acknowledged to be "the first book in Europe, as well as in America, for the teaching of French people the English language".

His quickening to a life of incredible literary productivity began with the arrival at New York in 1794 of the reforming Unitarian, Dr. Priestley, whom Tory Government and Tory mob had driven out of England. He was greeted

by the Democrats and Radicals with an ovation, by the still Tory and very patriotic Cobbett with a squib. It was the first he ever fired and as devastating as any of his later gunnery. With Cobbettian vigour he defended England and her Constitution against all comers and ended by torpedoing his opponent with the claim that one cobbler with his hammer and awls was a better acquisition to America "than a dozen philosophi-theologi-politi-cal empirics, with all their boasted apparatus".

The rest of his career in America was stormy: he had tasted blood; there were many hunters. "In short, there were, in Philadelphia," unless Cobbett exaggerates, "about ten thousand persons, all of whom would have rejoiced to see me murdered." He proposed to open a book-shop: friends warned him to be careful what he put in his windows. He saw the danger and saw also that he must at once "set all danger at defiance, or live in everlasting subjection to the prejudice and caprice of the democratical mob". On the Sunday prior to the opening of his shop he prepared his challenge. "I put in my windows, which were very large," he writes, "all the portraits that I had in my possession of *kings, queens, princes, and nobles*. I had all the English Ministry; several of the Bishops and Judges; the most famous Admirals; and, in short, every picture that I thought likely to excite rage in the enemies of Great Britain. Early on the Monday morning, I took down my shutters. Such a sight had not been seen in Philadelphia for twenty years. Never since the beginning of the rebellion had any one dared to hoist at his window the portrait of George the Third."

That "Peter Porcupine", as he dubbed himself, ever got out of America with no more than a \$5000 fine for libel is no small tribute to the political etiquette of the Philadelphians. He left in 1800, shooting as he went: "With this I depart to my native land, where neither the moth of *Democracy*, nor the

rust of *Federalism* doth corrupt, and where thieves do not, with impunity, break through and steal five thousand dollars at a time."

He found his England at the dawn of the nineteenth century marvellously changed. The placid economy of his youth was gone and the labouring life had lost its abiding sense of continuity. A bewildered and stricken countryside watched dumbly the workings of an agricultural revolution as destructive of ancient ties and customary livelihood as the new industry that clanged and smoked in "the raw Northern towns", and hardly less ruthless than the new politics across the Channel that plunged Europe into war and the English upper classes into panic and repression. If Cobbett in his Southern England could ignore the transformation by the factory of village into slum, the plight of the country poor and the temper of the Government could not escape him for long. For the reigns of the later Georges were the heyday of the big farmer, and for two generations large farms had been devouring small ones and enclosing land that from time immemorial had provided pasturage and fuel for the villagers. The process was justified economically on the basis of increased production: socially its effects were ruinous, since thus deprived of their 'commons', the rural workers saw their cottage industries, their weaving and their handicrafts, absorbed by the factories; and yeoman and farm-hand shared the kinship of desperate poverty and the humiliation of public relief. Their misery was completed by an endless succession of bad harvests, the driving up of prices, and the aggravation of low wages by an iniquitous system of subsidizing them out of the local taxes, an expedient stigmatized by Professor Trevelyan as "to a large extent a self-imposed levy on the landlords to prevent the poor from dying of starvation". Demoralization set in; crime stalked abroad; and a barbarous penal code functioned with a savagery only equalled by its futility against the unanswerable urge of hunger.

Cobbett's anti-Gallican campaign in America brought him a flattering and effusive welcome from the Tory *literati* and by way of patronage he was offered the control of one of the Government newspapers. He preferred his freedom. The refusal was at once characteristic of the man and significant for the future. He was still ready to attack native Reformers and foreign Republicans with unabated gusto; he was still Tory enough to defend the Slave Trade; but mercenaries may not criticize their paymasters, and Cobbett continued to write as a free agent.

His disillusionment began with Pitt's finance, involving the piling up of a huge funded debt to pay for the war, resort to paper-money, erratic prices, short farm-leases and opportunist rents. It led him to the discovery of the stock-jobber, the *rentier*, the political hanger-on, the place-man, and in them he thought he had found the devils who sat on his farmers' backs. He became convinced that corruption from the Cabinet down percolated through the entire parliamentary organism and that until a purge were administered, nothing could be done for those on whom the system weighed most heavily. By 1806 he ceased fire at the Radical Reformers and ranged himself and his guns at the head of their columns, to remain as one of their stoutest protagonists for the rest of his life.

The state of parliamentary representation in England had been the subject of attack for over thirty years. It had been shown that fewer than twelve thousand voters returned a clear majority for England and Wales; that three hundred of their representatives owed their return to individual "proprietors"; that fifty-one constituencies had fewer than fifty votes each; that the big landlords or "borough-mongers" were able to extract pensions, sinecures, and peerages by dictating or purchasing the votes of the nominal electors; that "the price of a seat was better known than the price of a horse", the control of elections being regarded as private property and parliamentary

reform as confiscation. Lord Chatham had predicted as early as 1770: "Before the end of the century either Parliament will reform itself from within, or be reformed with a vengeance from without." Those within, however, were doggedly determined to prevent the one and as grimly to resist the other. By 1817 (two years after the peace) Lord Holland was writing petulantly to Mr. Creevy:

That cursed business of the Reform of Parliament is always in one's way. With one great man nothing is good unless that be the principal object and with another nothing must be done if a word of Reform is even glanced at in requisition, petition or discussion. . . They say the Prince has left off his stays, and that Royalty, divested of its supports, makes a bad figure.

The populace agreed and cheerfully assaulted the Regent's coach as a demonstration of disgust at the system. Cobbett dubbed it "The Thing" and flayed it with might and main. But by 1830 the Duke of Wellington was telling a sympathetic House of Lords:

I have never read or heard of any measure up to the present which in any degree satisfies my mind that the state of the representation can be improved. . . I am fully convinced that the country possesses at the present moment a Legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature ever has answered in any country whatsoever.

Once in opposition, therefore, Cobbett obstinately remained there.

His heaviest weapon was the *Political Register*, a weekly review-cum-newspaper, launched in 1802 and destined to become one of the most powerful organs in the country. For thirty-three years, with one interval in 1817, the *Register* gave continuous expression to Cobbettism through all the phases of that belligerent creed. But when a Government is fighting Napoleon criticism is dangerous; and when an editor became a Reformer, his journal fell under suspicion. Nemesis caught him in 1809 raging against the brutal flogging of English

militiamen by German legionaries at Ely. He was sentenced for sedition to two years' imprisonment and a ruinous fine.

"When the Government laid its merciless fangs" upon Cobbett and "crammed [him] into a jail among felons", it converted a high-spirited citizen into an irreconcilable enemy. The pathetic reception of "the horrible sentence" by his three little boys, "affected me more", he wrote, "filled me with deeper resentment, than any other circumstance". As the years went by he took grim satisfaction in the passing of his oppressors and did not hesitate to proclaim it in terms of the Old Testament: "And, oh! how I despise the wretches who talk of my vindictiveness; of my exultation at the confusion of those who inflicted those sufferings! How I despise the base creatures, the crawling slaves, the callous and cowardly hypocrites, who affect to be 'shocked' (tender souls!) at my expressions of joy, and at the death of Gibbs, Ellenborough, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, and the rest of the tribe that I have already seen out, and at the fatal workings of that system, for endeavouring to check which I was thus punished! . . . and it makes it a part of my happiness to be able to tell millions of men that I do thus rejoice, and that I have the means of calling on so many just and merciful men to rejoice along with me."

It was that "means" which made him so formidable an opponent and was increased ten-fold when in 1816 the *Political Register* was issued in a cheap edition and Cobbett forsook the apathetic middle classes to stir the ready and desperate poor with his gospel of salvation by representation. In the post-war years when industry and agriculture, trade and finance were in ruins; when hard times were goading the poor to smash the machines that denied them work and to burn the barns that denied them subsistence; when the Government, in a mood of "tight-lipped negation", were answering with spies and the yeomanry, hangings and the Six Acts, his war-time pronounce-

ments assumed the attributes of prophecy. He used his immense influence on the side of moderation, damning violence as a reply to oppression and urging the necessity for constitutional action; but with Habeas Corpus suspended, nothing was constitutional and in 1817 he fled to America. "His *Political Register* [after a suspension of three months] was still issued," writes Trevelyan, "but its principal work had been done. The Radical movement was launched."

He was away for little more than two years and came back bearing with him as a gesture of reconciliation the bones of Tom Paine, late author of *The Rights of Man* and sometime object of Cobbett's Tory furies, to resume his assault upon "The Thing" amidst a shower of lampoons. "By-the-by, the trip," he explained in 1823, "which *Old Sidmouth* and crew gave me to America, was attended with some *interesting consequences*; amongst which were the introducing of the Sussex pigs to American farmyards; the introduction of the Swedish turnip into the American fields; the introduction of American apple-trees into England; and the introduction of the making, in England, of the straw plat to supplant the Italian: for had my son James not been in America, this last would not have taken place; and, in America he would not have been, had it not been for old Sidmouth and crew."

The crew made another attempt against him in 1831,—a strategical error committed at the height of the struggle immediately preceding the passage of the Reform Bill. Cobbett seized his advantage and, conducting his own defence, turned it into a four-hour indictment of the Government and all its works with the nation as his audience, and gained such a triumph as had not been won in England since the acquittal of Thomas Hardy, the shoemaker, in 1794.

It was a good augury, and amendment by amendment the Government troops fell back before the onslaught of Lord John Russell and his Whigs until Wellington sounded the

retreat to the Tory Lords and, the last stronghold taken, the Reform Bill was written into the Statute Books.

Cobbett was disappointed. Having fought the battle of the working-classes, he was confronted, as member for Oldham in the reformed House of Commons, with a rump of self-satisfied Whigs and middle-class Radicals proceeding to entrench themselves against further inroads on an electoral system which they could now consider to be peculiarly their own property. But to wage a war of attrition a man of sixty-two needs the unattainable equipment of a new constitution, and though Cobbett carried on valiantly as an assiduous parliamentarian, a confirmed farmer, and a writer of unabated power, the end came in the summer of 1835 with his change of system still a long way off; so remote even that one of his sons, John Morgan Cobbett, lived to become (with heaven knows what paternal grave-turning!) a Conservative Member of Parliament.

So much for his politics. Of his books let Cobbett speak: "When I am asked what books a young man or young woman ought to read, I always answer, Let him or her read *all* the books that I have written. This does, it will doubtless be said, *smell of the shop*. No matter. It is what I recommended and experience has taught me that it is my duty to give the recommendation. I am speaking here of books other than *The Register*; and even these, that I call my *Library*, consist of *thirty-nine* distinct books. . . I divide these books into classes as follows: 1. *Books for Teaching Language*; 2. *On Domestic Management and Duties*; 3. *Rural Affairs*; 4. *On the Management of National Affairs*; 5. *History*; 6. *Travels*; 7. *Laws*; 8. *Miscellaneous Politics*. Here is a great variety of subjects; and all of them very *dry*: nevertheless the manner of treating them is in general such as to induce the reader to go through the book once he has begun it. . . N.B.—All the books are bound in boards, which will be borne in mind when the price is looked at.—W. C."

As for his *Grammar of the English Language*, it was characteristically "intended for the use of schools and of young persons in general; but more especially for the use of soldiers, sailors, apprentices and ploughboys." Lessons in politics were introduced under the guise of Syntax. "Sometimes," he explains, the sign of the possessive case is left out, and a *hyphen* is used in its stead: as, 'Edwards, the *government-spy*;' or, 'the spy of the government'." And since "the village Hampdens of that generation sleep on the shores of Botany Bay", the ploughboy was well warned. The *History of the Protestant Reformation* is no less ingenious and though often dismissed as completely garbled, it is, nevertheless, as readable and as near to the truth as Froude, and, for its perspective-restoring properties, a not unworthy forerunner of Mr. Belloc. His views on history have been endorsed by at least one very modern School of Economics: "To come at the true history of a country, you must read its laws: you must read books treating of its usages and customs in former times; and you must particularly inform yourself as to prices of labour and of food." While his *Paper against Gold* is little more than one of the curiosities of economics and most of his other pamphleteering is now only material for historians, the *Rural Rides* and his *Advice to Young Men* are permanent additions to the language, enshrining the life and landscape of an England belonging, like Cobbett himself, rather to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century: an England that was, unperceived by him, slowly disappearing before the erosion of brick and chimney. "I do not like to see manufactories of any sort," he confessed, and in that degree, in a prejudice against innovation and disturbance in the social order, the Radical was the child of the conservator and lover of the past.

The tradition of his household, so delightfully revealed in the *Advice to Young Men*, was Puritan. "Children," he affirms, "naturally want to be like their parents, and to do

what they do: the boys following their father, and the girls their mother; and as I was always writing or reading, mine naturally desired to do something in the same way. But, at the same time, they heard no talk from fools or drinkers; saw me with no idle, gabbling, empty companions; saw no vain and affected coxcombs, and no tawdry and extravagant women; saw no nasty gormandizing; and heard no gabble about play-houses and romances and the other nonsense that fit boys to be lobby-loungers, and girls to be the ruin of industrious and frugal young men." But his rule was a gentle one. "To teach the children the habit of early rising was a great object; and every one knows how young people cling to their beds, and how loth they are to go to those beds. This was a capital matter; because here was industry and health both at stake. Yet, I avoided command even here; and merely offered a reward. The child that was downstairs first, was called the lark for that day; and, further, sat at my right hand at dinner."

The time came for the parent, too, to have his reward. During his imprisonment in Newgate jail, the family sent him a weekly hamper, "which brough me plants, bulbs, and the like, that I might see the size of them; and always every one sent his or her most beautiful flowers; the earliest violets, and primroses, and cowslips, and blue-bells; the earliest twigs of trees; and, in short, everything that they thought calculated to delight me." Thus was the bitterness of political persecution tempered.

In relating him to our own environment we may recall the sentences of Professor Laski: "Freedom means self-expression, and the secret of freedom is courage. No man ever remains free who acquiesces in what he knows to be wrong. His business as a citizen is to act upon the instructed judgment of his conscience. He may be mistaken; but he ought ceaselessly to be aware that the act he opposes is, after all, no more than the opinion of men who, like himself, are also

fallible." If these principles be admitted as guides to civic conduct and if it be the destiny of the British peoples to preserve their freedom, then William Cobbett, with all his mistakes and his prejudice, his honesty and his courage, deserves well of posterity.

ON HEARING JOHN DOWLAND
SUNG TO THE LUTE

BY ELIZABETH TATCHELL

Under the mulberry

No leaf swings—

Only her fingers move

On plucked strings,

Her slow song keeping

Faithful tryst

With an Elizabethan

Lutanist,

Whose spirit passing by

Pricks sharp ears:

John Dowland, dead three

Hundred years.

Poor John weeps a little,

So freshly rise

That lover's long-forgotten

Agonies.

WILL IMMIGRATION FROM BRITAIN BE RESUMED?

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG

MIGRATION within the Empire is in England a constantly recurring topic of public discussion and even of parliamentary debate. There is a large body of opinion, mainly belonging to the various bodies which have taken a practical part in promoting it, deeply interested and constantly endeavouring to secure some Government action. But Governments for some time past have been steadily non-committal and a good deal of impatience has been the result. Last year, however, we were given an authoritative report by an Inter-Departmental Committee of which Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Prime Minister's son, was chairman. Apart from the chairman, who presided as Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Dominion Affairs, the members of the committee included departmental officers with a special knowledge of the subject and representatives of the Treasury and of the Ministry of Labour. Their report has not set a match to the Thames; it is indeed much better calculated to damp down the fires of enthusiasm than to fan them into flame. But it is thorough, authoritative and eminently sane; and its main findings are of interest to students of the subject in Canada.

In the first place, however, let me describe the background of English opinion which silhouettes these sober views. Much of it is unquestionably visionary and unpractical. Too much population in this country; too little in the Dominions. Here blackened streets and overcrowded tenements; there the open spaces and the free air of heaven. Here no hope for many but the dole; there, new life and boundless opportunity for all. The reality, no doubt, is far enough from these imagined contrasts; but we are a sentimental people, and it is well to

remember in this disillusioned age, that there would have been no Canada, no Australia, no New Zealand, no Empire of any kind, if in the past our old men had not seen visions and our young men dreamed dreams. Settlement in a new country has not been a picnic or a joy-ride at any time; the reality has always fallen far short of the expectation, and in the process of translating vision into achievement the casualties are invariably high. By all means let us measure the difficulties which to-day are in some ways greater, and in some ways also less, than in the past; but let us also face the fact that Canada and Australia at least are very empty, and that they will not be able permanently to carry the cost of their systems of transport, let alone their systems of government, unless they fill up. The time is coming when the Dominions will be more anxious to secure new British population than Great Britain will be to lose it. That is the way of the world; and it will be a bad day for the Empire if the romance and sentiment which have inspired so much of the earlier process of migration cease altogether to be a moving force in the English mind.

So much for sentiment alone, which it is not wisdom to decry. Yet something more than sentiment permanently inspires and strengthens the opinion in England which insists that migration must be resumed. Since the war our brothers and sisters in the Dominions have been able to cultivate their gardens with little care for what might pass in the world outside. In England the world is with us all the time, and we are conscious of a growing challenge to the emptier parts of the Empire from other countries in which, ever since the United States closed its doors to new migrants, population has been banking up. This challenge is still implicit rather than articulate, and there is no question of its taking practical shape while prices and protective systems stand where they do. But we all look forward to a time when prices will rise, and most of the primary producing countries, like Canada and

Australia, are hoping for a larger market in Europe than its present tariffs allow. It may be that the tariffs on primary produce must tend to fall; but if that be the case, the peasant economy of many parts of Europe will of necessity feel the strain, and the old pressure behind migration will be vigorously renewed. The natural movement of agricultural commodities, on which the welfare of countries like Canada depends, is at present frozen by tariffs, quotas and other restrictions. We must hope that a gradual thaw will set in. But when it does, it will extend not only to the movement of agricultural produce and manufactured goods but also to the movement of population, some considerable part of which lives on the present restrictions and cannot live without them. There is therefore very good reason for looking to the future and making sure that when the time comes there shall be as large a British element as possible in the new population which Canada and the other empty Dominions are bound, if they develop their exports, to take. They must inevitably have population of some kind, and in their interest and the general interest of the Empire even more than in our own we do not want our population to be the least inclined for emigration and the least adaptable to the life of settlement oversea. There is a real danger then if the prospects of migration are painted too darkly in England. The natural increase of population in Great Britain is steadily slowing down, and we shall not have very much of suitable age to spare ten or fifteen years from to-day. I feel fairly certain that the State will be encouraging the birth-rate in Great Britain before the second half of the twentieth century is very far advanced. Let us not forget the probable needs of the more spacious times which certainly lie ahead, while dwelling on the entanglements which restrict development in the present state of the world.

So much for the horizon with its promise of blue water and open seas into which our battered ships will some day sail

—and sooner perhaps than we may dream to-day. I turn to the more immediate considerations which quite rightly governed the Inter-Departmental Committee's Report.

The first of the propositions which they lay down is cardinal.

The whole course of our enquiry (they write), both into the past history of migration and into the economic considerations involved, has driven us irresistibly to the conclusion that the idea that migration can of itself bring about an economic recovery is a fallacy. On the contrary, migration is one of the products of such a recovery. It therefore follows that the best method of promoting migration (which we regard as a most desirable object of policy) is to endeavour to bring about the conditions—such as a rising level of inter-imperial trade—which will of themselves attract migration, and then to see that the way is made clear and kept clear for the migration so attracted.

It follows from this that migration cannot be regarded as a cure for unemployment. No responsible authority in Great Britain has ever regarded it as such; but a belief has undoubtedly spread through Canada and the other Dominions that Great Britain was anxious to reduce by that method the number of her unemployed, and colour has been lent to that impression by the arguments which some of the advocates of migration have used in the English Press and also in Parliament. In point of fact, unemployment and the stoppage of migration are both due to the same fundamental cause, namely, the fall of prices and the spectacular decline of world trade. It is certain therefore that to resume the one would be no cure for the other. There is only one cure for both and that is a general improvement of prices and of trade. The Committee have done well to dispose of illusions in this matter, and I hope that their views will be accepted in Canada as the view of all responsible authorities in Great Britain. It is unanswerable.

The Committee dispose of two other illusions which still widely prevail. They point out, in the first place, that the majority of migrants to the Dominions do not settle on the

land. Investigation shows that only about a third have actually done so in the past, and there is no reason to suppose that in the future under the same conditions the same results would not follow. It is fairly certain that new country is best taken up by those who already know the land, and that migration is most successful when it fills gaps of many different kinds in the labour market—gaps, be it said, which do not at present exist anywhere. The Committee's second correction of popular misconceptions follows naturally from the first. They point out that migration in the past has for the most part taken the form of infiltration, and that group settlement, which plays so large a part in the public mind, has not in fact accounted for more than three per cent of the migrants who have left British shores. It is a natural conclusion from this fact that infiltration is likely again to absorb the great majority of migrants when migration is resumed, and that group settlement must in the future be organized on better and broader lines, if it is to succeed on any considerable scale. I am a believer in the settlement of large areas under the government of something resembling the old English organization of a Chartered Company, which can deal with production in the Dominion and marketing in this country on a large scale. But that is for the future. It is idle to speak of it until prices have risen and the British market has developed that increased purchasing power which only a renewal of prosperity can bring.

In this connexion, however, it is worth while calling attention to another of the Committee's findings, which has reference to State assistance to settlement. They argue strongly that such assistance must come from the oversea Government as well as from the British Government if it is not to have the undesirable effect of making settlers regard themselves as the protégés of the British Government and therefore as something less than whole-hearted citizens of their new land. I am inclined to think that, when the necessary conditions come to

exist, the method of the Chartered Company, acting on powers and facilities derived from the British Government but independent of that Government's control, may prove to be one of the best ways of making new settlement possible on a large scale without involving the British Government in any responsibility for management or for that percentage of settlers which fails.

Reviewing the situation in the light of these investigations, the Committee reports against any attempt on the part of the British Government to stimulate migration by State assistance at the present time. Its main recommendations, so far as the present is concerned, deal with machinery to coordinate voluntary societies and assist the Oversea Settlement Department, and with the provision of cheap passages, covering railway fare to the inland destination as well as steamship fare. These are simple and practical suggestions which do not affect the main question whether responsible authorities in this country desire to see migration resumed in the near future, and if so, how they expect to see it resumed. I come now to that.

Let me, to begin with, re-emphasize the fact that there is a large body of opinion in this country firmly convinced that further British migration on the largest possible scale will be necessary, not to the welfare of Great Britain, but to the security of the Dominions as centres of British civilization and therefore to the welfare of the Empire as a whole, and that nothing but harm can be done by disparaging and clouding the vision which inspires that belief. It is absurd for people to suppose that Great Britain will for a long time ahead be looking to the Dominions to take her surplus population off her hands. There will not be much of that surplus in a few years, and if the Dominions do not want it, it will infallibly go elsewhere. The truth is that the Dominions will need new British population just as the surplus available begins to fall off, and that if they are to get it, we must lose no time in plan-

ning expansion on cooperative lines. In this the future of British institutions, British freedom and the British view of life will be at stake.

I venture to emphasize this belief because I am convinced, with Mr. MacDonald's Committee, that the time will come for renewed migration, and that when it comes, we must not let it find us unprepared. "We are confident," write the Committee, "that the conditions which have in the past led to the peopling of the great British Dominions oversea with many hundreds of thousands of migrants from the United Kingdom will recur, although perhaps in an altered form, and we see no reason to doubt that then the volume of migration from this country will be as great as in the past." I see no reason to doubt it either, provided certain conditions are fulfilled. The chief of these is that our prosperity when it comes be organized on complementary and not on mutually antagonistic lines. If some British farmers and some Canadian manufacturers rule our policies, this condition is likely to be ignored. There is the crux, and it must be faced. The Committee point out very truly that the expansion of population in any country depends on capital investment, in one or other form. Such investment need not, in the first instance at any rate, go into land. One of the surest ways of promoting general development is to further the development of any minerals which can find a profitable market, and more particularly of gold. Canada's mineral resources should give her a position of marked advantage in that respect, when the world's purchasing power begins to be restored. Immigration may also be stimulated by industrial expansion, and there is no reason why British capital should not assist in expanding Canadian industry, provided the expansion is pursued on lines that are complementary to British manufactures and not competitive with them.

But that condition is vital, and the future will turn upon it. There is British capital in plenty for the Dominion if

sound openings are made, and it will go naturally into Canadian development, if our governments take care that trade between Britain and Canada is developed to the uttermost on complementary lines. Opinion in Britain will be keen for such development if opinion in Canada responds. Will it do so? I sometimes read utterances in Canadian newspapers suggesting that Great Britain looks to Canada mainly as a prop to British policy in Europe or in other parts of the world, and that Canadian nationalism is always in danger from British influence. As often as I read those passages, I wonder whether Canada has no other influences to fear, and whether in sober fact her need of Britain as a partner-spirit is not greater than Britain's need of her. Canadian nationalism is splendidly strong in spirit, but it is still weak in the material force which is necessary to independent and self-reliant life in a material world. Britain and Canada are of the same family, and Britain can supply her with the human and material reinforcement which she must inevitably need without exacting that price which reinforcement from any other quarter cannot fail to impose. I have watched her amazing development now for over thirty years, always believing that the great men who made her a distinctive British nation from sea to sea will be permanently justified. But she will soon be coming to one of those decisive turnings of the way which settle a people's destiny and cannot be retraced. Whence is to come the capital, and whence the population, which she will unquestionably need? We can supply her with both in plenty, if she so desires; and we shall be willing if she is willing on her side. But with capital and population alike, everything will depend on the economic policy which she pursues. Are the small beginnings made at Ottawa in 1932 to be developed to the utmost of her power and ours, or are other interests and other policies to prevail? That is the question, and the answer lies with Canada much more than with us.

POINCARÉ

BY PAUL VAUCHER

AFTER the death of Poincaré all Frenchmen, even his political enemies such as the socialist leader Blum, paid tribute to his merits and to the importance of his work. His manifold activity had been in every way successful. In his own profession he had won a prominent position, and, after his retirement from the political stage, was immediately elected to the highest office, that of *bâtonnier* or chairman of the Parisian Bar. In the world of literature he for long had enjoyed at the *Académie Française* the highest prestige. In politics he acceded to power in 1912 at the beginning of the European crisis that led to the Great War and was President of the Republic during the fateful years 1913-1920. These, under normal conditions, would have marked the end of his career; yet Poincaré was twice again Prime Minister during the diplomatic struggle of 1922-1924 and the financial crisis of 1926-1929. Thus it belonged to him to face the main difficulties which France encountered at home as well as abroad after the war. His final retirement occurred in July, 1929, at a time when the economic depression and the revival of nationalism in Europe had not yet altered the policy of France; but, while the present world differs so much from that in which he played a leading part, the influence of his actions and of his personality are still worth considering.

Born in Lorraine, Poincaré always struck a different note from that of the many French politicians whose local connections were south of the Loire, or who, like Briand, belonged to Western France. He lived nearer the frontier, amid a population reputed for its ardent patriotism, its strenuous activities conducted with some roughness of language and

behaviour. He was not the only member of his family who rose to eminence. His two cousins, the famous mathematician Henri Poincaré and the well-known *philosophe* Emile Boutroux, joined him at the *Académie Française*. At twenty years of age he was called to the Bar; at twenty-seven he entered Parliament. He soon made himself known in committees, so that in 1894-1895 he was already a member of several successive Cabinets in charge of the ministries of Education or Finance.

He belonged to the group of moderates who held the majority to the end of the century, when the radicals, as a result of the Dreyfus case, came into power. Poincaré took no part in the battles of those exciting times; he disapproved of the reluctance showed by the moderates to admit that full light had to be thrown on the case of Dreyfus, and he was inclined to support the radicals, the more so as he shared their hostility towards the political influence of the Roman Church. But he wanted the moderates and the radicals to join hands, and did not support the coalition now formed by the radicals and the socialists who both claimed to be the only genuine supporters of the republican régime. His activity was devoted to the Bar where he secured an enormous influence. Meanwhile the European situation was becoming steadily more dangerous, and, after the Agadir crisis had apparently made war imminent, Poincaré felt compelled to intervene. In January, 1912, Poincaré formed the first of his three Cabinets.

He had to deal with the difficult situation produced by the Balkan wars which threatened the peace of the whole continent. The part he then played has, in recent times, given rise to much discussion. We are told that he contributed to render inevitable the disaster of 1914 because, during the preceding years, his attitude led Russia to believe that France would in any case stand by her side. But the diplomatic correspondence which has so far been published, clearly shows

that, on several occasions, Poincaré reminded the Russian ministers that France was not willing to extend the commitments which, according to the Franco-Russian alliance, she had undertaken to fulfil. She would therefore take action only in case Germany joined Austria-Hungary in a common offensive against Russia. Poincaré fully realized that the victory of the Balkan League meant a severe rebuff to the policy of the Central Empires where militarist tendencies would accordingly gain strength. He needed the co-operation of the Russian army for the defence of his own country and wanted to ensure that her action would be felt in time to save France from being exposed to the sudden attack of the whole German forces. Under the system of alliances existing in Europe he also well understood that, if Eastern Europe was involved in a new war, France would find it very difficult to stand aloof. But such views made him more eager to restore peace in the Balkans and to uphold the strictly defensive character of the French alliance.

Poincaré's anxiety was shared by his country which hailed as a great success his election to the Presidency in January, 1913, because it felt the need of having a strong man in power; but Frenchmen were so little prepared to favour any policy of aggression that they were not easily persuaded to take the steps Poincaré regarded as indispensable to their security in view of the new German armaments. Parliament very reluctantly agreed to extend from one to two years the term of the military service and the general elections of April indicated that the electors resented the decision. Poincaré needed much courage and tact to avoid an open conflict with the new House of Deputies until the outbreak of war proved his foresight and brought the rivalry of parties to an end.

His desperate efforts to maintain peace need not here be recalled at length. He was absent on a visit to the Tsar when Austria exploded the bombshell of her ultimatum to Belgrade.

He immediately felt that France's honour and interest both compelled her to remain faithful to her alliance and to take part in the war which the united forces of Austria and Germany were to fight against Russia. By allowing them to defeat the Tsar France would be committing suicide. But to the last he insisted that Russia should stay on the defensive and, in order to emphasize his anxiety to avoid war, he deliberately took the risk of keeping the French soldiers at a safe distance from the German frontier so to ensure that no act of aggression would take place on their side. Last but not least, in a dramatic appeal to King George he urged that a rapid decision of Britain's attitude was the only possible means to maintain peace.

Frenchmen unanimously supported his efforts; they concluded a political truce and formed between themselves what Poincaré very properly called *une union sacrée*. All through the war the President had to reconcile the conflicting views of ministers and parties, to ensure the co-operation of the military staff and successive Cabinets with Parliament, and to preserve unimpaired the energy of a country fighting under an ever increasing burden. But, while his activity was thus extended in all directions, he also had to remain within the limits of his own powers and not to encroach on those of responsible ministers. His part was indeed a difficult one, and he showed no small merit in the way he played it. In January, 1918, he did not hesitate to turn towards Clémenceau who had never ceased, not even during the war, to criticize his character and his policy; he called on him to take full responsibility for the conduct of the war. Poincaré who feared his nervousness admired still more his courage and now allowed himself to be passed over, silently endeavouring to help the "grand old man" who was at no pains to seek his advice. Thus, when the Armistice was concluded, the country was not at first able to realize the eminent services rendered by the President and, in the

preparation of the Peace Treaties, he had no opportunity to make his opinion known.

But, when his Presidency came to an end in January, 1920, Poincaré, who was still under sixty, felt his political career had not yet reached its conclusion. He well foresaw that the Peace Treaties would not automatically be put into force, but needed, as he said, to be "perpetually created". After two years' time disunion had spread between the Allied Powers while Germany declared her inability to pay her debt. Frenchmen were not willing to wait and see whether Briand's persuasive efforts could bring them the fulfilment of the pledges which they had received, and felt that Poincaré could obtain better results by stronger methods.

Poincaré believed that Germany was deliberately risking the fall of her currency in order not to pay her external debt, and he called attention to the shocking contrast which existed between the prosperity of German industrialists and the bankruptcy of the Reich. He worked hard to make Britain understand his views, but when the Bonar Law Cabinet submitted a plan that granted new facilities to Germany on the assumption that she would thereby be more inclined to meet her commitments, he felt compelled to turn it down. There was no other way open to him but to seize control over the Ruhr district, the principal centre of German industries, and he decided on this step in January, 1923. His strenuous efforts kept the German factories running, but, although the occupation brought substantial payments to the Reparations fund, it also produced the complete collapse of the mark coupled with a revival of nationalism.

Further on Poincaré was convinced that a Franco-British co-operation would have made unnecessary any display of force, but he was dragged into a policy of isolation which ended in failure. His mistake was to assume that by the sheer power of logic he would finally enlist the British statesmen on

his side. He now had to accept their proposal to build up a new scheme adapted to the conditions in Germany and known as the Dawes Plan. Meanwhile his domestic policy met with a growing opposition from the Left parties, and his Reparations policy to a weakening of the French currency and a drastic increase of taxes which the country much resented. The general elections of May, 1924, gave a clear majority to the coalition of radicals and socialists and brought his Cabinet to an end.

Two years later, when a financial crisis was daily becoming more dangerous, Poincaré, with his great popularity, his high reputation of integrity, firmness and patriotism, appeared the only man able to deal with the situation. The franc was collapsing and one single million remained in the Treasury when he again seized the helm. He might have obtained dictatorial powers, but he clearly saw that by applying a proper solution to the parliamentary difficulties which stood in her way the country would be able to work her own salvation. Supported by an overwhelming majority he could swiftly accomplish an all round increase of taxes. He then formed a special fund for the redemption of the Debt and, in order to protect it from future encroachments, he had its status embodied in the Constitutional Laws. Confidence was immediately restored; the franc rose to a hundred and twenty-four to the pound; sums accumulated in the Treasury; the Budget was easily balanced, and France entered on a period of unusual prosperity.

The recovery was so complete and so easily accomplished that one might be inclined not to appreciate the merits of its author at their value. He appeared indeed lucky in taking control over the situation at the right moment, when it was just possible to restore confidence in a country which was ready to go ahead as soon as the quarrels of politicians should come to an end. But Poincaré contributed to the success in

many ways. There immediately followed a wide demand for a reduction of taxation and Parliament was at the same time much tempted to vote larger credits. Poincaré used his full authority to resist such tendencies in order to strengthen the financial position of the state and to proceed with the reduction of Debt. Unfortunately his example was not followed by his successors who failed to foresee the days when prosperity would give place to depression.

On the other hand it fell to him, as Prime Minister, to decide when a legal stabilization should take place, and not before June, 1928, did France again adopt the Gold Standard. The delay had one unfortunate result as the Bank of France, in order to meet the persistent demand for francs, was compelled to acquire large holdings of foreign balances and was constantly issuing notes. Thus some kind of inflation contributed to the abnormal prosperity of the country. But Poincaré at least avoided the excessive hoarding of gold that followed his retirement. The dangerous effects of his inflation were only felt at a later stage, when France did not adapt her policy to the changing conditions of the world. The rate at which stabilization was accomplished, regarded as too low in 1928, but later on considered too high, owing to the depreciation of foreign currencies, was justified by the way in which production immediately adapted itself to the change.

Meanwhile Poincaré displayed the highest qualities in the way he led the coalition he had formed. It was maintained through the general elections of 1928 when his policy was approved by an enormous majority. He also proved wise in allowing Briand, whom he previously had often criticized, to continue unimpaired his efforts towards the strengthening of peace. The Kellogg Pact was concluded in Paris, and by the Young Plan a new and better scheme for the payment of Reparations was elaborated. Poincaré finally turned to the problem of Inter-allied Debts, which remained pending, as

no government had yet dared to ask Parliament to ratify the agreements signed in 1926 in London and Washington. He strongly believed that the fulfilment of the obligations entered upon by France depended on a fair solution of her claim for Reparations. But as soon as such a solution was in sight, he immediately felt that a settlement of the external Debt along such lines must follow. In July, 1929, after a long and exhausting debate, he obtained from Parliament the necessary ratification.

This was his last performance, well becoming a man who had constantly urged that pledges must be held. His failing health made it now necessary for him to resign.

During four years Poincaré lived in forced retirement surrounded by the grateful admiration of his countrymen. But the popularity he enjoyed was of a special type. He was not considered a financier of genius and his record in diplomacy showed the weak sides of his strong personality. It obviously lacked the power of intuition and attracted less affection than it commanded respect. The masterly speeches he delivered with an admirable clearness and vivacity of elocution but not with any charm of gesture or voice, compelled agreement much more than they carried persuasion with them. In private intercourse he could not free himself from a persistent timidity, hidden under the appearance of a distant reserve. His knowledge of facts exceeded his understanding of men. He did not possess to a large extent the quality of creative imagination but used his remarkable gifts to maintain sound political and economic traditions. He had an extraordinary ability to work and an amazing power to memorize that enabled him to claim full competence on problems of all kinds. But his achievements were also due to his capacities for argument, reflexion and synthesis. He thus was served in politics by the gifts of a great lawyer. These, however, would not have made him a statesman of the first rank, and it is important not to over-

estimate his rigidity or his aloofness from the feelings of mankind. Neither in Parliament nor in the Presidential Office would he have made any impression had he not been endowed with tact and cleverness. Although he was not easily persuaded to change his mind, yet he did not remain blind to the lessons of reality, and at the height of his power he wisely undertook to make the best of his co-operation with Briand, whose methods were the reverse of his own, and to accomplish the devaluation of the currency which he had previously condemned. In so doing he showed his ardent patriotism and profound sincerity.

In any appreciation of his work it is safe to remember that the greater part of it still hangs in the balance. One might even support the view that it did not survive its author. His struggle for Reparations ended in complete failure and little would seem to remain of his financial victory. But, future historians, who will not deny that he contributed so much to obtain for France the assistance of Allied Powers in 1914 and to carry his country through the ordeal of war, will perhaps also sanction the views he eagerly supported in dealing with foreign affairs after the war. He acted on the belief that Germany must be compelled to fulfil her commitments, or, at least, to make a genuine effort towards their fulfilment, that the co-operation of the Allied Powers on the lines of the Treaties they had signed was the only means of restoring peace, and even the shortest road leading to a much needed reconciliation between past enemies. How far he was mistaken we do not yet know.

In domestic policy Poincaré to the last believed in the value of the parliamentary system and the republican régime. He emphasized the urgency of undertaking administrative reforms and strengthening the executive. But he remained an enemy to dictatorial methods with which he himself refused to experiment, a convinced liberal, a member of the moderate re-

publicans who founded the Third Republic, anxious to see them go ahead and join hands with the radicals on a common programme for social reform, and, thus, create the large party whose absence made Parliament inefficient. Here again it remains to be seen whether he pointed towards the right direction.

As regard finance he stood for a balanced budget, the reduction of the Floating Debt, a stable currency, the pillars of a sound financial policy, and, although in the present chaotic state of the world such principles have lost favour, their lasting value might soon again be recognized.

STADIUM NON STUDIUM

BY WALTER H. FENTON

Tax not the University with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the architects who plann'd
 (Although contracting for a scanty band
 Of stellar gridiron artists) this immense

Trophy of academical intelligence!

—Get all thou can'st; Treasurers reject the lore
 Of nicely calculated less or more.—

So deem'd the Trustees, whose keen eye for pence

Conceived this circle, tier on towering tier,
 Designed to hold ten thousand dollar bills.

Here is a cure for academic ills

Surer by far than peddling potted knowledge!

Thus Presidents endowed with business sense

Achieve a bigger and a better College.

PROVINCES VERSUS DOMINION

BY R. O. MACFARLANE

MOST Canadians know less about the last sixty-five years than any other period in the history of their country. The French régime, the Loyalist migrations, the war of 1812, the struggle for responsible government, the railroad era, and confederation, all have a certain unity which, combined with the efforts of text-book writers, has fixed these movements in the public mind. The Dominion period, on the other hand, has too frequently been presented without a central thread and while we all have some knowledge, however vague, of numerous isolated events that have taken place since 1867, these years seem to lack that unity which is so essential to classified knowledge. A central thread which might well command attention in this period is the conflict of provincialism and nationalism. Is Canada one nation, or is it merely a collection of nine provinces?

The purely constitutional aspects of this subject have received a certain amount of attention, especially the division of legislative jurisdiction under sections ninety-one and ninety-two of the British North America Act. The social and economic basis of the conflict between federal and provincial rights, however, has received but scant consideration from Canadian historians and political scientists, although it is in these latter phases that the rudiments of the conflict are to be found.

A comparison of the distribution of powers between the federal and state governments in Canada and the United States has frequently been made. It has been noted that, although the Constitution of the United States allots to the states much wider powers than does the British North America

Act to the provinces, the similarity of social and economic development in the two countries has made the general division of legislative jurisdiction very similar. Whereas judicial decisions have tended to increase the powers of the American federal government at the expense of those of the states, in Canada the powers of the provinces, by a similar process, have been augmented far beyond the intentions of the Fathers of Confederation.

This development in Canada is particularly interesting in view of the historical background of the Quebec Conference where the constitution was framed. Macdonald and his group were vitally concerned with correcting in the Quebec Resolutions what they regarded as the most serious defect in the American Constitution, the vesting of the residual power in the states. The American Civil War appeared to these men as the ultimate fruit of a weak central government.

Any reading of the Confederation Debates must impress one with the concern of the majority of the delegates at Quebec for a strong central government. It is true that there were champions of provincial rights, men like Dorion, who firmly believed that the provinces should be more than administrative units. The dominant view, however, was that Canada must be one state, not a collection of provinces.

An examination of sections ninety-one and ninety-two of the British North America Act, especially the sub-sections with the residual or taxing powers, shows how complete was the victory of the "nationalists" over the "provincialists". Unfortunately for the Dominion the work that was so thoroughly done by the Fathers was gradually undone by the courts during the first sixty years of confederation. By 1927 the central government in Canada had less power than that of the United States, in spite of the fact that the impotence of the federal government was considered the cardinal weakness of the American constitution.

The physical features of the country have proved to be an even greater obstacle than the nature of Canadian federation, in the path that leads to national unity. Although the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and Hudson Bay serve to bind large sections of the country together, the distinct physiographic sections of British Columbia, the Prairie Provinces, the St. Lawrence Valley and the Maritime Provinces, remain separated by very substantial and difficult barriers. Canada on the map is a vast rectangular country, over three million square miles in area; but in reality the habitable regions are confined to a long relatively narrow strip of country extending three thousand miles from east to west, but in only one or two places is its width from north to south more than three hundred miles.

Canada is a political rather than an economic unit. The natural economic lines of the North American continent run north and south, whereas the political lines run east and west. In this sense the Dominion is a victory of political over economic forces. And the whole economic life of the country has had to be adjusted to that basis. It might also be argued that certain economic disabilities have been part of the price paid for the maintenance of the national establishment.

Canada is as yet a dynamic state; when she ceases to be so she perishes. Unlike most other countries, she is not an economic unit, racially her population is not homogeneous, her national traditions are still immature, and she has neither linguistic nor religious unity. The Dominion of Canada is in no sense a natural growth; it is rather the artificial creation of a group of far-seeing statesmen. Each year added to its history makes the Dominion less artificial because slowly but surely the attributes of a nation are becoming apparent. But as yet Canadian nationalism is in its infancy; colonialism, if dead, is not yet buried; and the roots of provincialism go deep into the past. If Canadian nationalism is to persist, it must

progress because it has not sufficient momentum to carry itself along.

If the premise is sound that Canada is a victory of political over economic forces, and if she is a dynamic state, then it follows that she cannot live by bread alone. If material prosperity is to be the sole end of life in this country, there is little justification for the maintenance of an expensive national establishment apart from the rest of this continent, because political boundaries are a liability within an economic unit. Fortunately nationalism in this country has never been purely economic in character, and political, social and intellectual forces have made their weight felt. The men of 1867 thought in terms not exclusively economic, and Canadian nationalists of to-day must frequently turn their eyes from mammon, if the fullness of the limits of nationalism are to be reached. The future of the state, even though based on economic considerations, must find its ultimate defence in the triumph of spiritual forces.

Certain definite nationalistic factors have tended to hold the Dominion together. Some of these are so obvious that there has been a tendency to underestimate their importance; others have been overlooked entirely; in either case these forces have not occupied a place in political thinking prominent enough to insure the best interests of national unity.

Among these national factors one of the most important is the tradition of confederation, sixty-seven years of common experience for the oldest of the provinces. Each year of history adds to the store of common difficulties and problems, of triumphs and solutions, and consequently strengthens tradition in moulding a national spirit. There are a few people in Canada to-day who remember the pre-confederation era, and each succeeding generation takes the population further from the age of provincial loyalties.

National political parties, whatever their faults, have been a strong influence for national unity. Organizations covering the whole country, common platforms (even though certain planks receive greater emphasis in some districts than in others) common party names, have withstood all efforts to establish sectional or class parties of any permanent consequence. Within the major parties a spirit of compromise has triumphed and the interests of particular areas and groups have not been allowed, over any long period of time, to take precedence over the interests of the country as a whole.

In Canada, as in the United States, the influence of the frontier has been a unifying factor. The West, its inhabitants drawn from all the older provinces, as well as from overseas, has been comparatively free from provincialism. Being an exporting and a borrowing section of the country, a national outlook has been its best economic self-interest. In conferences of provincial premiers this national outlook of the western representatives has generally stood in sharp contrast to the more local views of the Easterners.

European immigration has had a similar influence. Although many serious problems have arisen from the flood of newcomers who arrived in Canada during the first fifteen years of this century, there can be no doubt that they are less conscious of provincial sentiment than the native-born. While the nationalism that these people bring with them from their homeland frequently dies hard, yet as the process of assimilation slowly works itself out, they become Canadians, not Nova Scotians, Manitobans or British Columbians.

Imperial sentiment, dear to so many Canadians, has, to some degree at least, proved a nationalizing factor. The concept has been one of a strong Dominion within the Empire, rather than a mere group of provinces within the Empire. The connection is definitely between Ottawa and London rather than between Fredericton or Regina and London. The Im-

perialists have, unconsciously perhaps, been among the best nationalists, in that they have retarded the development of the worst enemy of nationalism, provincialism.

Certain aspects of the fiscal system have been bulwarks of centralization. The wide taxing powers of the federal government, and the difficulties experienced by several of the provinces in making ends meet, have curbed some of the aspirations of the latter to encroach on the functions of the central government. The tariff wall around the whole state, and inter-provincial free trade, are illustrations of the influence of the fiscal system in maintaining national unity.

Many powerful business corporations in Canada find a large political unit more to their advantage than a small one, and they can be relied on to use their influence in support of federal rather than provincial policies. Among such corporations are the chartered banks, insurance companies, trust companies, and a host of firms doing business under a federal charter, and dependent on a national market for the sale of their goods or services. The railways, having been constructed for political as well as economic reasons, have an even more vital interest in the triumph of nationalism than most other companies.

The organization of the churches on national lines is another important thread in the national fabric. Officials whose duties frequently take them from one province to another, and the revenue for whose salaries is collected from the Atlantic to the Pacific, cannot be provincially minded. The interchange of clergymen, especially outstanding men from one section to another, tends to produce the same result. Even in the names of several of the ecclesiastical organizations "Canada" is used, for example, the "United Church of Canada", but in the name of no numerous sect does that of any province appear. The churches in every instance transcend the narrow bounds of provincialism.

In the age of rampant nationalism it is only natural that Canadians should develop a certain amount of national spirit in spite of themselves. For some this is merely a defence against the national consciousness of other states; for others it is a defence against "colonialism"; or it may be the answer of certain realistic citizens to the internationalists in our midst who frequently, behind a veil of sentiment and half truth, wish the country to run before it has learned to walk on the stage of world politics. In an attempt then to escape from other "isms" many Canadians are finding themselves pushed into a nationalist position. Fortunately this movement shows none of the symptoms that usually lead to national hysteria, nor is it likely to if for no other reason than those of geography and a small and widely scattered population. At the same time this insipid nationalism provides some defence against provincialism.

While the forces outlined above have, since 1867, been strong enough to hold the Dominion together, this has not been done without a series of struggles against forces of decentralization. Even before the British North America Act had passed through the Imperial Parliament, the Anti-Confederation League was waging a pre-natal attack on the Dominion. From that date innumerable local interests have sought to bleed the federal body politic, and to-day many of the forces of provincialism seem to be impeding the growth of a genuine national spirit with as much success as they have done in the past. Some of these decentralizing forces against which the Dominion has had to struggle demand examination.

A narrow interpretation of the British North America Act by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has increased the powers of the provinces far beyond the expectations of those who drafted the constitution. The Confederation Debates, and sections ninety-one and ninety-two of the Act, especially the introductory and residual clauses, leave

little doubt as to the intentions of the framers of the statute with respect to the division of legislative jurisdiction. Yet by the introduction of the doctrine of agency, the "direct tax" of section ninety-two, sub-section two, has come to include virtually any tax, for example, that on gasoline. A customs duty remains one of the few taxes not covered by this interpretation. The provinces have in consequence been able to evade a clause that was originally intended to curb their activities. Illustrations of similar expansion of the powers of the provinces might be taken from almost every sphere in which the legislative authority of parliament overlaps that of the local assemblies; this is in spite of the specific provision in section ninety-five that, on those subjects on which there was to be concurrent jurisdiction, the federal authority was to have the right of way. So marked has this tendency been that Professor W. B. Munro, in his *Marfleet Lectures*, was able to show that, although the original intention was to create a central government sufficiently strong to avoid a situation such as had been witnessed in the United States in the early sixties, the distribution of legislative jurisdiction in Canada and the United States was very similar, and that if there was any difference it was on the side of a stronger central government in the United States. The *Nadan case* (1926) marked the height of provincial powers, and in recent decisions, such as the radio and airways cases, the powers of the federal government have been upheld.

The provincial spirit of the older provinces still thrives two generations after confederation. One may still, on occasion, hear a Nova Scotian speak of going to Upper Canada, or even to Canada, and among the emigrants resident in New England "the Provinces" has a very definite significance. In districts of rural Ontario the same spirit is to be found, although it manifests itself in different ways. In other parts of the central provinces provincialism is not apparent only

because Ontario and Canada are regarded as synonymous terms. In Quebec where the boundaries of race, language, law, and to only a slightly lesser degree of religion, coincide with those of the province, the best the nationalist can hope for during many years to come is that loyalty to Canada may take precedence over loyalty to Quebec.

In most countries educational facilities play an important part in the development of a national spirit. In Canada, however, education is one of the peculiar preserves of the provinces. While there is little to be gained from having a uniform system of education from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is much to be lost if provincialism takes precedence over nationalism within the system. Thus if the grievances of the Maritime Provinces against the Dominion are to receive particular attention in the authorized text books of those provinces, or if the ideals of the Province of Quebec rather than those of the Dominion of Canada are to be the basis of those of that province, then our educational systems are tending to perpetuate localism rather than to promote any national sentiment.

Economic sectionalism has also proved a serious obstacle in the path of national unity. The boundaries of the chief physiographic regions of the northern half of this continent are also, in a large part, provincial boundaries. Sometimes, as in the case of the great plains, a physiographic region is composed of more than one province, but this merely enlarges and strengthens the forces in opposition to nationalism. The clash between sectional interests and the national economy can be illustrated in the controversy over tariff policy or railway rates. Obviously sections of the country which are primarily producers of export staples, will not see eye to eye with sections which are concerned with manufacturing products dependent on a protected home market. Similarly there are marked differences of opinion over railway freight rates, as

was seen in the struggle for the Crow's Nest Agreement, or the Hudson Bay Railway. In instances such as these, a section which does not succeed in carrying its point feels that its interests are being sacrificed to the remainder of the country, not to the country as a whole.

Local business interests frequently tend to strengthen the provincial spirit. In periods of economic depression a short view prevails and in order to secure some immediate advantage for the smaller unit, the welfare of the country at large is sacrificed. Thus in an effort to remedy a local unemployment situation the public is urged to buy at home, and "home" is too often a town, a city, or a province. The welfare of the state is subordinated to the welfare of the locality. Each locality, in securing a domestic market, becomes a competitor with every other locality, and the mutual advantages of trade are lost. In other words, in the effort to secure an immediate local market, the more valuable, even if more remote, national market is sacrificed. In recent years the "Buy Canadian Goods" slogan has been replaced by "Buy Manitoba Goods" or even "Buy Toronto Goods" or "Buy Halifax Goods".

In politics, as well as in business, Canada has suffered from parochialism. Provincial politicians and civil servants are ardent defenders of the rights of the provinces for obvious reasons. Even the electors have been prone to see only small areas of their immediate surroundings and seldom are political issues viewed in a national perspective. It has been difficult to persuade the voters to think in national rather than local terms. Outside the Province of Quebec, few members of parliament sit for a constituency other than the one in which they reside, and fewer still represent a seat in another province. The value of a member of parliament has too frequently been determined by his ability to have money from the federal treasury spent in his constituency. A non-resident candidate has to be a national figure of first importance before he has any

chance to contest a seat against even a much inferior "favourite son". The national outlook seems to have fallen between the stools of colonialism and local interest. When the inferiority complex, which proved such fertile soil for the former sentiment, has given way to self-reliance, it has become the self-reliance of the immediate neighbourhood rather than that of the Dominion.

A curious "self-deceiving optimism" has been another enemy of the growth of national feeling. A vast area, unlimited resources, and a smugness with regard to a standard of living, have been rivalled, as subjects of after dinner speeches in Canada, only by the famous three thousand miles of unguarded boundary. For these enthusiasts a homestead in the barren wastes of the North-West Territory, a block of stock in a paper company, or a nice job at the bottom of the clothing industry in Montreal, might be a salutary antidote. While local problems loom large in the eyes of most Canadians, the future of the Dominion has always been taken for granted, a position which one fears is more frequently the result of ignorance or indifference than of genuine conviction. The potentialities of this country are undoubtedly great, but fulfilment of these potentialities is not to be achieved by either indifference, smugness or rampant parochialism. In Canada, as in all other countries, national vision is essential to well-being, and the development of some corporate feeling for the national state as such is an essential basis for that vision.

The economic depression has caused many Canadians to take stock of the national establishment. Provinces that six years ago appeared as towers of strength have had to fly to the Dominion in their hour of trial for financial assistance. Never before has there been such financial interdependence among the provinces. The time seems opportune for Canadians to make up their minds, once and for all, whether the Dominion is to be a loosely bound federation of nine states or a single

state. It also behooves all Canadians to count the cost, not only in dollars, of the former alternative. If the latter is accepted, then the sooner we begin to think in national rather than provincial terms, the sooner we can proceed with our national house-cleaning.

Most of the great reforms of the past have originated in the minds of idealists, but have only become practical when public opinion demanded change. In Canada to-day there is a latent national sentiment crying for leadership. If that demand can be satisfied by well-informed men of clear vision and sound judgment, the benefits to the state may be great. If the intellectual leaders of the country fail to grasp the opportunity, and continue to roam in other fields, this leadership may be supplied by mere demagogues, with disastrous results. A national feeling which is to be anything more than self-complacency, must have a broad basis of information, upheld by critical judgment. The development of a public opinion of this type rests in the hands of men who at the moment, unfortunately, seem more concerned with other things.

If Canada is to become a nation she has to be something more than an economic unit. There is little justification for maintaining a separate national establishment on the northern half of the continent for purely economic reasons. Most Canadians would probably be richer if there were no international boundary; but whether they would be happier is quite another question. If this be true, then the very continuance of the state depends on the ability of Canadians to develop a national life in a state which is something more than a customs union or a geographic expression. The development of this national life necessitates the fostering of a spirit, social, political, and intellectual which will transcend the cramping limits of locality and province, and be truly national.

THE EFFICIENCY OF SOCIALISM

By F. R. SCOTT

A POPULAR objection to socialism is that public ownership and state operation of industry will inevitably produce inefficiency and graft. This belief is carefully fostered by capitalists, who thereby achieve the double purpose of injuring socialism and at the same time creating the impression that their own undertakings are honest and well run. In Canada their task is assisted by the example of the Canadian National Railway. This particular experiment in state capitalism, undertaken in order to recoup some of the losses of rugged individualism out of the pockets of taxpayers, is always held up as the typical example of socialism. "Look at the C.N.R.," says the unthinking citizen (who of course never has looked at the C.N.R. to see why or how it was nationalized), "Socialism will simply multiply failures of that sort. Give me the efficiency of capitalism any day, even with its injustices, rather than the incompetence and corruption which public ownership will involve."

The obvious retort to this sort of person is to explain what the "efficiency" of capitalism really is, so that he may properly understand his alternative. He must be reminded that capitalism pays farmers money to destroy cotton and corn, while underclothed and undernourished workers eke out an existence in sweat-shop or on relief. He should remember that capitalism has burnt millions of bags of coffee in Brazil. He should consider the intelligence of a system that first of all produces mass starvation because of over-production of wealth, and then sets out to end the starvation by destroying the wealth. All our schemes of control are simply scarcity planning, aimed to reduce production to meet the lower levels of consumption—aimed, in other words, to reduce our standard

of living, and to starve us into prosperity. He should compute the "efficiency" of the permanent army of unemployed that capitalism always has within it. He should estimate the cost of competitive advertising, of the overlapping of services like gasoline distribution, and the delivery of bread and milk; the losses due to the reckless exploitation of natural resources like the Turner Valley gas field, or pulp and paper in Quebec, and the hundred other ways in which wealth is wasted even when the individual undertaking is run efficiently. He should ponder over the fact that ever since its beginnings capitalism has been, in the sphere of economics, a series of booms between ever deepening depressions, and in international politics a series of unstable balances of power and armament races between increasingly murderous wars. That is the boasted "efficiency" which he is afraid to lose.

Socialism, through national planning, and the conscious co-ordination of economic activity, offers a hope of equating consuming power and production, of spreading the available work amongst those capable of working, and thus of abolishing for ever the problems of unemployment and overproduction. As this goal is progressively achieved (no socialist pretends that it will be attained at once), prosperity will be established on an increasingly permanent and equitable basis. The necessary consequence will be that the occasions for war will be far fewer; not only will economic stability produce political calm, but the control which the peoples of the world will have over their national economies will make possible, ultimately, the planned development of the world's resources and the consequent elimination of those uncontrolled economic rivalries, the struggle for markets and the competition of powerful interests, which now set nation against nation exactly as they set corporation against corporation. Socialism, in other words, will operate to remove those colossal wastages, of war, competition and depression, which are part of the normal

functioning of capitalism, and make the high efficiency of the capitalist corporation so pathetically useless. Socialism could stand a considerable amount of inefficiency within the organs of its planned society before the total amount of waste began to approach that which our present system, for all its individual skill, continually forces upon us.

But there is a more direct answer to the critic who says that government ownership means inefficiency and graft. If that were true, why did every government in the last war become more and more socialist as the crisis deepened? Were they aiming at inefficiency? If private enterprise is the most efficient system of production why abandon it when the enemy is at the gate? Great Britain, for instance, rationed the national food supply, took over the railways, controlled shipping, bought and distributed whole ranges of commodities, fixed prices, and generally supplanted private business. The same development occurred to a greater or less degree in the other belligerent countries. Once efficiency became a matter of life and death for the state, capitalism had to be replaced by a type of socialism. Only in times of peace can the wastes of capitalism be tolerated. At the end of the war the countries reverted to capitalism, not because their socialist experiments had been proved a failure but because the capitalists wanted to regain their "liberty" to make profits without restriction from the state.

In other words, we already have ample experience in capitalist countries, quite apart from the evidence of the Soviet Union, to show that national planning increases efficiency, instead of reducing it. And socialism is merely planning based on social ownership and carried on for public benefit instead of private profit. Where the war socialism failed was just in so far as it left private interests active (as in the armament business), or paid them overmuch for their rights of ownership.

The same conclusion follows from a study of individual socialist experiments in Canada and other countries. It is not true to say that they prove government ownership to be inefficient. No one would suggest that our roads and bridges should be handed over to private companies, that our canals should cease to be government property, that liquor should again be distributed by private individuals, and electricity in Ontario placed under the control of a privately-owned monopoly. It is clear from experience in both private and public management of these undertakings that public operation better serves the public interest. Individual experiments may have failed, but the number of public enterprises which the people of Canada have found beneficial greatly exceeds those which they have regretted. This is true despite our reliance on patronage and our indifference to corruption in public matters, both of which are costly and in large part remediable. Moreover, isolated experiments in public ownership, carried on in the hostile environment of capitalism, constantly subject to misrepresentation in newspapers and deprived by lower salary rates of the best technical skill available for private business, inevitably work under a great handicap. Conditions in a fully socialized community would be vastly more favourable for efficient operation.

There is in fact only one serious obstacle that the advocate of public ownership in Canada meets, and that is the example of the C.N.R. This is rapidly ceasing to be an obstacle, as the history of the national railway becomes better known. The C.N.R. is one of the typical wrecks of capitalism which a Conservative government bought at a ridiculously high price in order to shift to the Canadian public the losses that should have been borne by the investors. It is one of the best examples, not of the inefficiency of public ownership, but of the waste of private enterprise, which built a hodge-podge of competing railways in Canada without any unified plan or control

and then ran them all, except the C.P.R., into bankruptcy. Having brought them to the verge of ruin, the owners of these private lines then turned to the government as an alternative to the bankruptcy courts. So the "credit of the country" was saved by an unwise public investment.

It was inevitable that the railways composing the C.N.R. should be unable to pay interest on their bonds out of earnings. They were not economically sound, or they would never have been handed over. All that the experience of the C.N.R. shows is that public ownership will prove costly if it is merely used to save the investments of careless capitalists. But it can be predicted with absolute certainty that no socialist government in this country would make this mistake. A socialist party in office will not play the fairy god-mother to stock and bond holders. Wherever governments have socialized a profitable business, like liquor, they have made plenty of money. If the governments were now to take over the distribution of gasoline, for example, enormous profits could be made even without getting rid of the present wastage of four filling stations on the same corner.

The C.N.R., however, does not really need the excuses that have been made for it, valid though they are. A more positive defence for government operation can be found in the actual achievement of the lines. Out of the hundred and thirty-nine private corporations that went to the making of the railway a single system has been created that functions with an efficiency comparable with that of the C.P.R. And this has been accomplished in spite of the evil of patronage in the appointment of directors—an evil, be it noted, which the Drayton-Acworth Report in 1917 expressly provided against in its recommendations to the Dominion Parliament, although members at that time failed to adopt them.

Much of the argument against public ownership is based on the old idea of direct government operation—the idea that

government management of economic undertakings should be carried on by a government department, like the Post Office. This is a technique of state action which derives from a time when almost all the functions of government were political. It is a technique appropriate to, say, the conduct of foreign affairs, but not to the distribution of electricity. The modern technique of state management through the publicly owned corporation is a development out of capitalist experience, and enables the state to carry on economic activity with almost the identical checks and safeguards that operate to make an individual capitalist business efficient. The public corporation is not directly under state control; it has an independent existence of its own; it can be run on a strictly cost-accounting basis and be made to show profit and losses in an annual balance sheet just as do privately owned firms to-day. In this way if there is waste anywhere it can be soon tracked down and dealt with. So far there have been few experiments with this type of public ownership; most of our government "commissions" in Canada are still very largely under political direction, and proper accounting is lamentably scarce. Under socialism the newer method of management would become normal for almost all economic activity not undertaken by co-operative institutions—and these have a record of achievement behind them, in this and other countries, that needs no defence.

The view that government ownership necessarily leads to inefficiency does not bear examination. The allied objection that the public services are always corrupt is equally fallacious. Admittedly there is much dishonesty surrounding the administration of government in Canada. No one would deny it, any more than he would deny that there is also a large number of civil servants who perform their duties honestly and well. The socialist, however, is under no obligation to prove that governments are always honest and that the socialist state will never know corruption. All he need show is that it is reason-

able to expect enough honesty to make national planning workable. He must show that a wide extension of social ownership is not likely to increase graft to such a point that the savings due to planning are lost in the pilfering of officials.

Capitalism has shown itself to be infected with a greater degree of graft than has ever been disclosed in government undertakings. This point is important, not because it enables the socialist to use the *tu quoque* argument on the capitalist, but because it shows that we do not escape dishonesty by clinging to rugged individualism. Where can be found a list of public officials comparable in their ethic to those whom a few Senate "probes" revealed in the United States? In Canada our democracy has not proved strong enough to insist that its financial mis-leaders be called to account, but the Ottawa enquiry into price-spreads and mass buying has given us inklings of what exists, and not a person in the country doubts that if the affairs of some of our financial "rackets" had been aired there might have been a list of Canadian names to match the American record. The corruption of capitalism is *systematic*, that is, part of its normal working, whereas that of government bodies is individual and spasmodic. It is normal for capitalist corporations to water stock so that profits are turned into dividends instead of higher wages, lower cost for articles, or improved service to the public. It is normal to erect combines so that the public are cheated out of a fair price for commodities. It is normal for the big executives in private businesses to vote themselves large salaries and bonuses while their workers remain poorly paid or are being turned into the street. And capitalism is directly corrupted by bribery which takes the form of commissions on contracts and sales, the hiding of profits, and so on. Capitalism continually confronts honest business men with the choice between bankruptcy or the chiselling of wages and other evil practices necessitated by the force of competition. It is a form of economic

warfare. Employers are frequently faced with a choice between scrapping their morality or scrapping their business, and all the honesty and decency of individual capitalists, who, it is willingly conceded, are in the great majority in numbers, are powerless before the inherent immorality of the system. It matters not a whit whether these normal practices are technically illegal or not; from the point of view of the morality on which the socialist works, they are wrong, and he sees clearly that they can only be eradicated by changing the economic system which produces them. Indeed, the very fact that some of these practices are not illegal is the best proof that the ethic of capitalism is inadequate.

The system of private enterprise thus produces anti-social behaviour on a large scale. If we turn now to examine the principal kinds of corruption in government services to-day, we find a significant thing—they are nearly all connected with the making of profits by the private owners of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Take the three biggest political scandals exposed in Canada in the past forty years—the public works contracts in 1891-3, the customs scandal of 1926, and the Beauharnois affair of 1931. The first was bribery by private corporations who wanted to obtain contracts from the government; the second was bribery of customs officials by private traders—chiefly liquor interests—who wanted to import goods more cheaply; the third was bribery of party members by promoters of a privately-owned power production scheme. In the same way the recent probe into the Ontario Hydro, if it disclosed corruption at all, showed that it occurred precisely where the public system came into relations with private corporations. Obviously under socialism, whatever forms corruption might take, it could not take these forms. There would not be any powerful private corporations to make profit out of graft. The incentive to corruption will have gone. Government contracts will be filled by govern-

ment construction departments or in socially owned factories the profits of which do not go to individuals but to the community as a whole. Customs laws will be replaced by import and export quotas for the various public distributing bodies. The development of waterpower and other natural resources will be undertaken in accordance with the national plan by public utility commissions. Who would want to bribe whom for what? It would be as sensible to expect the chief inspector of hotels for the C.P.R. to bribe the superintendent for C.P.R. trains, or the Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals to bribe the officials in the Department of Trade and Commerce. Corruption in politics to-day is mostly due to private ownership of the economic processes. Socialism, by eliminating competition and the private appropriation of profits, strikes at the root motive of corruption, and is indeed the only method of effecting a cure.

Beside the major forms of political graft which are due to private ownership and which socialism will necessarily eradicate, the petty pilfering of officials, which of course will occur under socialism for some time, is a very minor affair. It will certainly be a no more serious problem for socialist governments than it is to-day for individual corporations, who have always to take the risk that the cashier may abscond or the treasurer may embezzle funds. The criminal law, careful accounting, and normal social pressure keep this evil within manageable bounds. There is not the slightest reason why it should increase under socialist operation; indeed it should vastly diminish once the state guarantees security for all. It is insecurity of employment which drives many men to desperate remedies.

A more serious danger is political patronage—the distribution of office as a reward to friends, and generally the filling of positions on grounds other than those of merit and public interest. We in Canada have suffered and still suffer greatly

from this evil. In so far as socialism increases the number of positions to be filled by the state, which it will do, it will increase the opportunities for patronage. But this danger on examination turns out to be not nearly so insurmountable as it appears at first sight. The public corporation lends itself to promotion for merit from below just as does the private corporation, which, it should be remembered, is itself always liable to nepotism from directors. The development of the panel system of appointments, selection by the Civil Service Commission in appropriate cases, increased supervision by trades unions and workers' organizations, will all help to check the evil. In the socialist state, also, there will be no place for the best brains to go outside public service of some sort, and the best brains will come to the top positions under any system. Once official positions become the real centres of social power, comparable to the great executive posts now found chiefly in private enterprise, the ablest citizens will find them. Certainly patronage did not stand in the way of socialist construction in Russia; she made no bones about hiring capitalist experts at high salaries in order to hasten industrial development until she could train a personnel of her own. We can be as intelligent.

One other danger that confronts the socialist state is the danger of political pressure on public authorities to make them embark on costly public works in order to placate sectional interests. This is a real danger, but one which is present in any system, capitalist or socialist. If ever humanity is to substitute control for blind endeavour in economic matters it is a risk that must be taken. There is no reason to suppose that the mistakes of socialism, with its careful planning and the wide publicity which will be given to all public enterprises, will be anything like as large or as costly as under a system in which economic development takes place wherever a short-

sighted capitalist thinks he sees a profit for himself, regardless of whether or not it is at some one else's expense.

In short, socialism instead of being a likely cause of economic inefficiency and political corruption, holds the promise of being the cure for these evils.

GIRL WITH RED HAIR

BY KATHLEEN MOORE

In two plaits pent, her bright corrosive hair,
Hung like knit flames
That challenged earth and air
And the unquenching waters.

A bathing suit of ardent blue
Embraced her cool pale skin,
As in a white canoe
She loitered.

Indolently swung,
Her paddle's flashing blade
Returned the salutation of the sun,
And with inconstant tongue
Fretted a languid sea of molten jade.

A YALE MAN IN NELSON'S ENGLAND

BY FRANCIS PARSONS

BENJAMIN Silliman of Yale College was probably the first academic ambassador to be sent unofficially from the United States to the older world. There can be no doubt that he was the youngest, for he was only twenty-six when, in 1805, he crossed the Atlantic.

He had graduated at Yale in 1796 and six weeks later, when twenty-three years old, had been appointed to the newly-created professorship of chemistry and natural history. He was a kindly, acquisitive and versatile soul born in Connecticut and trained in the Puritan faith of New England. He was destined to teach in his college till the end of the academic year of 1855.

In the autumn of 1804 the Corporation of Yale College made an appropriation for the purchase of books and scientific apparatus. It was understood that these purchases were to be made in Great Britain and on the Continent, where the best literary and scientific equipment was then to be found.

The mission was committed to young Silliman and a year's leave of absence was granted him. He sailed from New York in April, 1805, and disembarked at Liverpool a month later. He kept a record of his travels in letters to his brother written in the form of a diary. In 1810 they were collected and published under the title, *A Journal of Travels in England, Holland and Scotland, and of Two Passages over the Atlantic, in the Years 1805 and 1806.*

In England Silliman met many well-known and distinguished persons. For example, he dined at the house of Benjamin West, then seventy years of age. "He has much ease, affability and simplicity of manner," says the journal,

“with a kindness of deportment which enables one to be immediately unembarrassed in his society. His house is adorned with a profusion of fine pictures, but I did not take the liberty of enquiring which were his. . . . He . . . seemed very much gratified with the introduction of the plaster casts of the celebrated statues of antiquity into New York.”

At Benjamin West's Silliman found Robert Fulton, “the subject of considerable conversation in England on account of his projects of sub-marine explosion, by which he hopes to put it in the power of all nations to defend themselves against naval attacks: since if a ship of war can be approached below water, and blown up without warning, it is obvious that the more ships of war a nation has, the worse she will be off. This project of Mr. Fulton's is at present the subject of some apprehension and a good deal of asperity and ridicule in England.” In a foot-note our traveller philosophizes further on this matter: “It is certain that the means of human destruction, as actually used in modern war, are so dreadfully effectual, that there is no need of increasing their number or energy.”

In general he noted even among educated people a vague and incorrect notion of the geography and institutions of the United States. For some of these ideas, he admits to his brother, his countrymen had only themselves to blame: “We have exhibited so much of the flatulency of national vanity, and have made so many arrogant demands upon the admiration of the European world, that it is no wonder they have been disgusted.”

At the home of the Hon. Henry Thornton, where he received his first impression of the comfort of an English gentleman's house, he had an interview — “one of the most gratifying in my life” — with William Wilberforce, who proved to be a small, rather pale man, “but his eye is full of fire and his voice uncommonly sweet”. At this time Wilber-

force was pressing in Parliament his bill prohibiting the importation of Negroes into the British colonies, and he asked the stranger from overseas a thousand questions about America, particularly about slavery. Both he and Mr. Thornton "requested a particular account of all the studies pursued at Yale College—of the authors read—the manner of reciting—the responsibility both of instructor and student—the examinations, and, in short, the whole machinery of the institution".

One evening at Covent Garden Theatre Silliman saw Mrs. Siddons in *The Grecian Daughter*, and writes, "I could not help feeling some regrets that such a woman should have been an actress". He emphasizes the fact that she and her brother, John Kemble, were among the few theatrical people who were admitted into good society, and confides that she would never take the part of any character who must exhibit what he calls "personal endearments" unless with her brother, and even then, he affirms, she "is very sparing of caresses". "In general," he adds, "the English actresses are by no means backward on these occasions."

He thus describes the younger Pitt, whom he saw and heard in the House of Commons:

In his person he is tall and spare; he has small limbs, with large knees and feet; his features are sharp; his nose large, pointed and turning up; his complexion sanguine; his voice deep-toned and commanding; yet sweet and perfectly well-modulated, and his whole presence, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, is, when he rises to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings with buckles on his shoes. His hair was powdered. . . . He was very deliberate, so that not even a word was lost; still, energy was his most striking characteristic.

On this occasion Charles James Fox also spoke.

His remarks were very pertinent to the case; his manner flowing, easy and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going up hill, and his fists were clenched and thrust into his waist-

coat pockets. . . His person is very lusty. His neck is short,—his head large, round, and now quite gray,—his chest broad and prominent, and his body and limbs vast and corpulent, even for England. His complexion is dark,—his features large,—eyes blue, close together, and of uncommon size, and his whole appearance peculiar, noble and commanding. His hair was not powdered;—he wore a blue coat, with buff cassimere underdress, and white silk stockings.

At a performance of *The School for Scandal* at Drury Lane he had an opportunity to observe the King and Queen, the Duke of Cumberland and the princesses. The King was “a noble looking old man, fleshy, yet not oppressively corpulent, and his countenance is so highly coloured that on the whole I think he appears younger than almost any man of his age whom I have ever seen. The outline of his countenance is very correctly delineated on the English guinea. . . He was dressed in a blue uniform, faced with red, with gold lace, epaulettes &c.” The Queen “is an old lady of a pleasant countenance, but bears the marks of age to a much greater degree than the King.”

Perhaps the most interesting character he saw was Nelson. He caught sight of the admiral one August morning while shopping in the Strand. The great sailor passed on foot along the opposite side of the street, attended by his chaplain and followed by a crowd. “My view of him was in profile. His features are sharp and his skin is now very much burnt, from having been long at sea; he has the balancing gait of a sailor; his person is spare and of about the middle height, or rather more, and mutilated by the loss of an arm and an eye, besides many other injuries of less magnitude.”

On the 24th September at Portsmouth he witnessed the admiral's embarkation on the voyage from which he never returned. Silliman happened to be standing close to the shore, where Nelson's barge was waiting, and had a good view of him.

He was elegantly dressed—his underdress white, with white silk hose, small clothes and shoes; coat blue and elegantly illuminated with stars and ribbons. . . As the barge

in which he embarked pushed away from the shore, the people gave him three cheers, which his lordship returned by waving his hat. He was then rowed to a tender which lay at anchor to receive him; she hoisted sail and ran down for the *Victory* and he did not again come on shore.

The news of Trafalgar reached London on 6th November. Silliman heard it while watching the proceedings in the Court of Admiralty. In spite of the magnitude of the victory the admiral's death "threw a gloom over every countenance". The next evening his name appeared in letters of fire everywhere on the fronts of the public buildings. The "blaze of the illumination threw a noon-day splendour over the city, and rendered the countenances of the people distinctly visible; but their expression was sorrowful; the victory was won, but Nelson was dead, and everything wore the aspect of a nocturnal funeral lighted by death fires."

Silliman visited most of the panoramas. He looked over the wax-works in the Strand. He inspected DuBourg's cork models. He spent an evening at Astley's Amphitheatre, where he witnessed "the most intelligible pantomime I have ever seen". He passed an agreeable hour at Pidcock's Menagerie, which had "by far the most extensive and interesting collection of living animals" that had ever come to his attention. He attended the Italian opera at the "vast and magnificent theatre" of the Haymarket. It was his first experience of the kind and he thought the performance "the most insipid, unintelligible and stupid of all things that I have seen pass under the name of amusement." He went twice to Vauxhall Gardens, where he was astonished at the splendour of the illuminations and the charm of the music.

His mind and training reveal themselves in his interest in all things pertaining to natural phenomena and scientific progress. The natural heat of the waters at Bath, the hot wells at Bristol, the copper-mining methods of the day in Cornwall, the processes of glass manufacture at Leith, the mystery of

Stonehenge, the geology of the Peak country in Derbyshire, the great cave there and the lead mines—these and many other wonders of nature and ingenious activities of man he describes with vividness and insight.

Returning one day from Hyde Park, where he went to see the Serpentine and the swans, he stopped at a chemist's shop in Piccadilly to inspect a contrivance whereby the owner had succeeded in lighting his place of business "in a very beautiful manner by means of the inflammable gas obtained from fossil coal". He describes with zest the manufacture and purification of the gas, its distribution through pipes communicating with sconces and chandeliers, and the jets of flame "of great brilliancy" and "having an effect almost magical" that illumined the premises. But he adds: "The expense of the apparatus, and its liability to accidents, form another obstacle of magnitude [in addition to the odour] and, on the whole, it is probable that it will not generally be adopted".

He saw also some early electric lighting at the Philosophical Society of Manchester, where John Dalton, in the course of a lecture on electricity, turned a powerful current on to wires passing around the darkened room. At short distances these wires were cut and at every cutting a "brilliant coruscation" resulted. In this case, however, he ventures no prophecies as to a practical use of this phenomenon.

With both the English Universities he was greatly charmed. "No place," he says of Oxford, "ever impressed me with such feelings of admiration and awe . . . what produces the principal effect is the great number of academic buildings, in a style of much grandeur, and rendered venerable by strong marks of antiquity." But Cambridge, with its liberal spirit and regard for the sciences, held a stronger attraction for him than the scholastic stronghold of toryism. Many pages are devoted to his impressions of Cambridge and to comparisons with American colleges. "In classical learning and philologi-

cal literature," he writes, "we are certainly far behind the English institutions, but, in mathematics, ethics, and the physical sciences, some of our institutions are probably equal to theirs." "The love of sport," he notes, ". . . appears . . . to pervade the English universities as well as the American colleges."

In the account of Cambridge one is reminded amusingly of the Puritan prejudice against card-playing. After a dinner with some of the officials of the colleges, where "the manners of the gentlemen, although decorous and correct, were characterized by a degree of convivial ease and freedom", he was astonished and rather scandalized to be invited to join a rubber at whist. "It is somewhat remarkable that I should be invited to play at cards, for the first time in England, with academic gentlemen; they were so polite, however, as to excuse me, nor am I inclined to judge them with severity; only, it struck me as somewhat unfortunate that the usual instruments of gambling should be found in the hands of the guardians and instructors of youth."

He intended to visit Paris and, in spite of the war, started for his objective, in the company of an unnamed American, on a miserable Dutch packet bound for Holland, then under French control. The two hired a courier, or travelling valet, as Silliman calls him, and journeyed in comfort, after leaving the packet, by canal-boat, post-chaise and private carriage. We are given vivid descriptions of the cities, the churches, the great organ at Haarlem, the methods of canal operation, the characteristics of the people, the appearance of the country.

It was in November that Silliman betook himself to Edinburgh, where he spent the winter studying medicine, mineralogy and chemistry at the university. His days were fully occupied, but in spite of a strenuous schedule he found time for much sociability, and was charmed with the kindness and cordiality of the Scotch. The nine o'clock supper especially

appealed to him. On such occasions there was much of what he calls "affability", including lively and intelligent conversation, frequent music, and occasional dancing of Scotch reels. "These little social meetings," he writes, "are often protracted from nine till twelve, but rarely beyond that hour. They drink *good night* in an affectionate manner, as the last thing before they retire."

On 2nd May, 1806, a year and a month from the date of his departure from home, Silliman sailed for New York from Greenock on the American ship *Fanny*—her fifty-eighth crossing. After a good voyage, during which he read what he calls "the scurrilous volumes of Peter Pindar", he landed in New York on 27th May. "I need not say," he writes, "with what emotions of gratitude and pleasure I placed my foot, once more, on American ground, or with what satisfaction I received the welcome of the friends whom I met."

So ended Yale's unofficial embassy in the pioneering days of international intellectual co-operation.

IMMORTALITY IN RECENT PHILOSOPHY

RUPERT C. LODGE

BY common sense, as in most religious teaching which remains at the popular level, 'immortality' is understood in a sense which is at once temporal and transcendental. It is popularly believed that after 'physical death', that is, after the self is separated from its organism, the self somehow continues to enjoy a kind of temporal existence, either for a limited or for an unlimited period of time. It is also believed that the quality of our existence in this new phase is improved so as to surpass anything of which we have had direct experience. It is thought that our felicity, or infelicity, will be in every way more intensive, beyond anything we can imagine in our present phase.

Every part of this brief statement could be put under the mental microscope, and its details made to stand out clearly and distinctly by some writer like St. Thomas Aquinas. Indeed, he both asks and answers all the questions which, on such a subject, could reasonably occur to human beings. But for common sense, even when stimulated by images which owe something to such authorities as St. Thomas, thoughts of the after-life tend to remain hazy, vague, and remote. There is a feeling, shared by many, that 'we are not meant' to penetrate into such subjects, and so many of us just 'let them go'.

On the subject of immortality, the different tendencies within us have received very definite formulation in the teachings of our different philosophical schools. For *realism*, the physical world is the real world. In this world strange things 'emerge',—life, mind, perhaps deity too. These go beyond anything we could have deduced from our previous knowledge of physical reality; and yet, as the realist sees them, however

‘expanded, extended, and refined’, they remain, in the end, utterly and completely physical.

When we inquire about immortality, we find that realists have two doctrines, one general, the other special. The general doctrine is that the whole physical world and every part of it is immortal. Taken as a whole, the world is everlasting and fundamentally changeless. Nothing is ever lost. The sum-total of its energy remains throughout all ages the same. There are changes in detail and each detailed change leaves its particular mark upon the whole. Each successive tide makes some alteration in the shifting sands. Each wind, as it blows through the forest, leaves overt signs of its passage. Each civilization, as it passes, leaves something to tell its story, if only in arrow-heads, pueblos, or pyramids. The world thus has its history, a physical history; and whatever has formed part of that history, from the first arrow-head and wigwam to the latest artillery and architecture, has left some mark which, however it may alter in time, persists in its physical influence upon the physical whole. The stones of the Great Pyramid are as immortal as the masons. The shot heard round the world is as immortal as the embattled farmers. The blade of grass is as immortal as the child who steps upon it. The printer is as immortal as Shakespeare; and printer’s ink is as immortal as both. In fact, from the standpoint of realism, whatever *is*, is physical; whatever is physical, is immortal; *ergo*, whatever *is*, is immortal.

The sense in which we speak of Plato as ‘one of the immortals’, or toast the memory of ‘the immortal Bard’, is not, for realism, essentially different from this. We mean that Plato’s and Burns’ ‘works’ are still read and enjoyed, and are influential in the present world. We believe that when anyone really ‘makes his mark upon the world’, whether it is a school-boy carving his initials on a new desk, or a distinguished statesman or *savant* filling half a column in *Who’s Who*, that mark

persists. However refined and spiritual the 'mark' in question, realists believe that ultimately it is physical; and the 'immortality of works' thus, in the end, shares in the immortality of 'whatever is'. Such immortality is always strictly physical.

A special question, however, at once arises for the realist. Shakespeare, as an objective mind-body complex, or as an objective book of plays, no doubt participates in this objective kind of immortality. But what account is to be given of the *conscious* self, of the William Shakespeare who exists in his own thought, as the hero of his own drama? For realism, he is an epiphenomenon, a mere mirroring of events, without influence upon their course. When the mind-body complex disintegrates, what happens to William in his epiphenomenal aspect? Does he simply disappear? Or does he persist as a distinct epiphenomenon, possibly in connection with other organisms?

On this question, realists make no definitive pronouncement. But they are intrigued—as who is not?—by the modern investigation of apparitions, clairvoyance and similar phenomena. If the modern scientific experiments in 'telepathy' and kindred forms of 'communication' should eventually succeed in convincing mankind of the survival of human personality, realists believe that they can find room in their world for this kind of immortality, too. The spiritualist hypothesis asserts that at physical death selves of a low degree of organization cease to exist, but selves of a high degree of organization persist indefinitely. If this thesis can be established, it would follow, for realism, that a skilled mason is as immortal as the stones in the Great Pyramid, that Shakespeare, *in propria persona*, is as immortal as his 'works', and that all the great men and women of the past are persisting somewhere in space-time, or in some slightly 'extended' sort of space-time, actually occupying the same world as our own living selves.

Realists do not, as a rule, commit themselves to the acceptance or rejection of this hypothesis. They preserve an open mind. Other strange phenomena have emerged in their world and have been ultimately accepted, wherever the evidence has been convincing. It may be that the evidence in this field also will one day be accepted as convincing. Meanwhile, realists are satisfied that their general view is not inconsistent with the new hypothesis. The 'continuing personalities' are accepted, if at all, only upon evidence which is definitely physical. There is no evidence that they exist in a 'disembodied' state. It is only in connection with some living organism that they make their appearance. Their 'manifestations' are always physical, and are produced *via* the brain and nervous system of some 'medium'. When a table is 'levitated', its physical weight is always borne by the medium. When messages are given, bells rung, or raps and other phenomena produced, it is always the medium whose muscles and nerves require a period of rest.

The evidence thus indicates to realists that these 'continuing personalities' are physical agencies, constituted by organisms interacting with the environment in ways which are demonstrably physical, although the precise mechanism of their action is as yet imperfectly understood. Their status is thus much the same as the status of the selves—including secondary, as well as primary personalities—in which realists believe. They are mind-body complexes of definite character, and, as such, have a claim to be regarded as immortal: and their immortality, like the immortality of all physically demonstrable selves, is physical.

So much for the position of realism. The *idealist* takes his stand upon the reality of spiritual greatness. Those whom we recognize as truly great, whom we rank with 'the immortals', do more, in his eyes, than merely occupy space and mark time. Their presence makes the world sweeter and better. By itself, space-time is little more than an infant, powerless, help-

less, and lost. They are its fairy godmothers, and bestow upon it gifts which enable it to develop structure, system and strength, so that it can at least furnish a local habitation for values and spiritual ideals. Their gifts are unity, beauty, goodness and truth. These are in no sense inherent in space or time, as such, but are ideal principles, spiritual in quality. They are transcendental, and cannot indeed be entirely realized in an inferior medium. But, in so far as they can be realized, what a difference they make to space-time existence! The ideal visions of a Plato broaden and deepen our spiritual perspective, and leave our world permanently enriched. The dramatic power and insight of a Shakespeare reveal to us new and permanent sources of vitality and joy. The magical pulsations of Beethoven's harmonies open up vistas of beauty and love which nothing can take from us. And finally, most characteristic of all: the light which shines through our great men kindles our spirits too, so that we also glow with kindred fire and play our part in the ideal task of spiritual illumination.

Without our great men, what would our space-time world be? Great open spaces, untenanted by hope and joy, places of barbarism, of existence devoid of culture, of animal life with nothing to make it humanly worth living. The history of culture shows us the 'immortals' at their work of gradually transforming this world into something more nearly resembling our dreams of heaven. The work grows slowly, but surely. Its achievements are toilsome, but permanent. It spreads in space; it occupies more and more of time; it fills our libraries, our art-galleries, our universities, our homes. Yet its real place is not in space-time, but in the spirit. The work of our 'immortals' consists in shaking off all local and temporal shackles and penetrating to the realm of transcendental freedom, in transmuting sense and instinct into spiritual insight and love, and in reshaping everywhere the actual in the light of the ideal.

This is the life of the spirit; and to participate in this life is, for the idealist, to participate in immortality. To realize the ideal, to pass on to others the sacred flame, to inspire them too to write their names in the book of life, and to join the 'immortals' in their undying work—this is immortality itself. It is not an *after*-life, a reward to be granted when our three-score years and ten are over, but is life itself. More abundant than merely physical existence, it is the highest way of living we know, the most worthy of being lived. It is ideal life. It is lived in space, and yet is not of space, but of the spirit. It is lived in time, and yet is not of time, but of eternity. It expresses itself, it lives and grows, in organisms interacting in a space-time *milieu*. It is a stream flowing from an ideal source. As it flows toward its own sea, civilizations spring to life along its banks. They thirst for its waters and are filled with its virtues. For their brief day, they too partake of immortality. Mortal in the body, in the spirit they are immortal.

Here, however, a question will be asked. When an individual has raised himself to the point of participating in 'immortality', does he himself become immortal? When we have 'written our names in the book of life', do we, as individuals, at the end of our threescore years and ten simply cease to exist? Or are Socrates and St. Thomas, Goethe and John Stuart Mill still alive in some realm of the spirit?

To this question, idealism offers two answers. The 'absolute' idealist points out that Plato, the high-born Athenian, even during his time on earth, gradually disappears into Plato the philosopher, and Beethoven the struggling Rhenish composer, into Beethoven the sublime artist. Personality thus passes, without remainder, into spiritual life, and is in the end transcended. It is only spiritual life which is immortal. The 'personal' idealist, on the contrary, maintains that personality represents the highest known development of the spirit, and denies that we have any ground for supposing that it is ever

transcended. 'The Absolute' he regards as a group of selves, and he insists that in that group there is room for all selves who have anything significant to contribute to the universe. Experience would be the poorer were any genuine selves to disappear. It is accordingly concluded that the great leaders, and also all who have won their way to participation in the immortal life, have not passed away. The life of the spirit lives and grows in them. They are its carriers, and as such remain one and all actually alive. Their life is, however, not physical but spiritual. Physical death does not count.

So much for the position of idealism. Let us now consider the position of pragmatism. The *pragmatist* does not feel altogether happy when questions about immortality are raised. Something less permanent and less formidable seems to him so much more in accordance with the facts. The thought of physical history or of spiritual history, as continuing from eternity to eternity, also arouses his active distaste. To him such ideas savour too highly of *mortmain*, the dead hand of 'academic' quiescence in whatever has been.

For himself, the pragmatist prefers to regard experience as made up of separate problems, each requiring a separate and individual solution. In the pragmatist's history-book, each day is a new day, and each self a new self. Life is made up of little things, and the little things do not combine into One Big Thing, except for the 'vicious abstractionist' (usually, the idealist). There is no Reality, no Experience, no Self. There are experiences, all real, and selves, all real—and all, fortunately, transient. Every time a social situation arises, or perhaps we should say a social-vocal situation, a self is born. Every time the situation changes, that self lapses. In between situations there is no self, nothing permanent at all. When there, selves are real. When not there, they are simply *not there*. That is the whole truth about their lapses. We should add that, when present, they can and do act, and the conse-

quences of their acts may persist physically *in rerum natura*.

As to the situations with which psychic research deals, 'William Shakespeare' was, no doubt, a well-known Elizabethan *persona*. If a modern 'medium' in a given situation claims to be 'William Shakespeare', this too is a *persona*. Whether it exhibits the same characteristics as the *habitué* of the Mermaid Tavern, is doubtless a matter for careful inquiry. But in any case there is for the pragmatist no question of personal continuity or 'survival'. There was a *persona* then; there may be a *persona* now; but, in between, there was nothing; and in a few minutes there will be another lapse. This will be followed doubtless by another *persona*, just as real as the others, while present, but with no claims whatever to any sort of immortal continuity.

To conclude: Commonsense regards the immortal self as transcendental and yet in time. Realism regards it as in both space and time, but not as transcendental. Idealism regards it primarily as transcendental, and only in a very secondary sense as concerned with time and physical existence. Pragmatism rejects both features of immortality. For the pragmatist, selves are never transcendental and never permanent. Active and real while present, they are fundamentally transient, and thus have no claim to be regarded as immortal.

THE CORPORATIVE STATE

BY HARTLEY M. THOMAS

FASCISM is primarily a fact and not a theory. But the fascist state in Italy has become the corporative state, which is full of ideas and theory. It is the latest working attempt to effect a reorganization of economic life to replace capitalism. It takes its name from the national corporations, which are guilds of producers. It began with a series of laws in the spring of 1926 and its structure nears completion with the first united assembly of the councils of these corporations on 10th November of last year. This corporative state is now identical with fascism.

Capitalism has not precluded economic injustice; and liberal democracy has not prevented political life from being too unreal to rectify this injustice. The socialist would resolve the problem by subordinating all economic organs to the political power. The communist finds the opposite solution. The economic organization itself is made into a supreme government in conformity with materialistic theories of psychology.

Now the fascist, coming later on the scene, rejects these simple formulae of escape. He has seen fifteen years of government in Germany by moderate socialists in alliance with radical religious humanitarians. They left Germany in bankruptcy and despair. He has also seen fifteen years of communism in Russia, where an uncertain number of millions starved last year. The fascist, perhaps too facilely, lays the blame for these failures on the materialistic conception of life which dominated the war-time revolutions in Europe. It is the idealistic spirit which made men volunteer for war that must save society, not the broken spirit that some men brought out of it.

So the corporative state has gradually emerged from the recrudescence of the idealistic spirit; nationalist but bitter enemy of racialism and Hitlerism, syndicalist but sworn enemy of the class war as fought by all socialist parties. It returns to religion and holds the Pope's encyclical on the social order higher than Adam Smith and Karl Marx together.

The basis of all fascism is the unity of society. Our service clubs too often rush from board meeting to luncheon where they hope to preclude (or at best repair) the social damage that the process of their board meeting will create. This disjointed character in the most public-spirited capitalism evokes from the fascist his demand for unified reorganization. Patriotism is not enough; he would create the totalitarian state.

We shrink from the name. It suggests drilled uniformity and control by politicians. But it is against the unifying processes of modern industry that the fascist protests. Let Mussolini speak. "The supercapitalist would like all men to be born the same length; he would like all children to want the same toys, all people to be dressed the same way, everyone to read the same book and have the same taste in the movies." And Mussolini draws no distinction between the capitalist and the socialist in this matter. The fascist aims at harmonizing individual tastes to avoid their being crushed in the industrial processes of free capitalism and ruthless socialism.

But the fascist is notoriously not an individualist in the political sense. We vote in a lonely polling booth but are none the less members of a family or profession or business or class merely because we are called individuals. There is no such animal as the democratic individual. So we have created our political parties to put the doctrinaire theory of the voting individual in touch with reality, which is society. These political parties make our elections civil war according to rules. So the fascist sees our system; so at least he saw it in Italy.

It has little to do with social justice or the "well-being of individuals and national power" which are the ends of fascism.

The fascist seeks therefore not to crush a non-existent individual but to free the existing social individual. Society itself—that is ourselves as members of a family, a profession, a business, a class—must assume supreme power. Society itself must become the state.

The state must not subject our social and economic activities to the politician (socialism), or to the economic machine (communism), or leave them deliberately disarmed in anarchy (capitalism); the state must be the gathering together of every human activity according to its nature and purpose. "Everything in the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state."

Our everyday acts as workers, managers, professional men, artists, must be allowed sanctions for their own supreme authority, for these acts are merely the local and personal aspects of the complete harmony of all society. To make a better workman of oneself, to make a better companion of oneself, even to make a more controlled character of oneself, these are social acts and therefore important, but they have no recognized authority in the narrowly political state or in the materialistic socialist state. Self-service socially harmonized is national service. Hence arises the Duce's "sacred egoism", not the deification of the individual, which is liberalism, nor the liquidation of the individual, which is communism, but the assumption of the individual into a harmonized and united social order. Realized in a complex of economic, social, and political institutions, this is the corporative state.

Fascist nationalism requires less explanation. The nation is merely the largest working social unit and consequently is the largest possible unit for any particular totalitarian state. But the nation, being not an abstract idea but a living society, is moral in every sense of that word. Here the ethical and

puritan character of the fascist enters. He believes in "holiness and heroism", for austerity and idealism have their place in society; he refuses to believe that men act predominantly from economic motives. But the same state that absorbs his idealism organizes his economic activities. Moral authority and economic authority must not be divided. Good morals are good economics and good economics are based on good morals, whatever the ghosts of Manchester may say.

The actual structure of the new state is based on the principles laid down in the Charter of Labour, passed by the Grand Council of Fascism, on the 13th April, 1926. The second clause, dealing with economics, says: "Work under all its forms, organizing, executive, intellectual, technical, and manual, is a social duty. By this title and by this title alone it is supervised by the state. The whole of production forms a unit from the national point of view. Its ends are single and are found in the well-being of individuals and in the development of national power."

Work, being a single national well-being under infinite aspects, must be co-ordinated. Owners of property are not left alone with their intelligence and their conscience to create efficient production and social goods. A superstructure is erected to direct industry and to assure social welfare. The fascist does not impose this structure from outside the economic process as the socialist does; he draws the co-ordinating superstructure out of the economic system itself. The socialist superstructure is the political state; the fascist superstructure is the producers themselves organized nationally in their corporations.

The fascist also eschews the socialist stimulus as well as the socialist means. "The Corporative State considers private initiative in production as the most efficient system and as the most useful for the nation." Here the socialist bases his charge that fascism does not abolish capitalism but merely

conceals it. Fascism rather goes beyond capitalism without destroying the springs of capitalist strength.

However, fascist private initiative is responsible. "The private organization of production being a function of national interest, the organizer of every process is responsible to the state for the management of his production. So there is derived from the collaboration of the forces of production an equality of rights and duties for these forces. The employee, whether technician, salaried man, or operator, is an active partner in the economic process, the management of which belongs to the employer who is responsible to it." There is therefore equality of rights but not identity of responsibilities.

Fascism is built thus on a capitalistic basis, but the moral discipline of capitalism is not in the hands of service clubs and radical clergy but in the hands of the state itself. And this moral discipline is also an economic directive, for there is no distinction between good morals and good economics.

On these bases two systems of organization have arisen to form the corporative state of to-day. The associations and syndicates of producers organize the different social and economic classes of the nation; the corporations organize the different branches of industry cutting across the classes. This two-fold organization by class and by category forms the warp and woof of the new Italy.

The syndical system of Italy consists of associations of employers and professional men, syndicates of workers, and agricultural syndicates and associations. These are grouped in federations and national confederations. To be recognized, a syndicate or association must consist exclusively of members doing the same kind of work, and the enrolled members must include at least ten per cent of all people doing that work in Italy. In practice the membership varies from thirty to over eighty per cent, being highest in the professions and lowest among agricultural workers.

No syndicate or association will be recognized if it exists for merely economic ends. It must have an educational and social programme. This includes as much corporate insurance as can be managed; it includes the active and continuous use of the central ameliorative services of the fascist state (for maternity and child welfare, for the training of youth, for sport, art, reading, and so on). Each syndicate and association must have a programme of training for its members, so that in time the bulk of vocational training in Italy will be controlled within each vocation, as it is in the professions.

The Italian syndicates are therefore something much more than our labour unions. They will in time govern the whole social, technical, and educational life of their members, and this complex of duties will be carried out by the workers themselves. They are taught thereby on their own initiative to take their share in the national responsibility. By this syndical system, the classes of Italy will become at once autonomous and harmonious among themselves. That at least is the purpose of the new system.

A recognized syndicate or association has authority proper to these high duties and responsibilities. Only one syndicate or association is recognized from each group of producers, and all persons eligible for membership must remit one day's pay a year to their appropriate syndicate or association. Members, of course, have further self-imposed dues. These payments are part of the complex system of taxation, since part of them goes to the state.

In Italy all contracts in regard to wages are collective. In all intercourse between different economic classes collective bargaining alone is tolerated. And these recognized syndicates and associations are the sole collective bargainers. The fascist principle in collective bargaining is that each side must "have equal power to resist a contract", and all facts pertinent to the contract, such as the capitalization of the employ-

ing company, the state of foreign trade and competition, the standard of living on both sides, must be available for both parties.

A collective contract arrived at in this way applies not only to the members of the firm or local syndicate that prompted it, but to all employers and employees in Italy engaged in the same type of work under similar circumstances. Fascists claim that this universal application of all wage contracts protects both the small employer against his powerful competitor (who can attract labour with special favours as a means for establishing a local monopoly of labour), and also protects the locally weak labour syndicate. But no syndicate will be recognized if it consists exclusively of the employees of one employer. Nor can employees of the state form recognized syndicates. Men in these circumstances are incapable of achieving equal power with their employer to resist a contract.

These collective contracts are not private contracts, but are themselves law. For their administration the provincial courts sit as Labour Courts, adding to their professional membership for that purpose temporary judges from an appropriate field of industrial life, selected from a panel formed by the provincial economic councils. These councils are themselves selected bodies of members of the syndicates and associations. It is under these circumstances that the right to strike and the right to lock out employees have been abolished.

The whole arrangement is typically fascist. Power is in the hands of the vigorous few, but these vigorous few hold that power in trust for all and as far as possible are deprived of the means of exercising it for private ends. The system is equally fascist in recognizing that in civilized and developed society there are classes. They are a mark of civilization. But equality between the classes as distinct from uniformity is also the mark of a just society. If the fascists fail in this

admittedly difficult task of harmonizing classes in a modern state, then they will certainly fall from power, and the movements looking to classlessness, the communists and the nazis, will gather up the remains of fascist syndicalism.

Recent movements within fascism have sought to lessen the authority of the syndical system, but they have for the moment failed. Mussolini sums up the conclusion now arrived at:—"The syndical order is the corner-stone of the Fascist State, and its creation confers originality on our revolution. These syndicates are inseparable from our régime, because they identify it, differentiate it, and place it clearly in a separate group from all others." Now we know what a fascist is for, not only what he is against. He is for Christian syndicalism.

This syndical system with its Labour Courts has been in operation for some years. It is now being gathered up into the fully equipped system of the corporations, whose autonomous corporate life is only beginning at this moment. Each of the twenty-two Italian corporations is the comprehensive organization of a branch of Italian production, including all professional services which in fascist theory are also productive. A National Council of Corporations with an executive committee has been in operation for the past eight years, but this will be immediately reorganized from the newly completed corporations themselves. On 10th November last year there was held the first assembly of the members of the separate councils of the twenty-two corporations. They formed a body of nearly eight hundred men.

These corporations, it is hoped, will become the supreme units of production and of work. They will develop their own *esprit de corps* and discipline, superseding and absorbing loyalty to the individual firms and labour unions which compose them. Individual firms will retain their capitalistic organization, but policy will be subordinated to the will of the corpora-

tion, whose policy in turn will be harmonized in the National Council of Corporations and in the subsections and intercorporate committees of the Council.

The National Council of Corporations represents the educational, cultural, and social work of the associations and syndicates; it represents the two-fold economic organization of society by classes and by categories; it is the principal single legislative body for the political exposition of social and economic needs. The individual Italian governs as he goes about his daily work. Through the syndical-corporative organization "The individual is the State", as fascist jargon puts it. In this way, says the Duce, "in Italy the people govern without the intervention of politicians."

But are there no politicians in Italy? What of the Fascist Party?

All life is under the eye of the Party. The Provincial Federal Secretary, appointed from Rome, is the local leader of the Party and is a man of the highest political and social importance. Italy is ruled by the Party, and the fact is constitutionally recognized.

Fascist doctrine describes the Party as that section of the nation that assumes personally the general responsibility of government. Since all government rests on "consensus", as Mussolini and his professors say, the Fascist Party organizes that consensus of opinion into active and conscious participation in government. The Party is the "directive" of the corporative state. It demands time and energy and public austerity from its members. It expels members publicly—for raising rents unduly (though not illegally), for failing to comprehend fascist social idealism, for permitting a local "racket" in unemployment insurance, for gross administrative inefficiency, and occasionally for an unstated reason, to take examples from the daily press of the past six months. In theory and at least in first appearance, the Fascist Party is the toned-up section of the community.

Yet many of us will sympathize with those socialists in Italy, whose quarrel is frequently not with the principles or even the organization of the corporative state but with its directive, the National Fascist Party. Instinctively we ourselves should turn to a more democratic form of directive for a new social order. The fascist does not quarrel there; he merely reminds us that his tradition is not democratic, and that in practice the makers and theorists of the new Italy are not the men who marched on Rome but men of learning. The members of the Institute of Corporative Discipline and the writers of innumerable monographs forming and criticizing the new policies are in fact energetic young lawyers, executives, professors, and administrators, including a few well-informed labour leaders, from among whom comes Mussolini himself.

The Party is further the organizer of the great national social organizations: the work for maternity and infancy, which is rapidly making equal in health and circumstance the birth and infancy of every Italian; the work for recreation, one of the most civilizing movements and also the chief organization of most Italian sports; the work of the *Balilla*, which looks after the extracurricular activities of Italian education, including art and the use of libraries, summer camps for all classes, and also the new militarized civics administered at the average rate of twenty minutes a week. The Fascist Party is, in a sense, the universal service club.

Constitutionally it is more than that. If the National Council of Corporations be thought of as Italy organized as the universal producer, then the Grand Council of Fascism is Italy organized as the universal consumer. The Grand Council of Fascism, the author of the charter of labour, is the supreme directive. Its general policies must be followed by the more executive branches of the state. Out of the Grand Council will come the successors to Mussolini. The Secretary of the Party, Signor Starace, is after the Minister of Corpora-

tions the chairman of the National Council of Corporations. Here is the supreme censor of modern Italy. So far, however, the censor, like the corporations, is a cross-section of Italian life.

Compared with the governors of France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Russia, these men are riotously cheerful fellows; but the personal modesty of a Mr. Baldwin is not theirs. They believe that they have a great mission for their nation; and they add works unto their faith. To their own minds, and not unworthily in many ways, they represent the modern form of the Roman tradition of austere public service, creating organic law and a humane social order. To that extent also they believe in a world mission for fascism, though they have no world organization. They seek to apply the moral unity of the classical city state to a modern national state. The Fascist Party is the legion devoted to that high and honourable cause. The men of the Fascio, as they go about their daily work, are kept continually aware of their membership in a Great Society; and in daily life the typical fascist is the conscientious busy man.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

I

THE PRICE SPREADS REPORT EXPLAINED

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Price Spreads is an important and interesting document not only because of its subject and material but also because of the Commission's personnel. Here we have eleven representative citizens who have in common only the fact that they happen to be members of the Dominion parliament during a particular session, setting out their views on the economic condition of Canada. The members represent three political parties and come from different sections of the country. Over the course of a year they have gone through a vast volume of detailed and confusing evidence and yet reveal in their conclusions a surprising degree of unanimity. It is true that the Report is wavering and inconsistent in places and that it sometimes fails from not having asked and pursued the most promising questions. But it is safe to say that the information it has opened up has changed the course of public discussion on the questions involved.

The Report consists of a series of studies of industries and employments and institutions presented against a background of economic theory. Supporting the whole is a theory concerning the influence of concentration on certain economic institutions in Canada. Chapter II, *The Economic Background*, properly comes at the beginning. In Chapter IX, *The Problem of State Control*, the theory reappears related to possible plans of regulation. The intervening chapters consist of the series of industrial studies. There is a Memorandum of Reservations contributed by three members who

signed the main Report and a Dissenting Report by one member. There follow nine valuable Annexes containing statistics and information supporting the various chapters.

The short but significant chapter on *Economic Background* is obviously contributed by the economic advisers to the Commission. The argument presented is that the world of simple competition as described by the *laissez-faire* economists has given place to one of monopolistic or "imperfect" competition. In the words of the Report:

Fundamentally, the problems which confronted the Commission are those of a transitional economy in which simple competition still prevailed in some parts, monopoly had succeeded in others and monopolistic or imperfect competition characterized the rest (p. 6).

The most significant development in theory in recent years, however, has been in the field which lies between competition and monopoly. The economics of these intermediate cases has been engaging our ablest theorists for some years now and we have in the report the application of their theory to the Canadian situation. Some acquaintance with the theory on the part of some journalists would have saved them from fatuous comments.

The essence of simple competition is that the output of any one producer is so small a part of the output of the industry as a whole that no variation in his output will have any effect on the price of the product. We call wheat farming a competitive industry because in that industry these conditions are fulfilled. In pure monopoly the output of the industry is the output of a single producer and any variation in his output has a direct effect on price. In "monopolistic competition" the number of producers in the industry has been reduced to such a point that while the industry is competitive in the sense that there are competing firms, it is monopolistic in the sense that if any one producer varies his output then price is directly affected.

When a condition of monopolistic competition prevails, as the Commission finds it does in several Canadian industries, certain consequences follow. Firstly, the dominant producers fix what they consider a profitable price and then attempt to adjust production to it. Secondly, there is no fixed competitive price, as there is for wheat farmers. Buyers and sellers of wheat accept the price as given and govern themselves accordingly, whereas in the case of monopolistic competition a few large producers determine, within limits, what the price shall be and all other factors involved in the industry, labourers and producers of raw material, for example, adjust themselves to that decision. Distribution of the returns to the factors of production in such an industry then depends on bargaining strength rather than efficiency. Thirdly, monopolistic competition develops its own set of unfair competitive practices.

Other obvious consequences follow where monopolistic competition is prevalent. One is that weak and unorganized groups are completely overridden, as the bulk of the Report goes on to demonstrate in grim detail—too grim, indeed, to be dismissed by our complacent financial press. A more important consequence is that in industries where monopolistic competition prevails a depression is met by curtailing output and maintaining the price, whereas in truly competitive industry it is met by maintaining output and taking price reductions. No reader should overlook the chart on page 9 where conditions in agriculture and in the agricultural implement industry are compared over the period 1929-33. Both of these industries have suffered from the depression but they have met it in different ways. With wheat prices already low relatively to what the farmer buys, he is asked for still more of his bushels when he seeks to buy an essential implement of production. It is safe to say that Ottawa will hear more about this chart.

Chapter II of the Report discusses the theoretical background. The passage from a world of simple competition to one in which economic concentration prevails required new devices of economic power. One such device is the corporation. Chapter III of the Report analyses the functioning of that device in Canada. This chapter alone would make the Report noteworthy.

The analysis of the voting stock of the 145 largest Canadian companies (excluding financial institutions) reveals some significant results. Those who are not surprised to find that in Canada 43 per cent of the assets of the 145 largest corporations are in companies in which the control is exercised by less than 6 per cent of the stockholders must be either investment bankers or economists. When it is remembered that voting stock is frequently only a part of the total capitalization of a corporation and that, on the average, 6 per cent of this fraction controls 43 per cent of the assets of the largest 145 corporations, surprise should be succeeded by some apprehension.

Having shown how with voting shares control may be exercised by a minority, the Report discusses how minority control may be secured by the use of various well-known legal devices such as holding companies and non-voting stock.

The preceding has been of importance to the main theme of concentration in showing how a small group may have concentrated in it the control of a large amount of corporate assets. The Report then shows that the corporate assets of the largest companies are coming to form an ever greater proportion of all business assets. This means that the control of a greater part of the national wealth is becoming increasingly concentrated in a few hands.

Next follows a discussion of corporate practices and abuses. The public, at this point, will want to know how it came about that the legal and accounting professions were the willing servants to implement the practices here revealed.

After reading this chapter one should turn to Annex IV which supplements it and read there one of the three cases discussed,—Simpson's Limited, Burns & Co. Ltd., and Canadian Can-ners Limited.

The last part of the chapter is technical and deals with suggested legal remedies. These remedies fall into two main groups, amendments to the existing Companies Acts, intended to strengthen these statutes; and the establishment of a Securities Board to supervise the public offering of new securities. The detail of these remedies cannot be discussed here and it is sufficient to say that the Securities Board is not intended to direct the flow of capital but merely to prevent fraudulent practice.

The chapter on Industry summarizes the results of the Commission's investigation of nine Canadian industries,—tobacco, meat packing, agricultural implements, canning, rubber products, fertilizers, textiles, milling and baking, and furniture. It is prefaced by a discussion of the economics of large scale operations. The chapter is a mine of information on a subject where information has been hard to come by. The record of profits of the Imperial Tobacco Co. will prove irritating reading to many, but any conclusion that these profits have been entirely at the expense of tobacco growers should be delayed until the case of the tobacco growers has been examined and the tariff on the product has been investigated.

A typical case concerns rubber footwear. We encounter here the Canadian Rubber Footwear Manufacturers Association. This organization rigidly maintains standardization of quality, prices and discount practices as well as a sales quota among its members. As the Report says, such policies "raise the question of whether a deliberate policy of price control at the cost of decreased output and employment is preferable to a flexible price policy which might minimize the decreases in business activity". The case is interesting for another reason.

A complaint was made under the present Combines Investigation Act concerning this industry and following the complaint an investigation was made by the Registrar. Then follows one of the most amazing statements in the Report, "but we regret we were denied access to the results of his intensive research". We are not told who denied them but an explanation is certainly called for, and the more so in that this industry recently received a new tariff concession. The case is mentioned here to show that the administration of the Combines Act as it stands leaves something to be desired. Each reader can pick the industry that interests him and find in the Report at once an economic, a political and a moral problem, for it is futile to think that such matters have only economic connotations.

The chapter on *Labour and Wages* is concerned with the position of the labourer in those industries studied in the last chapter with additional material from other employments. With respect to departmental and chain stores, which the Commission were specifically commanded to investigate, they remark that it would be quite unfair to choose certain organizations for investigation without pointing out that such stores are merely one manifestation of the deep-seated tendency toward concentration already noticed. The vital issue in the whole Report is not whether or not there shall be such control but rather what shall be the character of it. The chapter is factual and offers no theoretical difficulties. It concludes with a series of recommendations for government action. The Commission is well aware that in such matters good enforcement of faulty legislation is a much better thing than poor enforcement of good legislation. The question of jurisdiction under the constitution on matters of wages and labour must obviously condition any legislative solution of these problems.

The chapter on *The Primary Producer* discusses the position of a group which has suffered grievously during the

depression. Four cases of the problem are examined, tobacco growers, the fruit and vegetable growers, the live-stock producers and the fishermen. The chapter is long and informative. One large buyer may buy the whole supply of some primary product for much less than that whole supply would bring if there were many competing buyers, and to the extent that this is so we have exploitation as defined by the Commission.

Where we have such exploitation it would seem to be a simple matter to reach the true competitive price either by restoring competition among the buyers or strengthening the bargaining power of the sellers. Mere price fixing devices, however, have not been a solution—the prices are usually fixed too high with the result that the market is not cleared and production is increased. It may be that, as the main Report recommends, there is a case for state interference here, but the argument given is not impressive. The reservations of the three members on this point seem to be sound, at least on the basis of the case presented. This chapter is one of the weakest in the Report and seems to show a conflict of emotion and logic.

Chapter VII discusses Mass Buying in the retail trade and the institutions through which it functions. The competitive practices of these institutions are here put on record. It is interesting to note that those lines of merchandise which form the larger part of the sales of department stores are produced by the relatively small manufacturers. The inference is that the correlation gives evidence of bargaining pressure, but it is not conclusive.

To those who assert that it is desirable that mass buyers should exert pressure to lower prices the Commission rightly answers that if deflation is the proper remedy for our present situation, it must be deflation spread equally and not impinging more on some groups than others.

Groping ever more feebly about the feet of the impersonal giants that now surround him is a consumer murmuring the

text he received from his grandfather, "caveat emptor". The Commission succinctly remark, "The buyer may still beware but he no longer knows of what he must beware". The chapter on *The Consumer* will inform him, but it will also show him that his own unaided efforts are futile. The recommendation is that the services of the National Research Council should be utilized for the setting up of standards for consumer goods and that a Consumer Commodity Standards Board be formed to see that these standards are maintained. It is difficult to believe that any intelligent person without a vested interest could fail to support this recommendation, but it is probable that it will incur the bitter animosity of the Canadian Manufacturers Association.

The chapter on *The Problem of State Control* opens with a brief account of the nature and necessity of social control. The Commission is aware that prosperity is not a mere matter of legislation and it seeks to find those forms of intervention which are likely to be less expensive than the waste it has found prevailing.

The chapter then discusses the results of government regulation in various countries, after which it turns to the body of General Recommendations. Pointing out that statute law is not a suitable method of dealing with the problems raised, both because of its rigidity and because it makes no provision for continuous administration, the Commission recommends that there be set up a Federal Trade and Industry Commission as a new agent of administrative law. This body would consist of five appointed members qualified "to approach economic and business problems in a thoroughly scientific and trained fashion". Its status should be similar to that of the Board of Railway Commissioners. As to the functions of the Commission the Report may be quoted (p. 265):

The Commission should be charged with the duty of protecting the interests of all classes and groups. Since the major problems with which the Commission would have to deal arise

out of the growth of concentration, its basic functions would be concerned with the prevention or regulation of monopoly and monopolistic practices. It is in this way that the Commission would serve to protect the consumer and the primary producer. But the complexity of the problem excludes any single formula or simple policy. We therefore make, in this particular connection, the following specific recommendations:

- (a) Rigorous administration of the Combines Act;
- (b) Sanction and regulation of monopoly where it is agreed by the government that competition cannot or should not be restored;
- (c) Sanction and supervision of agreements within a trade or industry where it is agreed by the government that competition has become wasteful and demoralizing.

Another important function of the Commission is that of conducting general economic enquiries into trade and business conditions such as are undertaken by the Federal Trade Commission in the United States.

Although this proposed Commission has been vigorously assailed by vested interests, which apparently favour government intervention only when it confers tariff favours, and also by sections of the press, it is important to remember that such a body has existed in the United States since 1913 and has amply demonstrated its value. It is clear that the Report favours control of business only in the most flagrant cases and is driven to its conclusion by logic and not by desire. It is obviously the intention that the Commission should begin modestly, and it may be doubted whether for many years it would require 250 employees, let alone 2,500, as suggested in some financial papers.

Three members of the Commission, while agreeing with the theoretical analysis and the main conclusions, reserve their approval of other parts of the Report. They insist that the solution of the problems of Canadian industry lies in more markets and not in more control of producers. They contend that we should reduce rigidities where they exist rather than impose new ones and in this connection they dissent from recommendation "c" quoted above on the ground that this

would be merely an excuse for producers to combine and add to the rigidities of the system. Although accepting the proposed Commission, they see a danger that it may become merely another body duplicating the activities of the present Marketing Board, and wisely suggest that the activities of these bodies be co-ordinated.

The vigorous *Dissenting Report* is a protest against the recommendations on the ground that they would merely make a bad situation worse. There is really no mystery about the fact that people can starve in the midst of plenty if we set about restricting production and raising prices in industry after industry. The main root of all our difficulties is the excessive tariff. Is Imperial Tobacco exploiting the consumer? The remedy is simple—reduce the excessive tariff they enjoy. In short, the cure for all sorts of monopoly always has been and is merciless competition and the best way to bring it about in Canada is to reduce tariffs. Concerning the agricultural implement industry the western view is so well expressed that it is worth quoting:

The implement manufacturers made a mistake many years ago when they joined the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in support of a fiscal policy calculated to exploit the only customers they had. Now that the exploitation is complete they find themselves without customers. Had they joined the farmers' associations in their fight against tariffs they might have created a saner sentiment in regard to these matters throughout the country and perhaps have saved us from some of the extreme tariff rates we now endure, and which have been the major factor in rendering the farmer unable to buy the implements he needs.

It is the view of this *Dissenting Report* that to implement the recommendations of the Commission would merely place another costly and wasteful "overhead" of government on to the shoulders of an already overtaxed people. Financial papers have been quick to quote this reaffirmation of *laissez-faire* principles but they have been characteristically remiss in quoting its vigorous denunciation of the Canadian tariff.

Clear and logical as this Dissenting Report is, it faces but one aspect of the problem and it must be admitted that the main Report has made out a case for a greater measure of control, in that many of the problems it discusses do not depend on the height of the tariff. The main Report would have been greatly improved by a real discussion of the effect of the tariff; but that lay outside the reference.

It may be observed in answer to critics that the Commission was not set up as a body to study necessary constitutional changes. As the Report shows, it was aware that constitutional problems would inevitably arise out of its conclusions. Quite properly however, it regarded the constitutional aspects as the concern of other authorities and thus confined its attention to the economic aspects. How far its recommendation can be carried out by the Dominion government is that government's legal problem.

Considering the time and money expended on this Report, it may seem disappointing, but considering the constitution of the Commission it may be welcomed as a remarkable achievement. It would be less than justice not to say that for the actual form of the Report and for the handling of material and ideas great credit must be given to the Secretariat and the economic staff, whose influence is obvious at nearly every point. In this respect the Commission was well served and it is a further tribute to the members that they realized the technical and intricate nature of many of their problems and relied so heavily upon their staff. This is an example of the democratic method at its best and the fact that it has produced a document creditable in any company of government documents may revive some people's waning faith in democracy.

R. McQUEEN.

II

WHICH WAY PEACE ?

The majority of the inhabitants of the British Empire-Commonwealth are willing to admit that the pursuit of peace should be the cardinal object of Empire foreign policy. There is, however, a growing divergence of opinion between those who live in the British Isles and those who live overseas as to the best means of seeking peace.

People in the Dominions, fearing war in Europe, or on the borders of Japan, China and the U.S.S.R., and feeling no call to be themselves involved in such distant, and to them irrelevant conflicts, would have the Empire, including the United Kingdom, turn its back upon those warlike areas. Many of them sympathize with the proposals of Lord Beaverbrook, who would have the United Kingdom liquidate its obligations in Europe, including those under the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno Pacts, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war, and attempt a policy of isolation from Europe and collaboration with the English-speaking world overseas.

In the United Kingdom, however, though many would wish, if they could, thus to isolate themselves from the warlike parts of the world, especially continental Europe, and to collaborate more closely with the peaceful part, especially the British Dominions and the United States, they see at least two serious flaws in such a policy.

Firstly it would involve a far greater degree of collaboration between countries in the peaceful part than could probably be achieved, at least within the next decade or so. The United Kingdom could not afford to give up its economic and political contacts with Europe, which are more reciprocal in character than is often remembered, unless it was reasonably certain of

equally valuable and dependable contacts with the peaceful parts of the world outside Europe. If it were to risk its forty per cent of exports normally destined for the countries of continental Europe and their dependencies, it would have to secure an equally valuable market elsewhere. If it were to ignore European arrangements, and thus leave itself friendless in Europe, it would have to feel confident that the peaceful half of the world outside Europe would rally quickly to its support in the event of any attack from the European mainland. The overseas Empire by itself is not and is not likely very soon to become rich or strong enough to give the United Kingdom such compensations for its desertion of Europe. The United States would also have to enter this extra-European peaceful system. What chance is there of the United States being willing, first to agree upon a division of the states of the world into the peaceful and the warlike, then to cut off its contacts with the warlike half, finally to enter into effective reciprocal arrangements with states in the peaceful half? And yet without such American commitments, which would cut across all the traditions of American policy, how could the United Kingdom assume the risks of an isolationist policy vis-à-vis Europe?

Even within the British Empire-Commonwealth itself it would, judging by experiences at Ottawa, be extremely hard to conclude effective reciprocal trade treaties, and to develop the volume of Empire trade to a point at which the United Kingdom could afford to jeopardize its European trade. To conclude effective defence arrangements, giving to the United Kingdom vis-à-vis Europe as much security as her present, and possible, European engagements might afford her, or as she, and her navy, afford the Dominions, would, unless past experience is belied, be even harder. For the trend in some parts of the Empire-Commonwealth, to judge by recent South African utterances, is towards less rather than more co-opera-

tion in positive measures of joint defence between the United Kingdom and the Dominions.

Secondly, even if this first obstacle in the way of Empire isolation from the world's chief areas of conflict was overcome, a further obstacle would remain. The United Kingdom is separated from continental Europe by a mere twenty miles of sea. That was once a useful barrier, so long as Britain held the undisputed control of the seas (which she no longer does), though never a sufficient one to keep her, for more than fifty years at a time, out of European conflicts. But it is not an effective barrier to-day, when air attack has become so full of deadly potentialities.

Mr. Baldwin, thinking of the change which the coming of the aeroplane has brought about, said last summer that, when one considers Britain's frontiers to-day, one has in mind no longer the white cliffs of Dover but the banks of the Rhine. He did not mean necessarily that Germany was the menace against which Britain needed protection, but that, if adequate defence against air attack is to be developed in Britain, she must have immediate knowledge of the launching of an attack against her from anywhere this side of the Rhine, otherwise there would be no time to take adequate measures; she must besides, if possible, make certain that the countries between the Rhine and the Channel were friendly to her, unlikely themselves thus to attack her, and certain themselves both to inform her of any attack from beyond the Rhine, and to collaborate in resisting it.

If Mr. Baldwin was talking sense, and no one has denied that he was, it becomes even more important in the twentieth century than previously that Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg should not fall under the control of any great state apt to be unfriendly to Britain. It becomes also vitally important that Britain and France should never be at war with one another, should never be any less than friendly neutrals

while either was at war with any state. But can Britain ensure that Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg shall remain independent and friendly, and that France shall remain friendly (and also strong enough to be a friend worth having), without intervening in the international politics of Europe?

It seems to many people in the United Kingdom, who might wish that the Channel was as wide as the Atlantic, quite hopeless to expect such advantages for Britain without paying the price for them.

In any case, so near is Britain to Europe, that it would be difficult for her to ignore any European war, or the threat of it. The conflagration of war so near home would be painful to Britain whether she turned her back or her face to it; indeed the former course might be even more painful than the latter, not merely because the back is a tender spot, but because no one can dodge the sparks when his back is turned to the fire.

Therefore, even if there were behind Britain a really effective coalition of the peaceful countries, including the Dominions and the United States, it would, so many British people think, be exceedingly dangerous to ignore what was happening in the warlike areas, especially in continental Europe.

The typical British view of the way in which the goal of peace is to be sought is therefore coming to be directly opposed to the typical overseas view. People in the United Kingdom, though as eager as anyone in the Dominions to keep out of war, are thinking more and more in terms of collaborating with the countries within the warlike area in order to avert war anywhere. People in the overseas Empire and in the United States are thinking more than ever since the rise of Hitlerism in terms of intensified isolation from warlike areas, especially from continental Europe, and of effective neutrality.

This divergence of opinion, if persisted in, will become more than it now is a serious embarrassment to Britain's

Foreign Secretary, and a means of preventing him from pulling his full weight in the world's peace moves; it will constitute a dangerous menace to British Empire-Commonwealth unity and amity.

It is already widely recognized throughout the Empire that another war of any kind might be, and another war which the Dominions felt to be unfairly sprung upon them certainly would be, a means of causing the break-up of the Commonwealth, or at least the secession of one or more Dominions, for example, the Irish Free State and the Union of South Africa. This is a prime reason why all Imperial statesmen are so eager to maintain the peace.

Since Mr. Lloyd George learnt in 1922 that the Dominions would not follow him into his anti-Turkish policy, leading to the Chanak crisis, British statesmen have taken the greatest pains to accommodate their policy to Dominion preferences and prejudices. They have again and again refused to assume European commitments which were pressed upon them—the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the Geneva Protocol, active participation in central and eastern European “Locarnos”—because they felt that the Dominions would not join in accepting such arrangements, which might involve preventive war or military sanctions. They have been unwilling again to assume, as they did in the original Locarno Pacts, a military obligation in Europe to which the Dominions were not parties. They have to some extent, despite a European pressure, accommodated their policy to the isolationist sentiment of the overseas Empire, which has involved their preserving a free hand for Britain.

It is, however, increasingly difficult for them to do this without running counter to a developing United Kingdom sentiment, and to their own views as to the necessities of the European situation. The Peace Ballot which the British League of Nations Union and other bodies have been conduct-

ing, to the displeasure of Sir John Simon as well as of the greater part of the Conservative Party, is interesting proof of the drift of opinion in the United Kingdom. Despite official advice to the contrary, a huge majority of the British electorate (at least of that part of it which has been willing to express an opinion one way or the other) has been voting for policies involving commitments in Europe.

Out of 6,815,537 votes tabulated up to the middle of last April, 97.1 per cent were in favour of continued adherence to the League of Nations, 92.5 in favour of general disarmament by international agreement, 85 in favour of the abolition of military aviation, 93 in favour of the abolition of private manufacture of arms, 94 in favour of the use of economic and other non-military sanctions against any aggressor, and 74.1 per cent in favour of military sanctions. These majorities are impressive. They indicate that a large section of the British public is willing, is indeed even anxious, to go further than its Government appears willing to go in the direction of organizing the world to prevent war. This section clearly does not share with its Government and the Dominions (whose opinion the Government has in mind) their fear of those British liabilities in the war zones of the world which organization for peace seems increasingly to involve.

If British and Dominion opinion is not to get dangerously out of step, and if the British Government is not to end by displeasing both by its attempt to hold the balance even between them, the Empire must seriously face the question, how best can our Imperial objective, peace, be secured? Can it be secured in the way the Dominions (and perhaps 25 per cent of the United Kingdom voters) would prefer, by preserving a free hand, and liquidating British commitments in Europe? Or must it be preserved, as a majority of the United Kingdom voters are now coming to believe, by adding to British commitments in Europe in order that a strong collective, anti-war system may be created?

Sections of United Kingdom opinion, hitherto isolationist or pacifist, are increasingly changing their point of view. Labour circles, for example, which used largely to think in terms of preventing war by declaring anti-war general strikes, in unison with workers in other lands, are giving up this view. They are doing so not only because the submergence of organized Labour and of political Socialism on the European continent and in the Far East makes it highly probable that anti-war strikes will be confined to the more pacific countries, and will only serve to put them at the mercy of the more war-like ones, but also because there is increasing realization that there is no half-way house between a disorganized world, in which war is inevitable, and an organized world, in which effective substitutes for, and sanctions against, war have been provided.

International laws and courts of law; effective councils, such as the League Council might become, for settling non-justiciable disputes, and agreed principles upon which they could work; workable procedure for revision of treaties and frontiers; regulated armaments; collective sanctions; perhaps even a permanent international police force; such things are looming up more and more to British students of the issue of war and peace as the necessary price which must in the end be paid for peace. Such things could not be attained unless Britain, in common with other states, surrendered its free hand, and became a part of an organized system of less than sovereign states.

It is difficult to pay such a price for peace. It would run counter to many traditions and prejudices, and would involve many risks. But as the danger of war in Europe becomes more imminent, more groups, and even nations, will probably become willing to pay even such a price in order to avoid war. Certainly there are indications that people in the United Kingdom are gradually becoming more willing to face this necessity.

But they cannot, without risking a break-up of the Empire-Commonwealth, proceed faster in this direction than the overseas Empire is willing to do.

It is time, however, that it was recognized that the necessity of deferring to the prejudices and preferences of other parts of the Empire-Commonwealth should work both ways. The Empire-Commonwealth might in the end as easily be split because the United Kingdom was unwilling, even for the sake of Imperial unity, to forego the measures, including increased European commitments, which she thought necessary for the maintenance of peace, as because the Dominions were unwilling, even for the sake of Imperial unity, to assume such commitments. Such an eventuality is not yet in sight. But it may come sooner than is generally anticipated.

After all there is not much time left in which to organize Europe against war. If the necessary price of such organization is increased British commitments in continental Europe, there is not much time left for Britain to make up her mind whether she is willing to pay this price. She may soon have either to assume definite, far-reaching commitments in order to avoid war, or do the same thing in order to be on the winning side in the war which, failing new, far-reaching arrangements, may become inevitable.

Would the Dominions be willing to see Britain assume increased European commitments, either to avoid war, or to make sure of being on the winning side when and if war occurs, and if so would they back her up if she was in consequence involved in hostilities? Upon the answer to this question the future of the Empire-Commonwealth and the future of Europe may both depend.

FRANK DARVALL.

MORE OF MARK TWAIN IN CANADA: 1895

A NOTE FROM WINNIPEG

The editors have received the following addendum to Professor Stephen Leacock's article on "Mark Twain and Canada" which appeared in the Spring issue of "Queen's Quarterly".

Mark Twain's final visit to Canada was in 1895. He came up from Minneapolis, or perhaps St. Paul, to give two entertainments in Winnipeg during the last week of July in that year of his tour around the world when, earning money to pay off huge debts which were no fault of his own Mrs. Clemens and their daughter Clara, now Mrs. Gabrilowitsch, accompanied him; also his American impresario, Major Pond and Mrs. Pond, though it was Mr. J. J. Conklin of the *Manitoba Free Press* staff who was responsible for the engagement of two nights in this city. Unfortunately Mark Twain was obliged to spend the days in bed owing to painful boils on his neck, but he rose from bed and went straight to the old Selkirk Hall and the platform where he was obliged to sit during part of the amusing evenings. However, his wife and daughter and the Ponds were driven about to view the city and suburbs. The local papers of that time did not give reports, as they would to-day, worthy of so eminent a humorist and man. The late Mr. Isaac Campbell, K.C., presided on both occasions, and was his host at the Manitoba Club after the second evening; but as it was a private function there was no report of the chief guest's good table-talk. The only man living of Mr. Campbell's guests, who will to this day recall Mark Twain's mirthful stories at that supper, is away in England. The others, who are now venerable like this present writer, have forgotten them. I am told that Major Pond's published Diary contains an encomium on the Manitoba Club, and a report of that happy Saturday night. A portrait of Mark Twain in black and white is now on a wall of the Club, bearing the inscription: "Mark Twain, 1895-1895, presented by Mark Twain."

Among the stories told by the plucky entertainer on Friday evening, boils or no, was that of "The Jumping Frog", which first brought fame to the author so long ago. He wrote from Winnipeg to his financial friend and adviser, H. H. Rogers: "At the end of an hour and a half, I offered to let them go, but they said 'Go on', and I did." It was on Friday evening that I heard him, and laughed throughout, as indeed did the many grave and reverend seniors present. At the close his local sponsor asked me to wait and meet Mark Twain, which I was overjoyed to do. And I told him how, when young, I had longed for brief speech with him. "Why, why?" he asked, and his eyes sparkled. "For what you said about the owl from Nova Scotia." "I'll move that owl to Montana to-morrow," he replied, laughing. Jim Baker's "Bluejay

Yarn" is to be found near the beginning of the inimitable *Tramp Abroad* where the yarn and empirical opinions of birds and beasts are put into the mouth of an old miner living in a deserted camp, a solitary watcher throughout many years of wild creatures, winged and footed. Moreover, Jim Baker was a born psychologist and humorist, like many an uneducated man. Of course Mark Twain emphasized the dramatic setting while keeping close to the idiomatic narrative. The observant hermit pronounced the blue-jay to be the very best feathered talker going, always putting his various emotions and moods into good grammar. He would lie, steal, betray, deceive, break every solemn promise and outswear any gentleman in the mines. "You think a cat can't swear. Well, he can! But a cat's profanity is in the worst grammar." Jim Baker proceeds with a "perfectly true tale about some bluejays", for he had watched the comedy himself. It involved a bluejay discovering a knot-hole in a plank on the roof of a deserted shack and thinking he had found a rattling good cache for acorns. He toiled at filling up the hole until exhausted, then called in the help of a flock of his relatives. At last they found out the cavern below the hole. Then jay after jay took his turn at peeking from an observation point above the door, and fell backwards laughing. "Well, sir, they roosted round here on the house-top and trees and guffawed over that thing like human beings. . . They brought jays here from all over the United States every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yosemite, and took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. He was disappointed about the Yosemite, too."

When in Winnipeg, Mark Twain said, "I have never seen real mud since I left Missouri until to-day." He remained quietly over Sunday, and left for Crookston in Minnesota on Monday, there being engagements at cities and towns between that and the Coast. Therefore he did not travel across the Canadian prairies nor through the Canadian Rockies. He arrived at Vancouver on 16th August, one day behind schedule time, having earned on the way \$5,000, which he sent to Mr. Rogers. The steamer "Warimoor", which was to have sailed for Australia on the 16th, had gone aground owing to dense smoke from heavy forest fires and was delayed a week in Vancouver. But there is no record of any lectures nor readings there, merely a jovial letter to Kipling. However, Mark Twain went over to Victoria and gave readings. His Notebook says that Lord and Lady Aberdeen attended. "They came in at 8.15, fifteen minutes late. Wish they would always be present, for it isn't permissible to begin until they come. By that time the late comers are all in." The Clemens party sailed at last for the South Seas, Major and Mrs. Pond having luncheon with them on the ship and saying good-bye.

Before quoting the intimate letter to Kipling written in Vancouver, it is worth recalling how the friendship between the two great writers began in 1889, when Kipling, on tour as correspondent of an Indian journal, first called on Mark Twain. He drove out to Quarry Farm near Elmira one morning, and was received by the daughter, Susy, who gave him a drink of milk, for it had been a dusty drive. Her father was in town, and Kipling left his card with its address, Allahabad, which delighted Susy, and roused her curiosity. He came again in the afternoon and had speech with the humorist. Here is in part Kipling's record of the visit: "I was smoking his cigar, hearing him talk—this man I had learned to love and revere, 14,000 miles away. . . Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when brought face to face with a revered writer." Ten years later Mark Twain said at an Authors' Club: "England and America have been joined in Kipling; may they not be severed in Twain." Kipling once wrote to Mark's publisher that "Clemens was the biggest man in the U. S., a relation of Cervantes." And only the other day he wrote to the President of Columbia University, in view of the approaching Centennial: "To my mind he was the largest man of his time, both in the direct outcome of his work, and, more important still, as an indirect force in an age of iron Philistinism. Later generations don't know their debt, of course, and they would be quite surprised if they did." This is the letter from Vancouver:—"Dear Kipling, It is reported that you are about to visit India. This has moved me to journey to that far country in order that I may unload from my conscience a debt long due to you. Years ago you came from India to Elmira to visit me, as you said at the time. It has always been my purpose to return that visit and that great compliment some day. I shall arrive next January, and you must be ready. I shall come riding in my ayah with his tusks adorned with silver bells and ribbons and escorted by troop of native howdahs richly clad and mounted upon a herd of wild bungalows; and you must be on hand with a few bottles of ghee, for I shall be thirsty."

Both these celebrated writers received the D.C.L. from Oxford University together.

When Mark Twain died in 1910, the *Manitoba Free Press* printed an unsigned appreciation and also two sketches of him on the stage, probably imaginative. In 1895 there were no newspaper artists in Winnipeg.

Mark Twain was working on his serious book, *Joan of Arc*, when on that tour of the world. During the interlude, mostly on a sick bed, in the Manitoba Hotel, he was not idle. He may not have cared about Canada, as Professor Leacock says, but Canadians cared about him, and will care as long as they care about any writer of his rank.

A. L. O. W.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

ECONOMICS

MONEY AND RECOVERY

The Future of Monetary Policy: A Report on International Monetary Problems by a Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1935. Pp. 218. \$3.25.

Unless the capitalistic system has been so altered in the past few years as to invalidate prediction on the basis of experience, the present pause in the upward movement of business in western countries is sure to be followed by further progress until the usual "prosperity" phase of the cycle is with us once more. The speed with which business recovers will be greatly affected by the governmental policies of the Great Powers, especially those of Great Britain and the United States. In no field is this more certain than in that of monetary action. This report of the results of the discussions of a group of experts at Chatham House under the auspices of the Royal Institute for International Affairs is therefore of peculiar interest for the admirable summary it provides of some of the currents of opinion which will shape British monetary policy in the near future.

In Part I of the report the conclusions of the group are presented with a brief statement of the supporting argument. That argument is then extended in Part II on *Monetary Policy and Production* (or domestic monetary problems) and in Part III on *Monetary Policy in the International Sphere*.

Popular discussion of monetary policy still centres around gold. The faith men have in the future value of gold, the eagerness with which they hoard it, the readiness with which governments acquire it and the measures to which they resort to avoid losing it, all indicate the power gold has over the minds of men. Despite the fact that the world of the nineteenth century has gone and with it the "automatic" gold standard, despite the proof afforded by the recent collapse of the gold standard that in the future it will have to be as much managed as any other form of monetary standard, nevertheless the belief in the superiority of the gold standard remains. Most students of this problem would agree, therefore, that the gold standard in some form or other ought to be restored. The monetary experimentation which is inevitable in the future may perhaps be carried on with less public interference behind its imposing façade.

It may be a shock to some therefore to find that a majority of the group were not willing to recommend a return to gold as an immediate aim of British policy. They do not believe that prospects of the international co-operation which must be present, if any international monetary standard is to be operated successfully, are bright enough to warrant the attempt. The minority, including the chairman, Sir Charles Addis, well known in Canada for his work with the Macmillan Banking Commission in 1933, believe, on the contrary, that a return to gold should be an immediate objective of British policy. They find it difficult to see how world recovery can take place before stability in the foreign exchanges is achieved. Given some assurance on that score, tariffs might be reduced, quotas and similar restrictions might be abandoned; without it, these must necessarily be retained. Moreover, Britain's bargaining power in currency negotiations is very great at the moment. The United States has returned to gold; the countries of the gold "bloc" struggle desperately to stay on gold; Britain's adherence is vital to the successful working of a gold standard. Britain is therefore in a position to secure, as the price of her return to gold, the necessary modifications in international banking practice and the required guarantees of co-operation between central banks.

Despite these differences as to the aims which British monetary policy should pursue there is no disagreement on the necessity for the free use of all known devices to secure meanwhile as great a degree of exchange rate stability as is possible. This is especially important for the pound-franc-United States dollar rates. Steadiness in these rates would give most of the advantages of the gold standard but would leave each country free to alter its par of exchange with other currencies if, as time passes, the development of prices should make such action advisable.

But what of the more distant future? How is the gold, or some other, standard to be made to serve mankind more efficiently? Were it a politically possible one, the path is reasonably plain. What central banks have done and what, as experience grows and information becomes more adequate, they will yet do for currency stability within nations, could be done on a world-wide scale by an international central bank. Such an institution might act as the clearing house for international business. Were it in possession of adequate resources and had it the co-operation of the great central banks, an enlarged Bank of International Settlements could so control the amount of the fundamental money used by all nations as to obviate the danger of falling prices from a possible future shortage of gold. In short, two things hitherto deemed incompatible, a stability of the domestic price level and of the rate of foreign exchange, should become possible at one and the same time.

These and other interesting possibilities are discussed and appraised in this excellent book. The expert will want to disagree at times with argument or conclusion. Some may think the analysis of the problem of money stability unsatisfactory and the maintenance of a "continuity of values", as a criterion for central bank action, inadequate. But any one who has an elementary acquaintance with the subject will find the book stimulating indeed.

F. A. KNOX.

* * * * *

VALE

An Economist's Confession of Faith. By Gilbert Jackson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 173. \$2.00.

Professor Jackson—if our affection may still lend him that title—has on his departure for Threadneedle Street left behind him in this attractive little volume seven addresses delivered in Canada during 1933 and 1934 and an analysis of the present financial disequilibrium reprinted from the *Monthly Review* of the Bank of Nova Scotia for March, 1934. The theme that runs through these pieces is that the Golden Rule is more important than the Gold Standard, and that a return to it is the essential condition of recovery. In developing his theme and treating at the same time such topics as unemployment, the central bank, international co-operation, the moral basis of political economy and the causes and cures of depression, Dr. Jackson displays such clarity, humour, sagacity and moral fervour as to increase our regret at losing him from Canada.

It is a small book, as interesting in matter as it is admirable in style. It can be read in an evening. Everybody would be better for reading it.

W. H. FYFE.

* * * * *

THEOLOGY

PROTESTANT THEOLOGICAL RECONSTRUCTION

Truth and Tradition and Jesus in the Lives of Men. By S. Angus. Sydney: Angus and Robertson. 4s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

A Christian Manifesto. By Elwin Lewis. Abingdon Press and Student Christian Movement. 6s.

Nature, Man and God. By William Temple. London: Macmillan. 18s.

The Church Architecture of Protestantism. By Andrew Landale Drummond. London: T. and T. Clark. 15s.

The Evangelical Church Catholic. By P. Carnegie Simpson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

What a ferment is going on within the Protestant ranks! In Australia, Professor Angus has to stand his trial for heresy at the instigation of the Fundamentalists; in Germany the issue of Christ and Caesar is raised in its acutest form; in England the Archbishop of York produces a Christian apologetic under pressure of the contrary Marxist philosophy; in America Professor Lewis explodes (what other word can be used?) in a manner and style that are new for theological professors; on the one hand men cry, 'Away from the dead hand of the past into the free and scientific future'; on the other, with Professor Lewis, 'The Church must go back or go down'.

Professor Angus, who is widely known as one of the most distinguished scholars of Australia, here comes before us as the convinced and enthusiastic modernist. He has been goaded to exasperation by the attacks of a rigorous type of not very intelligent Fundamentalism amongst his fellow-Presbyterians. His passionate plea for freedom from the formulae of the past, for Christianity as a way of life rather than a system of abstract ideas, for a religion liberated from the last traces of Oriental despotism, will find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of Protestants generally. Even those who are most perturbed by his extensive denials and by the incoherence of his positive theology will be moved by his fervent devotion to the Person of our Lord, and will recognize in him a kindred spirit.

None the less these little books that arise out of his trial sound almost as a voice from the past; they represent the protest, the antithesis, the negation which must prepare the way for the larger synthesis. At the opposite pole and not less written out of the tempestuous emotions of the heart stands Professor Edwin Lewis' *Christian Manifesto*. This is great preaching rather than great literature, but academic readers should not be deterred by the rhetoric and even violence of the style from a consideration of the contents. The book clearly and avowedly arises out of a great religious experience. Professor Lewis jeopardizes his dignity with conventional people and his reputation for consistency with the pedants; he is prepared to "be a fool for Christ's sake", if only he may declare to all men the vision that has come to him. The result is a book not only intensely sincere, but moving and important. Its importance does not lie in its theological teaching which, indeed, is neither systematic nor clear, but in its passionate conviction that Protestantism in surrendering to the dictates and prejudices of "the modern mind" has committed a tragic blunder, and that its one hope, its bounden duty, is to declare once again in trumpet tones the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God Who sent His Son for our redemption.

Professor Angus typifies the Modernists in his optimistic view of human nature. It is symptomatic of the new synthesis to which

we seem to be coming that Professor Lewis sees how central for the Christian faith is some doctrine of "original sin". "We totally misconceive alike the philosophic and the practical problem of evil," writes Dr. Temple in his Gifford Lectures, "if we picture it as the winning of control over lawless and therefore evil passions by a righteous but insufficiently powerful reason or spirit. It is the spirit which is evil; it is reason which is perverted; it is aspiration itself which is corrupt."

Dr. Temple maintains that we are at the turning point where the modern antithesis that followed the medieval thesis must attain to a higher synthesis. "The antithesis of Luther and Descartes has so shattered the synthesis of Hildebrand and Aquinas that it cannot be re-established. But the antithesis also is moribund if not extinct." This book is metaphysic and philosophy of religion and theology, for Dr. Temple totally repudiates "any distinction of spheres as belonging respectively to Natural and Revealed Religion or Theology". "Whether we think of the unceasing revelation afforded in the whole world process, or of the occurrences which constitute revelation in the specialized sense of the word, the principle of revelation is the same—the coincidence of event and appreciation. . . . Its essence is intercourse of mind and event, not the communication of doctrine distilled from that intercourse." He maintains that strict thought not merely confirms the theistic interpretation of the world but points to the necessity of the Incarnation. As theologian and philosopher he will have no interference with science in its proper sphere, but between science and philosophy there is inevitable tension. Philosophy "leads us to the conviction that the immanent principle of the World Process is a purposive Mind, guiding the movements of electrons and of galaxies by the requirements of its unchanging purpose, so that for the most part their course is constant, but the cause of their constancy is itself the cause of their variation when that serves the one purpose best". This brief note gives little idea of the sweep and careful articulation of one of the most significant philosophic books of our time. This is true Christian apologetic of a very high order; there are so few signs of special pleading or what we might call the cloven mitre that it is to be hoped Dr. Temple's lectures will meet with the attention of many who are unaccustomed to the study of archiepiscopal manifestos.

Protestantism must not merely recover its Gospel and restate its theology, but must also turn its attention to the life and worship of the Church. Here Dr. Carnegie Simpson and Dr. Drummond have much that is pertinent to say. Dr. Simpson's Lectures, dedicated to "the healers of the breach which was the glory and the catastrophe of the Church of Scotland in Chalmers' day", may claim special interest in Canada where an even more comprehensive union has been achieved. *The Evangelical Church*

Catholic is not an arbitrary or fanciful title. "We proclaim the Apostolic gospel, inherit the Catholic faith, and adhere to the evangelical Reformation in its main theses on doctrine and order." Furthermore, "the evangelical experience is also the catholic fellowship". Dr. Simpson has played a large part in British discussions of Reunion. In this book he confines himself to principles, and especially these two, that "Christ has not prescribed any constitution for His Church", and that "the Holy Spirit has made no vital or even appreciable difference in history between His recognition and using of a Church of one type of ecclesiastical order and His recognition and using of a Church of another. This is a fact of really far-reaching significance, and to evade it is not spiritually honest". Written with rather more control and detachment than Professor Lewis' flaming manifesto this book serves fundamentally the same cause, for it is a restatement of the historic Protestant witness in a modern dress.

Dr. Simpson defends the place of the sermon in the worship of Protestants. "A true evangelical sermon, holding up Christ, is what—taking a term from sacramental cultus—I will call *the monstration of the gospel*." If this is the place of the sermon in the Protestant cultus, what should be the place of the pulpit in Protestant architecture? Should we fall victim to the "chancelitis" which has afflicted the recent tribe of Protestant Church-builders, or shall we continue to build an auditorium converging upon a pulpit that stands beneath the strange symbolism of the organ-pipes? Protestants are awakening to the fact that the setting of a Service helps or hinders the worship. They are becoming aware of the vulgar ugliness of many of their buildings, which express nothing but the gentility of the worshippers. In timely reaction they have begun to borrow "features" from "Catholic" architecture and "Catholic" worship with far too little thought for the suitability of the "improvements" for the purposes of worship in the Protestant tradition. What has been needed is a scientific and informed enquiry into the relations between architecture and worship as properly expressive of the evangelical faith. As Protestantism revives, it must express itself (and not express something else) in architecture and music and literature and cultus. We cannot be too grateful to Dr. Drummond for giving a really fine lead in this matter. It is most urgently to be desired that Protestant committees entrusted with the responsible work of building new churches or altering old ones will master the contents of this book. It is learned, it is intensely interesting, it is profoundly Protestant. Dr. Drummond realizes that symbolism and art there must be. Then let it be the right symbolism and art. He is as much concerned with village meeting houses as with great cathedrals; he gives us hope that, once we grasp sound principles, we can even do something effective with some of the worst of our

present buildings. Henceforward the building of ugly and inappropriate churches will be not only an offence against taste but a sin against the light. We have heard much in recent years of the Catholic revival. There are many signs that we are to hear much in future of the Protestant revival.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM.

* * * *

SCIENCE

HEALTH AND THE PUBLIC

The Conquest of Suffering. By Ritchie Calder. London: Methuen and Co. Toronto: Reginald Saunders. 1934. Pp. 166. 5s.

The purpose of this book is to acquaint the lay public with the modern advances in medical science, with the knowledge now available and with the new factors which have a distinct bearing on their own lives and those of succeeding generations. In this effort the author has been aided by intimate discussions with eighteen British doctors and scientists whose contributions to knowledge have been noteworthy. In a series of nine short chapters a variety of subjects is treated concisely and in these the author never fails to point the moral.

The developments in medical research which are specially attributable to the present century are outlined with particular reference to Preventive Medicine, the broad foundations of which are good air, pure water, the prevention of smoke pollution, good housing, food of satisfactory quantity, quality and variety, and child welfare. The spectacular advances in vitamin research have shown how closely health is dependent on proper diet. The importance of good housing conditions in helping to build up health and character is stressed and Professor Currie's essentials of a 'healthy house' are quoted as health, seclusion, stability and comfort.

Attention is called to three of the major problems in modern public health—the declining birth rate, the decrease in infant mortality and the high maternal mortality rate. Much research is being devoted to the causes of maternal mortality and valuable suggestions are advanced with a view to reducing the excessive rate. The scheme carried out in Tottenham, London, under Dr. Rickards' supervision is highly commended, although emphasis is placed on the need for a National Maternity Service. It may be appropriate to recall Dame Janet Campbell's recent visit to Canada (Nov. 1934) and her series of addresses on Maternity and Child Welfare in which she urged a national plan.

Much new knowledge has been gained in the study of health conditions in industry with regard to the worker's environment,

physique and psychological outlook. The problems affecting insanity, heredity and personality are clearly stated and caution is advised in our attitude to mental disease. This view conflicts sharply with the sterilization of mental defectives—a practice now favoured in certain parts of the United States and Canada.

It is stimulating to review the successes of surgery, X-ray therapy and clinical medicine, but in spite of the triumphs of medical research in preventing diseases such as diphtheria, scarlet fever and tetanus and in controlling diabetes and pernicious anaemia, much work has still to be done on 'virus' infections, of which the common cold is an important member. There are many deficiencies in our knowledge of disease and its prevention although we are adding daily to our armentarium.

The book issues a challenge to the physician to devote more time to the practice of the principles of prevention, public health education and research, to the politician to think biologically as well as economically and to society to observe and apply the new knowledge. The careful reader will not fail to find much of interest. The author, a special correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, writes in a lucid, attractive and convincing style; he has achieved the difficult task of 'popularizing' medical knowledge with due regard for accuracy and essential detail.

J. WYLLIE.

* * * * *

RERUM COGNOSCERE CAUSAS

Causality. By Ludwik Silberstein, Ph.D. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Pp. viii+159. \$1.35.

Science and the Spirit of Man: a new ordering of experience. By Julius W. Friend and James Feibleman. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. Pp. 336. \$3.75.

Causality, by Ludwik Silberstein, is an expanded version of a public lecture in which the author maintains that the "law of causality" can only be regarded as a "maxim of the naturalist" which has been very *useful* in acquiring new knowledge but which cannot be proved true or false any more than the maxim "Do not tell lies".

In this obstruse question it is difficult to come to any decision but it is at least doubtful if the age old problem of "cause and effect" can be disposed of so easily.

In *Science and the Spirit of Man* the two authors are at war with what they see as the vicious tendency of the modern world to belittle human values. They regard this as due to the ordinary man's belief that the world with which science deals is the only "real" world. By might of metaphysical argument they seek to overthrow this view and clear the way for an order in which the

good and the beautiful are viewed as higher forms of reality than that of science.

If the book be judged by its analysis of modern physics it is stimulating and persuasive in its general outlines but over-hasty and unconvincing in detail.

H. M. CAVE.

* * * * *

ANTHROPOLOGY AND LETTERS

Creation and Evolution in Primitive Cosmogonies, and other Pieces.

By Sir James Frazer. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1935. Pp. xi+151. \$2.50.

In his eighty-first year the famous author of *The Golden Bough* has gathered together a few of his essays and addresses to be published under the title of the longest and most important of the series. In this essay the expert anthropologist surveys the savage world and shows that from "the groping of the human mind in the dark abyss of the past" have come different views of man's origin. According to the one, man was fashioned in his existing shape by a god: according to the other, he was evolved by a natural process out of lower forms of animal life".

Other articles deal with the work of the anthropologists Roscoe and Baldwin Spencer, with Gibbon at Lausanne, with Condorcet on the human mind, and finally with his own parents and his early life. Sir James is an eminent example of the value to the world of the scholarship system which selected the boy of promise and enabled him to obtain an education and pursue the study which made him famous. His story of his early days is written in the plain and interesting style that he uses throughout.

All of these articles will prove of use and interest to the reader whether or not he is familiar with the life and work of the famous author. To him may well be applied the words he has written of Condorcet. "Even if from his pages we could glean no practical hints for our guidance it would still be a gain to escape for a little from the anxieties and forebodings of the present into serene communion with a spirit so lofty and noble."

R. O. EARL.

* * * * *

POLITICS

FEDERATION AND COMMONWEALTH

Essays in Constitutional Law. By W. P. M. Kennedy. Toronto: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

Students of Canadian constitutional law will be indebted to Professor Kennedy for the publication of a series of articles which he has contributed during the past few years to law journals at

home and abroad. The essays, for the most part, are concerned with aspects of constitutional law which are peculiar to federal states. Canada, quite naturally, supplies the material for several of the essays on federal constitutional law. The usage which has developed regarding the exercise by the Dominion Government of its power to disallow provincial legislation forms the subject of one penetrating study. Another directs attention to the impressive influence of convention on the growth and operation of federal institutions in Canada. That influence has been most conspicuous in the determination of the composition and relationships of the federal executive. As one result of the federalization of the Canadian cabinet the Senate, as the protector of provincial and minority rights, has become of secondary importance. It is of interest to observe that this development had been predicted by Hon. Christopher Dunkin during the debates in 1865 on the Quebec Resolutions. The concluding essays of the book are devoted appropriately to recent changes in the structure and constitutional relations of the British Empire which found their culmination in the Statute of Westminster. Professor Kennedy's sceptical attitude towards this latest development is summed up in his declared conviction "that our problems are most profoundly those of statesmanship and not of law, and that faith in our common allegiance, in our common cultural traditions, and in our common political and religious liberty is sufficient for the future as it has been for the years that are gone".

NORMAN McL. ROGERS.

* * * * *

REFORM IN INDIA

India, Minto and Morley, 1905-1910. By Mary, Countess of Minto. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. 438. \$6.25.

This book gives no ground for invoking against Lady Minto the rule—it ought to be a statute—that wives should never write biographies of their husbands. Mr. Buchan wrote a good life of Lord Minto several years ago. This book deals only with the evolution of the Morley-Minto reforms and with life in India as the Vicereine saw it. Her sketches of scenery, *shikar* and society are light and vivid and add greatly to the interest of the book. But the main theme is the story of the reforms, told almost entirely in extracts from the letters exchanged weekly between the Viceroy and the Secretary of State. In the selection of extracts and in her occasional comments Lady Minto is less than just to Morley, as reference to his *Recollections* shows. But a Vicereine's first interest is the health and comfort of the Viceroy, and she would be more than human if she did not show a shadow of tolerant

vexation against the man who often argued stoutly against her husband, refused—how could she forgive him?—to accept his word as law and at times of intolerable stress blandly demanded full and detailed information about *zenanas*. Was the old nuisance going to open a bazaar?

In mind and background Morley and Minto provide a complete contrast. It is vastly to the credit of both that they worked so harmoniously and effectively together. They left to India the *damnosa hereditas* of communal electorates, but their reforms, in which each may claim an equal share, mark the beginning of real co-operation between Britons and Indians in India, and Minto's good fellowship with the native Princes—a welcome contrast to Curzon's *de haut en bas* viceroyalty—paved the way for the federation of the future.

In 1935 the steps, which to Morley and Minto seemed as precarious as they were necessary, look unimpressive. But they demanded courage and foresight. Minto matched Morley in those qualities, and Lady Minto has done a real service to the present British policy in India by showing that a soldier, sportsman and *pukka sahib* like her husband, who had a genteel horror of politicians, could win the confidence of Indians of all classes by meeting them on equal terms and could serenely press on his projects of reform when sedition and murder were on the increase and Kitchener was clamouring for martial law.

This is a timely book, well put together and full of human as well as political interest.

W. H. FYFE.

* * * * *

PHILOSOPHY

REALIST, MORALIST AND SCIENTIST

The Romance of Reality. By Janet Chance. Preface by Olaf Stapledon. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1934. Pp. 138. \$1.50.

Philosophical Studies. By A. E. Taylor. Toronto: Macmillans in Canada. 1934. Pp. 422. \$5.25.

The Place of Minds in the World. By Sir William Mitchell, K.C.M.G. Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen, 1924-1926. First Series. Toronto: Macmillans in Canada. 1933. Pp. 374. \$3.75.

Mrs. Chance's little book tries to persuade us to seek romance not in illusion, but in reality. Just what is illusion and what is reality seems to be clear to the author from the start. Knowing which is which, the rest is simple: Abandon illusion, seek reality; reality is not all romance; but it gives one the only romance that

is real. She bases on this precept a "personal philosophy of life" which she calls "realism", and which entails a rejection of supernaturalism and a frank adherence to atheism. It would be interesting to consider her argument for inferring atheism from realism. But there is no argument to consider, either at this point, or at any other. We have instead a number of little homilies on the proper "quality of individual life", sex morals, education, and society, all variations of the same theme that if people abandoned their prejudices they would be saner and happier.

The merit of the book is simplicity and sincerity. Its defect is over-simplification. The very word "reality" that is the author's chief source of consolation and guidance is one of the trickiest in the English language. The supernaturalistic view which is so cheerfully rejected has grown out of longstanding institutions, ways of feeling and thinking. So have the social practices against which she protests. An attack upon either must face the conditions from which they arose, and define intellectual and social disciplines and goals of change. Otherwise it remains—to use the author's favourite word—"unrealistic".

A. E. Taylor's *Philosophical Studies* take us into another universe of thought. Competent Platonist, careful student of the history of thought, Professor Taylor of the University of Edinburgh is one of the most learned of contemporary writers on philosophical subjects. His own constructive thought is best represented by his recent Gifford Lectures, *The Faith of a Moralist*. This later volume brings together a number of previously published essays on a variety of subjects. An essay on "Forms and Numbers" is of unusual interest to those who wish to understand Plato's mathematics. It offers a solution to a much discussed problem in Platonic criticism, a solution which is by no means conclusively established, but is certainly ingenious and suggestive. Another essay on "The Philosophy of Proclus" contends that Neo-Platonism is neither anti-rational mysticism nor a monism of the Spinozistic type. Mr. Taylor finds a greater resemblance between Proclus and Leibniz than between Proclus and Hegel. An essay on "Knowing and Believing" supports the Aristotelian and Neo-Platonic thesis of "direct and immediate apprehension of truth which we should regard as the type of true knowing". The author draws from this position the conclusion that science "is never quite identical with knowledge". Whether or not one accepts Professor Taylor's particular brand of idealism, one will find these essays rewarding reading, lucidly written, erudite, carefully reasoned.

Sir William Mitchell's Gifford Lectures are still another species of philosophical writing. They are work of undoubted originality and constructive power, but unnecessarily difficult reading. The style has a fascinating obscurity—an obscurity of syntax rather than

of diction, with an abundance of aphorisms and quaint metaphors that take a good deal of patience to decipher. The book begins talking about "the three places", the "gulfs", about "surface" and "depth", and it is a long time before one gets any clear idea of what this philosophical topography denotes. As one proceeds things begin to clear up a bit, and one gets an inkling of the argument—an unusually interesting one, and based on long acquaintance with the advance of physical science.

The book is a protest against the separation of the world of science from the world of ordinary experience, which one finds, for example, in some of Eddington's utterances. This creates the major "gulf" between the "surface" of nature (the colours, scents, and feels of sense-experience) and the "depth" of nature (the pointer-readings, formulae, and abstract laws of physical science.) The mystery then becomes: "How bridge the 'gulf'?" The easy answer is to say with Eddington: "I am almost inclined to attribute the whole responsibility for the laws of mechanics and gravitation to the mind, and deny the external world any share in them." This is just what Sir William refuses to admit. The "gulf" is a false one, he declares. Science does not look for a depth behind or beyond the surface of sense. It only looks for junctions and connections between the elements of sense. In discovering the objects which constitute these junctions, mind discovers itself *and* nature. This is "the place of minds in the world"; the realm of objects which express relations within the world of sense. The position is in many respects like that of Whitehead, at least in his earlier works. Both, I think, could be fairly called realistic philosophies of science—"realistic" in a sense which might be recommended to Mrs. Chance and the advocates of her "way of life".

GREGORY VLASTOS.

* * * * *

LANGUAGES

A BRAZILIAN EXPERIMENT

L'Enseignement des Langues Vivantes (Une Expérience Brésilienne). By A. Carneiro Leão. Rio De Janiero, Typ. do Jornal Do Commercio, Rodrigues & Co., 1934.

The author is perhaps the highest authority on matters of education in Brazil; not only has he been Director of Education of the Republic, but since 1909 he has to his credit a dozen books dealing with various systems of teaching in the Capital and in the provinces. Abroad he is better known as a writer on certain aspects of hispanic civilization and as an ardent supporter of the Pan-American Union.

The present volume will interest chiefly the language teacher who still hesitates between the traditional and the direct method. The merit of the book consists in its sound and impartial documentation. The Brazilian "experiment", now in its third year, ought to be keenly watched by educationalists, as the appreciation of outside scholars such as Ascoli and Luc Durtain of France, and Professor Garric of the United States, has already revealed its importance. Dr. Leão, who has been one of its founders, analyzes the problem so clearly as to deserve the thanks of all colleagues in his country and outside. Of particular importance is the chapter dealing with language study and the psychology of the students, proving the advantage of using books specially written for Brazilians by a staff of competent teachers.

J. H. BROVEDANI.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY

Canada, An American Nation. By John W. Dafoe. New York: Columbia University Press. Pp. 128. \$2.00.

Dr. Dafoe holds a position unique in Canada and matched by few in any country. He is a journalist of learning whose clear consistency of view lends weight even to his daily utterance. These three lectures delivered at Columbia University on the Julius Beer foundation have therefore peculiar interest and importance, as embodying his maturely considered conception of Canada's constitutional evolution.

The main theme of the lectures is the growth of democracy in Canada, the influence of the United States and of its migrant citizens upon that growth, and the final emergence of a constitutional status closely equivalent to the demands of the American colonists in rebellion. Dr. Dafoe discusses also with candour, good feeling and acumen the modern problems of intercourse between Canada and the United States.

Dr. Dafoe is too real a writer not to challenge controversy but as a guide to the past and the future he is a safe and most agreeable companion. This is a book that can be warmly recommended both to expert and to layman.

W. H. FYFE.

Correction.

Mr. Lloyd-George's *Memoirs*, reviewed in our last issue, are published in Canada by The Ryerson Press of Toronto.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

AUTUMN, 1935

MORALITY IN POLITICS

BY ALFRED ZIMMERN

THERE are two ways of thinking about politics which lead nowhere. One is to confuse What Is with What Ought to be. The other is to think that there is no place in politics for any Ought. If people would make the effort to avoid both these bad habits political life would be transformed, for we should get rid of an immense dispersion of energy on the part of the well-intentioned.

I have used words of one syllable to characterize these wrong ways of thinking because abstract terms are apt to be confusing. For instance, to mistake one's desires for realities is sometimes called idealism. But to declare that there is room in politics for an Ought, in other words for *ideals*, is also a form of idealism. Thus in calling a dreamer "idealistic" one is tempted to confuse him with the other kind of idealist,

the practical idealist, who refuses to dismiss politics as a dirty business in which moral standards have no place.

Despite the dreamers, politics is a study of reality — even more than that, a *scientific* study of reality. Despite the a-moralists, the sceptics, the cynics, the followers of Machiavelli and Marx, politics is concerned with moral issues. The words “right” and “wrong” have a meaning in public affairs. They are not mere convenient variants for “expedient” and “inexpedient” or “successful” and “unsuccessful.”

The science of politics consists in a study of the means to achieve political ends or aims. It will be best then to begin by asking ourselves what those ends are.

They can be very simply stated. There is nothing new about them. They were laid down by the first men in our civilization who gave any thought to these matters, the Prophets of the Old Testament and the philosophers of Ancient Greece. The aim of politics is to enable men to lead a good life — to create the conditions under which men, women and children can live together according to their own highest ideal. In other words, *the aim of politics is outside politics*. It cannot be stated in the language of politics — in terms of Power and Glory and Prestige, or in terms of Wealth and Population and Statistical Records, or in terms of forms of government, such as Democracy or Aristocracy, or in terms of social and economic organisation, such as Individualism or Socialism or the Corporate State. All these things, which are pieces on the political chess-board, paraphernalia in the political property-room, are only instruments or accessories for a major purpose which lies outside politics — the betterment of human life.

It was the great achievement of the thinkers of Greece and Palestine to realize this, and thus to raise politics above the level of Pagan tribalism, in which one tribe with its god fought against another tribe with its god for the spoils and

trophies of victory. Thus there came into existence a movement of thought with a language of its own, relating politics to morality and to religion in the true and deeper sense. The great Western political *words*, Law, Justice, Liberty, Progress, Equality, stand as monuments to the passing of tribalism. It is only through a confusion of thought or through deliberate perversion that, especially in modern times, people have begun to put tribal adjectives in front of them, or, worse even than that, personal adjectives.

A striking example of this process of perversion was provided when the Chancellor of Germany, after 30th June, 1934, declared that, if only for twenty-four hours, Justice was what he as an individual, irrespective of the constitution, considered to be Justice. In other words, he acted as an irresponsible tribal chief.

The gulf between this and the traditional conception of law, as handed down from Greek times, is perhaps most clearly brought out by comparing it with what Sir Edward Coke told James I when the latter attempted to make the English judiciary acquiesce in his doctrine of the Royal Prerogative: "the King ought not to be under any man but under God and the Law."

The action of the German Chancellor was only carrying to its logical conclusion the perverted modern tendency — due partly to the development of specialization — to regard politics as an end in itself. Once you regard politics as an end in itself, you begin to judge political action not by standards of right or wrong but by what was called in the eighteenth century "Reason of State." The State with its power, glory, and prestige, becomes an absolute standard. That is in effect to put the State in the place of God. From that to putting the head of the State in the place of God is only a step. "Canada right or wrong," is a slogan that may appeal to some, as similar slogans have in other countries. But if anyone took

the further step and declared for "Mr. Bennett," or "Mr. King," or "Mr. Woodsworth, right or wrong", he would no doubt be met with ridicule. If I am right in this surmise, then the essentials of politics are better understood in Canada than in Germany.

Good citizenship then consists in using political instruments for *good* ends. It does not consist in throwing away such instruments because they may be or have been used for bad ends. There are two kinds of people who, considering politics a dirty business, refuse to lend a hand in purifying them. They are the monks and the cynics. The cynics join in the dirty game because they have not the decency or the moral energy to take a stand for anything better. Such people are very common in all spheres of public life, from the parish council to the League of Nations. Anyone who knows Geneva from the inside knows very well — though not all will be prepared to admit it — that if everybody connected with the League of Nations had acted there according to his professions, the world would be in a very different condition to-day. The best of causes can be spoiled by a debasing of personal standards. No institution is proof against the moral lapses of those who are connected with it.

The monks are those who stand outside public affairs for fear of soiling their fingers. Perhaps the word "monk" is unfair to an ideal of life the nobility of which I recognize, even if I do not share it. Let us rather speak of "quasi-monks" or "part-time monks." These people retire from the world when, and to the extent that, it is convenient for them. They participate in the benefits which government ensures for them, but they do their best to contract out of its risks and unpleasantnesses. Some of them think voting a nuisance. Others have an objection to this or that obligation imposed by law. This is obviously not a very reasonable attitude. It is, in fact, highly illogical. Sometimes it is defended on strictly

moral or "conscientious" grounds. I have no desire to enter into the controversy thus opened up. I would only say that anyone who deliberately throws away, or refuses to use, or weakens by disobedience, the regular instrument for moralizing the policy of a country, assumes a very heavy responsibility for discovering an equally serviceable alternative.

Having thus made clear what place there is for ideals in politics, let us turn to the other, the misguided, form of idealism. This is the idealism which is so wrapped up in dreams and desires that it has no eyes for what is going on in the world.

What would be said of a doctor who, in front of a patient, sang a hymn to the Goddess of Health and forgot to take his pulse? Yet how many people to-day sing hymns to Peace or Liberty or Justice or Progress or "the Revolution" without taking the pulse of the world or even realizing that public affairs can be *scientifically diagnosed*! That is why we have so tragic a divorce between "the people" and "the experts." The experts between them know the state of public affairs. The public too often does not know that there is anything to be *known*. It thinks that it is sufficient to desire and to demand the right thing. But the right thing will not come because we want it, but only because we take the right steps to secure it. In international politics, at any rate — in the effort to secure peace and confidence and a better international understanding — we have not seldom taken precisely the wrong steps, not out of bad will but simply out of ignorance. Was it a preacher or a weary expert on international politics who framed the petition "O Lord, have mercy upon us and make all the fools *bad*, so that men may cease to listen to them"?

Thanks to the progress of the social sciences and of the means of communication it is possible nowadays to take the pulse of the world. We can know not only what is happening

but what people are thinking and feeling in all the five continents. We can see where there is social sickness and where there is at least relative health. We can also see where there is social morality and public spirit and where there is indifference and irresponsibility. There is no excuse for anyone who thinks that all the fifty odd members of the League of Nations are identical units, and frames a policy accordingly. There is still less excuse for anyone who speaks of "the Dominions" in the same wholesale spirit. The art of politics consists largely in a close and sympathetic understanding of the people concerned. International politics is the most difficult branch of the art, because there are so many peoples concerned and because so many things are happening at the same time. Problems refuse to wait until logically prior problems are cleared out of the way. Asia pushes in front of Europe in the queue instead of "staying put" as she had been expected to do. Africa too is inopportunistically restive. The *simultaneity* and *complexity* of international politics are part of present-day reality and we must resign ourselves to the fact that the world is growing more complex, and its peoples more alive and self-assertive, all the time. That is not a reason for abandoning the effort to bring reality a little nearer to the ideal. But it *is* a reason for abandoning the idea that politics are or ever will be simple, and that the treatment of the complex ailments of the world can be found in a few neat formulae.

Constant observation, constant reflexion and a constant effort to relate the reality of public affairs to ideal standards *outside* public affairs — such is the task of the statesman. There are statesmen in the world to-day. And where they bear rule, politics has ceased to be "a dirty business" and has become the conscious pursuit of an ideal.

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

BY G. B. REED

FOR many years there has been an increasing tendency, in most countries, toward socialization of medicine. Yet, while in democratic countries more and more services are partially or completely socialized, a large amount of medical practice remains a private venture supported by fees or dependent on charity to which the doctors are without doubt the largest contributors. On the other hand a system of socialized medical practice is now well established in the Soviet Union.

The completely socialized system differs in two fundamental respects from democratic procedure: medical practice and medical institutions are alike separated both from private gain and from charity. The best health and curative measures which the state affords are freely available to all. No person is barred from medical examination, treatment, hospitalization or other measure, available to another person in the state, as a result of cost or time involved. Moreover, health is regarded as too important to permit the careless to neglect their own wellbeing or to allow the ignorant and the credulous to tinker with quack remedies and charlatans.

In considering the present Russian system it is essential to realize that twenty years ago this was a country which, judged by Western European standards, had a grossly inadequate medical service. The standing of the medical schools was high, outstanding research was being done, eminent physicians and surgeons were to be found in the large cities; but the services available to the general population were very limited. In 1913 there were less than 20,000 medical practitioners in the territory of the present U.S.S.R., one to every

8,000 or 9,000 people (England has seven or eight times this number per capita), moreover these were mostly concentrated in the cities. Hospitals and other medical institutions were equally limited. Large sections of the population had practically no medical service. The sanitary system of the country was mediaeval: slightly over a hundred cities and towns had any public water supply; thirteen had sewerage systems. During the Russian participation in the great war this inadequate service was depleted by the demands of the army. With the advent of the revolution many of the older physicians went over to the counter revolutionary groups, others sabotaged the new medical system, so that in the civil war period there was virtually no medicine; famine and pestilence prevailed, typhus, cholera, plague and many lesser diseases swept the country in epidemic form. The present medical system of Russia has been built up during the period since 1918 or 1919 from practically nothing.

The principle of the Russian system is simple. The health of the people is one of the primary concerns of the State, divorced entirely from private enterprise and private charitable organization. All medical institutions and all medical personnel are provided and maintained by the State, all services are free. Details of the system, on the other hand, are complicated and some of the institutions, especially those concerned primarily with the maintenance of health rather than treatment of the sick, are difficult, because of their unique character, to evaluate in terms of Western European or American standards.

Executive organization and administration is centred in the Commissariat of Health, a major department of the central government; each federated republic has a central commissariat; each local soviet has its own health department, and finally each group of workers, as at a factory or collective farm, has a "health nucleus" or health committee. These local

units in conjunction with the central commissariat and the professional members of the service administer the system.

The professional unit, the district institution generally called the prophylactorium, has to a large extent replaced the general practitioner of democratic systems. It is the medical centre of the district. Leningrad with its two and three-quarter million people has one such prophylactorium in each of the eight administrative districts of the city. One, for example, is situated near the centre of its district, a new factory area, with a population of 80,000. The staff of the central unit is made up of 145 qualified doctors (full time members on salary) and a much larger number of technical assistants, organized into medical, surgical, radiological, dental, laboratory and public health departments. Several of these departments work in co-operation with central units of the city and province.

The first impression on entering this prophylactorium is of an enormous outpatient department; there are the same rows of consulting rooms, operating theatres and dispensaries; but this is not a hospital, there are no beds. The patients, all drawn from the district, come through several channels: because of self-recognized illness, in response to the health propaganda actively carried on by the prophylactorium, or sent by branch clinics, by school or factory dispensaries. Diagnosis is made with the aid of the specialists in all departments of medicine, laboratory and radiological units. If hospitalization is not indicated, treatment is undertaken; if bed treatment or observation is needed, the patient is sent to the appropriate hospital.

All the prophylactoria have branch clinics. The one just described has some sixty scattered through its district, staffed by 100 qualified doctors and a much larger number of nurses and attendants. The function of these small units somewhat resembles that of the familiar general practitioner and the

visiting nurse. The doctor may see patients or prospective patients in his dispensary or he may go to the homes. He enjoys, apparently, a considerable degree of freedom either to treat cases which arise or to pass them on to the prophylactorium; all doubtful and the more serious cases are handed over to the prophylactorium or directly to the hospitals. Contagious cases must always be referred.

The new Russians are acknowledged masters of propaganda, and local health propaganda is one of the principal objectives of the prophylactorium and its branch clinics. The necessity of observing ordinary health and sanitary measures is urged upon the people reiteratively and elaborated in detail. Periodic health examinations are made virtually compulsory. Discharged patients are followed up with the greatest care. But the work of the Russian health propagandist is made easy. The question does not arise: "Can I afford to be ill?" All health facilities urged upon the people are free—hospitals, sanatoria, rest homes. Workers receive full pay on sick leave up to a period of three to four months and in any case of more protracted illness they are given an adequate pension.

From a few days' observation it is impossible to judge more than superficially the quality of the services provided by the prophylactoria and their branch clinics. I was able to judge fairly accurately, however, the work being done in my own field—bacteriology and biochemistry. These departments are well housed in splendid laboratories, reasonably, but not elaborately, equipped and staffed. The scientific apparatus is modern, much of it recent Russian work. The staff appeared well trained and efficient. The director of the laboratory and members of the staff displayed, in conversation and in their use of many new procedures, complete familiarity with contemporary work. Probably most English or Canadian laboratories handling as much material would be more extensively equipped, but many are less well provided. The branch clinics

seemed to be poorly equipped but, as just indicated, they are primarily feeders for their prophylactoria.

Closely associated, though not directly connected with the prophylactoria and their branch clinics, are the factory dispensaries. Every factory employing 250 or more is required to maintain such a unit. The functions of the two appear at times to overlap but the primary object of the factory doctor is the health of the workers of his factory. To this end he is concerned not only with first aid and control of infectious diseases but also with diet and nutrition, exercised through supervision of the factory kitchens and dining rooms, with the problem of rest and exercise and more especially with the problems of general working conditions, hazards and occupational diseases to be anticipated in the industry. In these highly specialized problems the factory doctor works in co-operation with the specialists and laboratory units of the district prophylactorium and the factory section of the Commissariat of Health. Health records of all the workers are preserved in the factory dispensary and elaborate health educational campaigns are maintained through personal contact, lectures and demonstrations to the workers and through the agency of placards, slogans, posters and the ubiquitous graph which now covers the face of all Russia.

The technical staff of these factory dispensaries varies with the type of industry with which they are associated. A factory in the Leningrad district just mentioned, employing 1,200 mostly highly skilled mechanics, has a dispensary staff consisting of one qualified doctor, a dentist and four technical assistants and nurses. The equipment apart from a fairly good first aid outfit, dental operating fixtures, elaborate records and educational apparatus, suggested a general practitioners' consulting room. Another factory in the same district employing 4,000 workers and a much larger proportion of unskilled labour maintained a dispensary staff of four

doctors, two dentists and several technical assistants and nurses. In a factory kitchen, visited in Moscow, with 900 persons employed in the cooking and serving of meals to about twenty thousand factory workers, there is a dispensary staff of six qualified doctors and several nurses and laboratory technicians. This dispensary controls the quality of food served and the health of the operators. The food handlers are subjected to periodic examination, especially bacteriological, for the enteric fevers and dysentery, the diseases most likely to be transmitted through foods.

For children the crèche and the school dispensary play the same rôle as is filled for the factory workers by the factory dispensary. The district, factory, park and other crèches although not intentionally admitting any except healthy children are in reality under a degree of medical and nursing supervision which makes them essentially infants' hospitals. In a Kharkov factory crèche I saw a group of women arriving with their infants before starting work on the morning shift. Each child was deposited by the mother in a crib in a small receiving cubicle. A nurse at once bathed the child (each has its own bath equipment), recorded its weight, temperature and general condition. The morning I was there the smaller infants were put in cribs on an open veranda, others were dressed in much abbreviated sun suits, a red knapsack containing a handkerchief was slung over the shoulder and they were put into play pens in the sun; the larger ones were turned loose in a big garden of lawn, shrubbery and flowers. Nursing mothers returned to the crèches twice during the seven hour working day to feed their babies; they are not penalized for this loss of time. Other infants are fed at the crèche and supplementary food is given nursing infants as required. At the end of the day's work the mother returned to the crèche, her child was again dressed in its home clothes and returned to her for the balance of the day and the night.

In the event of the crèche nurses or doctors detecting illness beyond what can be treated under crèche conditions, particularly contagious diseases, the child is referred to the district prophylactorium or directly to the appropriate hospital. The crèche doctors are encouraged to co-operate with the factory doctors concerning the working conditions and the general health of the mothers. On the other hand it is their duty to investigate the living conditions in the homes of the children under their charge.

The school doctors and school nurses stand in a similar relation to the school age child. The fact that ordinarily the public or high school child, though living at home, takes two meals a day in the school dining room probably makes possible a more intimate medical supervision than is secured in most countries. In addition to regular medical inspection certain very important measures are vigorously enforced, such as smallpox vaccination and immunization against diphtheria and scarlet fever.

The many major units, the general and special hospitals, sanatoria and asylums are operated on familiar lines except for the fundamental fact that all are maintained by the state with a salaried staff, and that all the services are free. Some specialists carry on consultive practice in several hospitals, some surgeons operate in more than one hospital, but the hospital doctor is ordinarily a full time salaried worker. The familiar system whereby the larger part of the hospital medical work, as apart from that in private pavilions, is done by physicians and surgeons without pay out of time spared from their private paid practice is totally foreign to the Soviet system. These institutions receive their patients from the prophylactoria and institutional clinics.

Hospital building operations are expanding rapidly. Many fine hospitals have been completed during the last few years in large and small cities and in towns. Fine examples

are to be seen in Kharkov and Leningrad. The medical centre now under construction in Moscow will, judging from the plans, rival the finest in existence. In 1931 there were 5.3 hospital beds per 1,000 of city population and 0.7 per 1,000 of rural population.

Certain of the medical institutions have no similar counterpart outside Russia and it is these more or less unique institutions to which the Russians look for great gain in national health. This is in part true of the maternity homes. The chief distinction is that through propaganda and exhibits, in particular the museum-like institutions for the protection of mothers and children, expectant mothers register early and are permitted therefore to avail themselves of a much greater degree of parental care and treatment than is generally received elsewhere. In the cities and towns the records indicate that a very large percentage of women do so register and no mother bears a child at home, except by accident. The woman working at manual labour is allowed two months before and two after delivery at full pay, the brain worker six weeks before and after delivery. In one of the institutions in Leningrad where all infants of the district are born, wall charts indicate that the maternal mortality is under 0.2 per hundred births. The maternal mortality in England and Wales has increased in the last ten years from 0.38 to 0.45 per hundred births.

The abortoria, concerning which much has been said of late, are either operated as part of the maternity hospitals or separately. They constitute an important part of the health programme. Though regarded definitely as a necessary evil, a placard frequently seen in factory dispensaries and other such places sets out in simple terms the availability of the abortoria, but at the same time stresses the desirability of having a child or of making use of the freely available information concerning contraceptives. With this warning, further

stressed at the abortoria, any woman, married or single, may have an abortion performed unless it is contra-indicated on medical grounds. The operation is carried out by special surgeons. Legal abortion is restricted to these conditions. As a result septic cases and other unfortunate after effects are extremely rare, a condition which certainly does not prevail in other countries where as a result of legal restrictions a frightful toll is paid to misinformation and quackery. How the number of these legal abortions compares with the number of illegal operations in other countries it is impossible to determine, but it is significant to note that in the period 1911-13 the birth rate was 45.5 per 1,000; 1922-26 43.6, 1924-29 41.8. In England and Wales the birth rate in 1914 was 23.8 and has made the much greater decrease to 14.4 in 1933. Many other factors are obviously concerned but it is at least apparent that legalized abortion has not materially affected the birth rate in the U.S.S.R.

Night sanatoria and rest homes for workers are a feature peculiar to the Russian system. These are designed for persons capable of carrying on normal life and work provided they are kept under medical supervision and are assured proper rest, diet and suitable living conditions. In one of the Moscow night sanatoria reserved for healing and arrested tuberculosis, for example, three or four hundred inmates returning from their various factories at four to five in the evening take a shower and go to bed for two or three hours. After supper in a large dining hall they scatter to comfortable sitting rooms or the park-like garden to read, play games or argue—the major Russian sport. Eight to ten hours undisturbed rest is thus assured them before going back to their day's work. Temperatures are taken daily and each patient is subjected periodically to physical and X-ray examination.

Other night sanatoria are used by patients who are merely fatigued or suffering from conditions which require for their

alleviation rest, good food and freedom from petty family worries. In such cases the services of the night sanatoria are prescribed for short periods.

Somewhat comparable with the night sanatoria are the rest homes which are being developed outside the large cities and at various mountain and seaside resorts as in the Crimea and the Caucasus. Here persons in need of special consideration may spend their vacations under general medical supervision, in surroundings advantageous to health. It may be noted in this connection that all industrial workers are given two weeks vacation, those in unhealthy trades three to four weeks, with full pay. Professional and clerical workers are similarly treated and even collective and state farm workers enjoy a vacation on pay.

Many cities are developing forest schools in order to provide school children with similar facilities for curative rest. One of these near Kharkov appears characteristic. A group of former summer residences situated in a large grove of ancient oaks has been converted to the purpose. Here 450 children of school age selected by the school doctors on account of physical subnormality, rather than actual illness, are sent for periods of one to three months. Each day they do about two hours of study, primarily in subjects like music, dramatics, gardening, physical drill or games; sleep at least ten hours and are provided with five meals. The school has a staff of twenty-four teachers, ten nurses and five doctors. Regular physical examinations are made and any children found to be suffering from disease requiring special treatment are sent on to an appropriate institution. Kharkov, a city of about seven hundred thousand, has twenty such forest schools.

On the state farms and in the agricultural areas extensively collectivized, which now include a majority of the peasant population, the system is not unlike the city organization. A moderate sized collective farm in the Ukraine near

Kharkov, which combines the former individual farms of two adjacent villages with a population of eleven hundred, of whom four hundred are farm workers, has a medical organization consisting of one doctor, three nurses and a hospital of three or four beds. Both the doctor and the nurses see patients in their homes or in the hospital and also supervise the health of the children in the two schools and two crèches.

The "machine and tractor stations", the district centres for scientific and mechanical organization of the district, also maintain medical and public health departments. The local medical units are under the general supervision of these specialists who act as inspectors and advisors on medical and public health matters or are called as consultants. As in the case of the city population, there are also hospitals and various types of sanatoria and rest homes to which patients may be referred by the local doctors or the district medical officers.

Another important rural development is the medical provision made for the busy agricultural seasons, seeding, haying, harvesting. For these seasons physicians and nurses are recruited in the cities and temporary units are organized in the rural areas. Eighteen thousand such temporary units were in the field during the 1933 harvesting season.

Medical education appears to have been somewhat modified in line with the new organization of practice. At the present time admission to the Medical Colleges, as to general university work and other professional schools, is from the ten year schools. Children of seven to eight enter these schools from the kindergartens, so that they are ready for the university at about eighteen. The medical course is six years. All students cover the same work for the first five years and, in the last year, which is largely clinical, each selects one to six or seven optional specialties. There is said to be still a scarcity of doctors but this is evidently a temporary condition likely to be remedied by the increase in the number of medical schools

from thirteen in 1914 to sixty-three with 46,000 students in 1932.

Another educational measure of considerable importance is the organization of medical technica comparable with the engineering and agricultural technica. Students entering these institutions, from the seven rather than the ten year schools, take a three years' course, two of general work and one clinical or laboratory year in which they specialize in one of six or eight subjects such as midwifery, child care, etc. These so-called medical technicians practice only as assistants to qualified medical officers.

The amount of post-graduate instruction in the large hospitals at midsummer was striking. In addition to courses for specialists, all doctors below certain grades of seniority are required to do some sort of post-graduate work annually.

The system is expanding rapidly. In twelve or fifteen years the number of doctors and the number of hospital beds has increased about five times, the health budget about fifteen times. Eventually the success of the system will be read, in part at least, in the vital statistics of the country. Already it is evident that the general mortality rate has decreased by about fifty per cent and the infant mortality rate by about thirty-five per cent since the beginning of the new system. This improvement appears to a large extent to be the result of control over epidemic diseases such as typhus, typhoid, small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever. There is also statistical evidence of corresponding or greater decrease in morbidity; venereal disease, for instance, has decreased to less than half.

Much comment has been made in Western professional circles concerning the pay received by the Russian doctors. When Sir James Pervis-Stewart, an eminent English surgeon, visited Russia two or three years ago he expressed surprise at finding the doctors working so efficiently and so happily on such a miserable income. There is certainly nothing more

difficult for the layman to understand in the U.S.S.R. than cost accounting and the real value of wages. But conversation with a good many doctors, members of other professions and industrial workers in various parts of the country left the impression that the doctor was rated as one of the most important members of society, and it was recognized that his professional work demanded intelligence, training and skill of the highest order. In this capacity he is paid. The senior doctor in one of the factory dispensaries told me without any reticence that his pay was 500 roubles a month. In the same large factory the lowest paid manual workers receive 125 roubles, skilled artisans 200 to 500 roubles, engineers 400 to 700 roubles, the manager 700 roubles. The director of a laboratory in a large prophylactorium receives 700 roubles. The doctor at a collective farm receives the same as the three farm directors, considerably more than the school teachers and a little less than the farm manager. Such appears to be the general proportion of income.

Obviously there is much similarity between the medical organization in the U.S.S.R. and the trend toward socialization in democratic countries. In England there has been a rapid expansion in the control of infectious diseases, in the development of water and sewage systems, food inspection and numerous sanitary measures which are generally regarded as an essential part of the public service. Government support of hospitals and other medical institutions is being extended. Accident and health insurance schemes represent a newer addition. The system in Denmark,* under government inspection and subsidization, is recognized as more inclusive than in other democratic countries. All persons with an income under a fixed minimum are eligible, and in 1928 some sixty-five per cent were participating. Members are entitled, in the event

* Newsholme, *The Relation Between the Private and Official Practice of Medicine*. New York, 1932.

of illness, to medical and hospital treatment and a pension at the age of sixty-five. This is a contributory scheme and the benefits are proportional to the amounts paid. Organizations resembling that in Denmark are now in operation in most western European countries.

In democratic countries the State assesses every one to a degree sufficient to provide certain public health and medical services, while beyond this the individual makes his own private arrangements, if he can afford to do so; otherwise he must depend upon the various philanthropic agencies. In other words, notwithstanding the extent to which medicine has been socialized, a large percentage of the medical services depends upon charity. In most hospitals except in private pavilions, the only doctors who are paid are the house physicians and they are generally provided with little more than maintenance. Purely state hospitals are the only exception. The majority of doctors treat many patients, outside the hospitals, without any anticipation of payment. Many needy patients go without any treatment. Hospitals and other medical institutions in their turn depend to a large measure for their existence upon private benefaction. In the U.S.S.R. the state assesses everyone, indirectly, to a degree sufficient to provide preventive and medical services alike for all.

EDUCATION IN CANADA—AN IMPRESSION

BY F. CLARKE

AMONG the studies which will acquire increasing importance in the immediate future is that of Comparative Education. The term is used to mean something more than a comparative handling of educational statistics or accounts, set out in parallel columns, of variant forms of administrative technique. At this lowest, purely descriptive level the study may have little value and may even be misleading in the conclusions to which it leads.

Comparative Education is a branch of Comparative Politics. It is concerned with the whole cultural life of peoples as that finds expression in those schemes for a continuous re-making which we call systems of education. A common error in the past has been to narrow the scope of the study to the purely pedagogic so as to yield only a comparative treatment of schools. But a school is an institution organic to a society; that society is, in turn, a culture, which has had a history. Without comprehensive study of the culture and the history the school is really unintelligible. Conversely, in the schools of a people, provided always that they have grown up as free adaptations to recognized needs, we may trace, as in a projection, a culture and a spiritual history. The historian of culture has made all too little use of this source of illumination. One notices, for instance, that where nursery schools exist in the United States, they occur mainly as private institutions, a luxury for the well-to-do, a relief to parents who should not properly need any such relief at all. In England they originated as a voluntary effort to help the most helpless of the poor; to provide something of the educative influences of a rich home life for little children who would otherwise have experienced no such thing. Public education authorities have

taken over the institution and where such schools are found at all in England, they are found as publicly-supported centres in the poorest quarters of large cities.

Such a difference as this ought surely to have some significance for any student who is comparing American with British democracy.

The above instance illustrates the value of comparative education for wider social and cultural studies in general. To illustrate the converse relationship, that concerning the need for a grasp of the wider social and cultural background by the student of comparative education, we may take Dr. Flexner's resounding book on Universities. A pervading and fatal weakness of his treatment is failure to exhibit the Universities of each of the three countries with which he dealt, as the necessary product of the cultural-historic soil in which they grew. He displayed the plants without their social ecology, and it is not surprising that he was able to make some of them appear monstrous. The truth is that any appraisal of schools and school-systems is appraisal of a culture, and it is in this fact that the main value of a study of comparative education resides. The weight of knowledge demanded, the degree of historical analysis and generalization that is involved, the complexity of the influences which determine educational forms — these call for organized centres of study analogous to Institutes of Politics or Schools of Economics. In the provision of such centres a beginning is only now being made.

It is the purpose of this paper to offer a few comments on Canadian education from the standpoint defined above; to ask such questions as these: What is the genesis of the dominant educational forms? What is their relation to the culture which they are designed to express? What value have they which might be of service to other lands as well as to Canada? Canadian experience may prove to be significant to a greater degree than one would expect.

The whole vast subject of the return-impact upon the older countries of Europe of the derived forms which are now acquiring such vigour and extension in the "new" lands, particularly in North America, still awaits systematic investigation. In such a study the United States would have to serve as the greatest and most influential type-form. But Canada would appear as something more than just a projection of U.S. models towards the north. Differences in educational forms and practices which are apparent enough even on the surface point to historic influences at work which give to Canadian education a significance of its own. Along with the inevitable "North Americanness", so striking to one who comes to it from the "Europeanness" of South Africa, there go such things as some conscious straining away from U.S. models in the effort to be different, the stronger persistence of an older English or Scottish inheritance, and the continuance, perhaps in increasing strength to-day, of a disposition to look to Great Britain both for models and for personnel. One should add, possibly, a growing determination to be critical towards what is presented from either of these sources.

Thus, while being no less North American than the United States, Canada tends to be less extreme and self-confident in its assertion of newness, more faithful to history and to ancient loyalties, and less disposed towards heady talk about "casting away tradition". For such reasons Canada and Canadian education may offer a peculiarly valuable field of study for those who would essay some forecast of the more distant inter-relationships between the old cultures and the new.

A word of caution should be added, however. It is a common enough error, common especially with some Englishmen, to generalize the purely local practice as having universal validity. Many of us have had experience of that kind of visitor, ignorant and quite unregardful of the cultural and social history which accounts for what he sees in the new land,

who judges all by criteria derived solely from his own experience. But the opposite error is less noticed. Our visitor generalizes the local; the other error is to localize the general, to regard as specific to one culture or country what is really common to the whole of western civilization. The error becomes the more easy as swift and ubiquitous means of communication and intercourse encourage the rapid diffusion of practices and ideas from some creative centre which, often, cannot be traced at all. (Where is the factory of the American slang which is heard an incredibly short time afterwards in Central Africa and in the ports of China?) The time is coming when "American" may have to be spelled with a small "a", for so much to which the epithet is applied is just a common product of the general conditions which prevail in a mechanised and superficialized Western civilization.

This is true in our own field of education. Here is an instance recently noted. Almost identical conclusions in regard to the content of a secondary school curriculum are arrived at by Dr. Cyril Norwood, from his experience as a headmaster of "public schools" and as chairman of the Schools Examination Council in England, and by a committee of inspectors and teachers working on the same problem in Alberta. To which must the credit for creativeness be given? To neither or to both? Does it matter? What we have here is the result of common intelligence working on a common problem.

The area of common problems in the education of Western peoples tends to grow. But still there are those who persist in regarding local manifestations of world-wide forces as products of their own invention. Canada is not wholly free from such blindness. The uniqueness of "our own system" is exaggerated. The relevancy to it of experience gained elsewhere is apt to be questioned or even flatly denied. The cramping and blinding effect of such limitations needs no emphasis, but

it can be mischievous enough. Thus one hears much about the superior virtues of "decentralized" administration of education in the United States from people who do not seem to realize that the highly centralized rigours of some city-systems in the States would evoke admiring tributes from the most thorough-going French or Prussian bureaucrats.

Endeavouring, then, to avoid the error of confusing the local with the general, either way, let us now glance at some of the distinctive features of Canadian education.

At the outset it may be asked: Is there, in fact, such a thing as Canadian education? Does it exist as a separate and single identity, separate as against United States education, and single as against the jealously-guarded sovereignties of nine distinct provinces? To the superficial observer, especially if he has lately come from the United States, it may seem to have no separate identity. But one needs only to work in the field for a very short time to realize that here is something quite consciously distinctive. Apart from French Quebec, that *Semper Eadem* on the St. Lawrence, there is throughout Canada a common countenance of education with features sufficiently well-marked both to distinguish it from the expansive physiognomy of the colossus to the South and to hide its own wrinkles of administrative division. Some traits of this distinctiveness may appear in the sequel.

But let it be confessed that this distinctiveness does not preclude either a marked resemblance in outer visage to education in the States, or a marked uniformity of type throughout Canada, despite provincial divisions. The uniformity of institutional and cultural forces throughout North America, amounting almost to monotony, never fails to impress and surprise those who have known the rich variety of forms that can be found even in a small area in older lands. Perhaps creative ingenuity has been less potent than the enthusiasts have believed, certainly less potent in things cultural and

institutional than in things material. But there is no need to press this surmise, for the historic causes of uniformity are plain enough. Rapid expansion over the continent spread in the main from one great centre in the East, where distinctive forms of life and culture were already well-established. The expansion was accelerated by the influences and facilities which accompanied the Industrial Revolution, and the resulting society acquired therefrom a character which it has retained. The Mechanical Revolution came too quickly and was too eagerly welcomed to allow any consolidation of those settled "pools" of community which are so common in Western Europe. Nor did the configuration of the country determine otherwise; the geographical parallel is much closer with the steppe-lands of Russia than with the broken contours and quiet seclusions of Western Europe. Time and Space have conspired to stamp upon North America an inevitable and indelible uniformity, broken only here and there, and perhaps only temporarily, by patches of a somewhat variant colour. Whether new groupings will emerge in course of time is matter for speculation, but all the chances seem to be against it.

Illustrating from education, let us take such a phenomenon as the "grade" system, reaching from Nova Scotia to British Columbia and from Louisiana to Manitoba. When, on the one hand, we reflect on its social and cultural implications, and on the other hand, on its educational consequences, have we not here a powerful formative agent operating over virtually the whole area? And this is only a type of other illustrations that might be taken. Would it not be true to say that in North America, the term "secondary education" still means primarily, and in practice, a group of grades rather than a certain peculiar kind of school life? If so, a contrast with Europe is at once apparent and Canada is on the American side of the contrast.

Thus the distinctiveness of Canada, while very real, must be taken with a large degree of qualification. In the remarks

which follow on some features of Canadian education no special attempt is made to distinguish between the traits which are, and those which are not, shared by the rest of North America.

The main historical affiliation is clear enough. From New England, by way of Nova Scotia and Ontario, and to a less extent Protestant Quebec, comes the standard form of the school district, itself, no doubt, a direct descendant of the Tudor parish. Whether Anglican or not, the communities had the same ideas of the content and the administrative structure of education. Loyalty to George III had no visible effect on their ideas as to how education should be provided and maintained. From the early centres the type has spread eastward and westward from sea to sea, and the model of the New England village still holds sway, with only the most necessary modifications, in large cities and on remote prairies amid conditions widely divergent from those of its origin.

With the outer administrative structure has gone the inner democratic impulse. Nothing is more fundamental in Canadian education than that North American conception of democracy which moulds its forms and animates its procedures. One hopes that, in essence, this will always be so. Changing social and cultural necessities will force considerable revision of the concept in its older form, and doubtless, a deeper and more subtle grasp of its implications than was demanded in days of pioneering and unlimited hopes of prosperity. But its essential spirit should remain, barring out any tendency to make access to education a matter of irrelevant privilege.

Some exemplifications of the way in which the basic democratic concept has worked itself out in Canadian education will serve both to make clear its real character and to indicate some points where revision may be necessary. Above all it has meant Equality. The instinct which seized upon this as fundamental in a system of education was sound. Moreover, when education was, for the mass, little more than the

communication of the essentials of civilized living; when the way to success was wide open for the energetic and enterprising with a minimum of schooling; when degrees and certificates and diplomas in multifarious variety had not yet become essential passports to many forms of gainful occupation; and when distinctions of wealth had not yet come in to play the part of distinctions of class and birth in older countries, the simple quasi-mathematical rule was sufficient.

The case is different in an age which is faced with the task of shaping an organic, ordered society. The principle of Equality needs then to be squared, as Plato saw, with the principle of Differentiation of Function. It needs also to be made compatible with the deliberate cult of Excellence, a terribly difficult matter in a society where the godhead of the Common Man has been raised to such a height. But there seems to be ineluctable truth in Plato's other principle that the development of every democracy reaches a point where it must either produce its own genuine "aristocracy" (in the moral sense) from within itself or perish. It would seem that Equality needs to be much more subtly construed in the later than in the earlier stages of democratic growth. If this is so, Canada has still to face the necessity.

An over-crude notion of Equality reveals itself in the educational system most markedly in two ways, in the confusion of curricula and in depression of standards.

As regards curricula, pressure to guarantee equal chances sets going tendencies to destroy all authority in curricula; to throw the whole field open to free choice; to break up large unities into digestible "course" snippets; to add new elements uncritically in response to popular demand; and all the time to treat each "unit" of the resulting chaos as of equal value with any other unit. The "credit" system at its worst is thus democracy in education reduced to its lowest terms and, incidentally, destroying itself.

The depression of standards by the same influences is too well-known to need much comment. The process usually works from the bottom. It becomes easier and easier to "make the grade" at the lower levels; more and more pupils press on to the upper levels, depressing, in turn, the standards there. Awareness of this, of the inadequacy, let us say, of the standards of education represented by the ordinary bachelor's degree, stimulates an effort to raise a superstructure upon it, and so we get the Graduate School. A question that ought to be put with resolute insistence throughout North America and answered with the most heart-searching honesty, is this: How far is the flourishing of the Graduate School to be accounted for by the steady depression of standards at the lower levels under the influence of a crude idea of the demands of democratic equality?

Usually these two phenomena, confusion and *émiettement* of curricula, and depression of standards, are not so much as recognized. They are not even denied. They are "rationalized", as the modern psychologist would put it, by an elaborate and plausible philosophizing which sets out from simple-looking axioms with a popular democratic flavour. A great deal that has passed for educational philosophy in North America in recent years is nothing more than a solemn "rationalizing" of radical weaknesses. It has a close affinity with what is known as the New Morality, which may be concisely described as New Excuses for Old Sins.

Cutting across the doctrine of Equality in a curious but little-noticed way, comes the influence of the characteristic nineteenth century doctrine of bourgeois "success". There is nothing wrong in this so long as it is recognized for what it is, and not permitted to substitute a badly-umpired dog-fight for a glorious democracy. Such, however, was the tendency, so long as the need for discipline, in the interests of a peaceful and ordered society, was not strongly felt. Its effect in educa-

tion is to give a real bite to the doctrine of Equality, so that high, natural gifts in the few are apt to be regarded as "unfair" advantages by the many, and the machine is set to handicap them. The average tends to be enthroned in the interests of "fair" competition. At the same time the label — the ticket of admission to a career and prosperity, — is exalted above the training, and High School and University become over-clogged with aspirants not for education but for a "success" which, in the nature of the case, must be as nearly as possible open to all. Nothing but hard adversity seems able to expose the radical contradiction in such an attitude. As it does so, it will stimulate the growth of the finer democratic ideal of a really free society as contrasted with a struggling *mélee* of *soi-disant* "free" individuals.

From the same basis of democratic ideas comes the exaltation of the State, as universal provider and universal umpire. In Canada there is also the factor of newness, with a population of settlers already on a high level of civilization forced by pioneering conditions to recreate all the essential apparatus of civilized life in a hurry. Nothing but the power and resources of the State could have ensured the vital continuity of education while guaranteeing the equality which popular philosophy demanded. The high degree of authority of the State not only in the provision of means of education but in the minute determination of its spirit and content seems to be quite natural and inevitable in the circumstances. Yet we may wonder whether the order of things thus produced is likely to be permanent. The *de facto* State is too much the creature of a dominant interest, and the characteristic methods of the State — force, uniformity, emphasis on the standard type, and timid avoidance of the controversial — are too alien to the spirit of genuine education for its present supremacy to continue indefinitely among such people as those of Canada. The dangers have already become apparent in the University and they will soon be more closely discerned in the schools.

There is some reason to think that such dangers arise less from any dictatorial tendency at the centre than from prejudiced and unenlightened use of authority in local areas. Central administrators seem often to be ready for a much more liberal policy than a custom-ridden and sometimes backward public opinion will permit. The entrenched conservatism which prevails in many parts of Canada in matters of educational usage, particularly where the ideal of the "average" or the exercise of local rights is concerned, is surprising. When it gives way it may yield, not to more liberal and deeper-grounded views, but to a facile pragmatism which scorns all tradition, rejects settled standards, and is blind to the deeper, imponderable values of true spiritual cultivation.

Canada's security against the plausible superficialities of chaotic and corrosive influences which have worked such mischief elsewhere, is to be found, partly in the steady, sometimes prosaic, sanity which characterises her people, partly in a continuing faith in the great tradition of Western culture itself. School courses and curricula have never given way to chaos. They still retain an essential framework and stress continuity and thoroughness. Examinations are no trifle and "getting-by" is still not easy. Even the alleged rigidities of curricula and examination may have played their part as clamps to an abiding ideal. And now, in many centres in Canada, the discipline is beginning to bear fruit in a really cultivated life, and in individuals by the thousand who have realised for themselves that the finer values of life, over and above any economic benefits that may accrue from holding the diplomas of formal schooling, are to be achieved only by laborious years spent in disciplined faithfulness to tried ideals. It is here, in the main, that one's faith for the future is grounded. There is promise here of the rise of a public opinion in regard to education which will be a far more salutary and illuminating guide and critic than the ill-taught mass-pressure which has too often done service in the past.

In general the main needs may be summed up thus:— First, to re-interpret the older and somewhat crude democratic tradition in the light of the nature and needs of an organic Canadian Society. For it is Canada itself, as a distinctive spiritual entity, which is coming to the birth. The impulses towards organization are already apparent under the pressure both of dire necessity from without and of unifying drives from within. The old easy-going optimistic individualism will no longer serve, and the new structure will be “democratic” in a much deeper sense. It will demand not an average for all but the best from each, will set itself to release ability and educate virtue wherever they can be found, and will man its services in Platonic fashion by a sifting process which will get the best out of all. For if democratic Equality means at one end an irreducible human minimum which all alike may claim, it means, at the other end, that the common life is impoverished, unless each is trained to yield his best, however much he may seem to outdistance his fellows competitively.

The debilitating tendency to make all move abreast springs from an imperfect scheme of social values. Thus we come to the second need: To re-appraise the ruling values. A glance at the social and economic systems of Canada to-day is sufficient to show what these have been. Education everywhere has been cramped and devitalized by them. But the revision appears now to be well under way and no man can tell how far the great debate which has been initiated in the political field will go. If it proves a tonic to social and spiritual revisions, education will gain enormously.

Some of the results which should follow can be touched upon here only briefly, and as illustrations merely of the main thesis.

There should be much greater regard for discrimination throughout the educational course from elementary school and University. This will mean not a wild confusion of curricula

and school types, but more adaptation and organization, more opportunity for the pupil to travel at his own pace, a considerable relaxation of the rigidities of the grade system, diversity of treatment within the same school, and some increase in the variety of school types.

The autonomy of the individual school will become more real and there will be more care to select and train teachers who can carry the burden of such autonomy, genuine professional people who can be trusted, like architects and doctors, to solve their own professional problems. The way to relief from the constriction and congestion of examinations probably lies here, in schools which from long and competent observation are capable of giving just estimates of their own products.

Curricula will present the paradox of a return to broad humanistic disciplines along with greater freedom in selection and in handling curriculum material, while teaching will present the further paradox of an increased rigour in its demand upon the powers of the pupil along with increased freedom for the pupil himself. Somehow many Canadian schools at present seem to succeed in imposing upon the pupil a severe demand for sheer laboriousness with a very low demand for genuine, spontaneous, intellectual effort. The effect of such a condition in dulling the finer sensibilities, in retarding the growth of real powers, and in encouraging a heavy and conformable mediocrity, needs no emphasis.

In education, as in so much else, Canadian development has reached a term and there is now a turn in the road. A great prospect lies ahead if the self-examination is thorough enough, and if that deadly trick of modern democracy to find a whipping-boy rather than itself to take the purge, does not send all agley. Honesty and courage are alike needed. There is no reason to think that they will not be forthcoming.

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT ETERNAL

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

When Thy storm-bugles blow across the sky
The still pools leave their sleep in Ocean's caves,
Stir and exult, and soon the warring waves
Deploy in their might to that imperious cry:
They swell, they spire in foam, retreat and roar
In maelstrom diapasons; then, self-renewed,
With hurricane lift and leap, hour after hour,
They charge the scarpéd shore,
Whelming the warder-rocks with buffets rude,
And pounding the granite walls with awful power.

Who knows save Thee the rhythm of their rise
And swift decline? They are not and they are—
Surgent, resurgent! From scented Malabar
To the bleak Arctic, each billow wheels and dies
Within Thy tidal cycle: the flying spume
Fulfil the wave, the wave the striving sea,
In change concordant and unfailing plan;
Thy firmamental womb
Conceived them, uttered them and bade them be
Lords of the deluge and leviathan.

With what slow progress Earth engirds the Sun,
Spinning and circling year after patient year,—
Yet from the watery spawn that did appear
Upon Time's threshold till Man's last day is done
Is but a fleeting moment in Thy mind.

Two thousand million circuits she has made
Since hurled to the Void, like rebel Lucifer,
Companioned by his kind,
And still shall ride her orbit, that changing shade
And light, and heat and cold, may temper her.

Thou hast borne creatures of a kindred race—
Gigantic suns of unimagined heat
Whose radiant hearts intensely burn and beat
In the bleak vacancies of desert Space;
For æons through their glowing arteries
Thy life hath coursed: all nuclear suns Thy breath
Hath whirled, with each electron satellite;
For Thou hast fashioned these
In Thy vast Foundry, where Nature laboureth—
A tireless foreman—to do Thy will aright.

Within a confine of Thy cloudy Tower—
Unwalled and roofless and not made with hands—
A giant star, guided by Thy commands,
Neared our enamoured Sun: the stranger's power
Quickened her fiery tides, but soon he passed,
While she—abandoned, cheated of her bliss—
In love and wrath commingled, suddenly rent
Her passionate breast, and cast
Its vital substance forth into the abyss:
To still her sorrow half her life was spent.

So Thy intention brought new orbs to birth—
Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, ardent Mars,
Uranus, Neptune, all the neighbouring stars
That circle the Sun; but this our midget Earth,
One of the least among that cluster, swings
On a propitious arc, for seeds of life
Have sprung and flourished in many an insect clan,
In skyey carollings,
Sea-shadows dim and furtive jungle strife,
And in her lordly guest, aspiring Man.

What then is Man that Thou, Eternity,
Art mindful of him? Is he a purposed part
Of the unwearied weavings of Thine art—

Thy reach and thrust toward fuller Life-to-be—
Or some ambiguous presence that must fade
And be forgotten?— Cousin to the brute,
He would transcend him; but do other worlds rejoice
In nobler kinsmen, made
Clearlier in Thine image, resolute
To find Thy ways, and fit to hear Thy voice?

No answer comes. Perchance Man may not climb
Higher than Pisgah on the mountain road
That twists and loops and narrows, for a load
Of fear cumpers his heart, and sweat and grime
Blind him. Benighted, he may mistake the trail,
Retreat, recover it not, sink down and say:
“I have adventured and am addressed to die;
Let my last accent hail
Thee, Light of Light, shining too far away:
‘Great Flame, farewell!’ let me have strength to cry!”

Ten thousand generations Earth hath seen
Crumbled and wasted in their catacombs,
In obscure graves or pyramidic tombs,—
Motionless, mute, as though they had not been;
So many pits the dead have digged for the dead
That Earth is but a crypt beneath our feet,
And Ocean shrouds full many a sepulchre,—
Yet joyfully overhead
The skylark sings, the clouds in the soft heat
Float idly, and the sweet Spring is astir.

The vestibules of being—birth and death—
Bear interchanging legends. Who teacheth him—
The unborn child—his need of sense and limb
In the quick sequel? So may the fitful breath
And groping reason of inceptive Man
Resolve his way to Thee, Eternal Soul,

From the gestation of his mortal hour,
Till with new sight he scan
The multitudinous galaxies unroll
The pageant of Thine ever-kindling power.

No man hath seen Thee, none Thy voice hath heard:
Visible Beauty veils Thy mystic form;
Rumours of Thee are urgent in the storm,
Or sift through silence—still we wait Thy word.

Shall we behold Thee? Shall any dream of Thine
Dissolve away forever, and come to nought?

Or do *we* dream delusion—we, who must
All that we know, divine?—
Nay, in the lovingkindness of Thy thought,
Though Thou shalt slay us, we will put our trust.

The Soul we know not. If there be a Soul,
Its essence dwells in Thee, Eternal One,
Whose writ doth through all universes run,
Who weareth suns and moons for aureole;
Before the primeval Past Thou wert, and art
Beyond the last horizons of stars unborn;—

But we—who count the pendulum-beats of Time—
Even we—ere we depart—
Would praise the loveliness Thy skies have worn,
All the ongoing of Thy thought sublime.

The cycles of the atom and the star
Are two in scale, but one in harmony:
Man yet may mount to higher Man, set free
From Time, and sweep an orbit strange and far;
If he may serve Thee thus, O shape and grain
Him to Thy widening purpose, though Earth cease
And all her memories; but if he rise
Not, and if never again
Thou quicken him, then let his end be peace—
The peace of shadowy pools and sunset skies!

WHY RELIGION?

BY MARGARET FYFE

WHETHER or not we are prepared to regard it as a monstrous illusion, expressed in different ways from age to age and from civilization to civilization, there can be no more arresting feature of human life than the persistent phenomenon of religion. How is it to be explained that since primitive days man has tenaciously clung to the idea, not based on, and often in defiance of, sense-perception, of a reality external to the world, yet in contact with it, existent prior to and independently of man's affirmation of it? Does this tenacity arise primarily from the conviction, however derived, of the existence of such a reality, or from man's urgent need for it, leading him to create it for himself by means of psychological projection?

Von Hügel affirms the first alternative, although to him the conviction and the need may well be coordinate; "Man cannot, without grave damage, do without Religion: for he cannot in the long run formally deny all Reality to a subject in which man's highest inevitable ideals can find a persistent home and be harmoniously alive: nor can he attain to the apprehension and steady affirmation of such a Reality except by Religion."

But to such as Julian Huxley the second alternative provides adequate explanation. To him "religion, in the light of psychological and anthropological science, is seen not as a divine revelation, but as a function of human nature". Even the scientist, though denying the reality of its object, is prepared to admit religion as an instinct and to agree that "the individual inevitably seeks for sanctions and supports outside himself, greater than himself". Here, then, is a psychological

explanation for the persistence of religion: man's nature demands it, and if the need cannot be satisfied by rational or intuitive belief in revealed divinity, then he will create his own god and thus develop his instincts of reverence and worship. Patriotism, the cult of beauty, or some form of materialism may partially satisfy the instinct: but for its full development it demands an object at once 'ultimate and intimate'. Professor Huxley and others try to do without a god altogether, an attempt which has for 200 years called forth, so ingrained is theism in humanity, the cry: "*Une religion sans Dieu? Mon Dieu, quelle religion!*" And whether or not the conception of God be instinctive or acquired, Huxley himself is not untainted with it, for he cannot avoid such terms as 'reverence' and even 'communion', terms which imperatively demand an object.

Theism is, it would seem, almost as instinctive as the religious faculty which gives it form. An object of reverence must necessarily precede the expression of the feeling of reverence. And it is not necessary to invoke the analogy of '*Cogito ergo sum*' to perceive that the object of religious consciousness must be external to the mind. The idea of God is thus prior to the notion of Religion. It is easy enough to see that in the primitive mind only the consciousness of an external God could awaken the religious instinct: it is certainly only the mostly highly developed mind which could believe, like von Narwitz in '*The Fountain*', that "the true saint and philosopher is he who can kneel without an image because he sees himself in a second place absolutely, and to kneel is an inward necessity to him". Nor is metaphysical or formal proof of the existence of God sufficient to satisfy the religious function of man's nature; without inward conviction of the reality of such a God as that whose logical necessity is proved, there can be no real religion. That the inward conviction professed by so many individuals does not always come from what is known

as 'direct religious experience' is undeniable: perhaps only those are really religious who have been convinced by intuitive revelation of the intimacy as well as the ultimacy of God. Yet the belief of a whole race may be confirmed by the testimony of revelation of a few—confirmed so to speak by indirect experience.

Though the faculty for religion be a constant feature of humanity, different stages in civilization have created external impulses and even compulsions to belief in divine, or at least superhuman, reality. To the savage, living in a world of merciless mystery, some conception of a superhumanly powerful being was and is essential to serve as a partial explanation of the inexplicable; to give some key to the otherwise devastatingly inconsequent activities of Nature, and to provide relief for the feeling of helplessness in face of such mystery by establishing an object for propitiation and prayer.

At a higher stage of civilization comes the awareness of the problems of evil, suffering and sin, and the desire to find some adequate solution of them—another attempt to explain the inexplicable by reference to superhuman powers: suffering was direct retribution, following not as natural effect after cause, but as the punishment of God for sin committed, either deliberately or unwittingly, by man. This at first proved an adequate explanation—yet actuality continued to belie it, and at last, when the realization that it was not always the good man who flourished like the green bay tree became too strong to be ignored, when the problem of Job had to be admitted, a new religious interpretation was evolved. So strong is the religious instinct that instead of turning in disgust from a God who, in defiance of accepted doctrines, sends his rain on the just and the unjust impartially, man modifies his interpretation of divinity to suit the new needs of his age only just enough to satisfy his reason: he does not necessarily become an atheist because the God of his fathers is inconsistent with

his environment or understanding—instead he bestows his newly acquired characteristics upon the object of his worship. That individuals lose their faith through this apparent incompatibility of the needs of one generation with those of the next is undeniable: but in the long run, as the history of mankind reveals, the adaptation is made.

Where life is more than usually 'nasty, brutish and short', religion tends to emphasize the idea of the next world, holding it up as the reward of virtue, to be reached with all possible speed: the idea of enjoyment or of laying up treasure in this world becomes subordinated to the belief that life is a mere discipline to fit man for the real joys of Heaven. Emphasis on immortality tends to be a significant feature of the religion of peoples who are at the mercy of disease and sudden death, and to whom life is a terrifyingly uncertain quantity; the wish fathers the thought, providing comfort both to those who fear death and to those who feel that the lives of contemporaries have been cut inexplicably short.

Religion, as it appeals both to individuals at every stage and in certain eras to the majority of those who seek it, can be virtually a means of escape from the problems and difficulties of the world. The doctrine of life as a discipline for the next life, or sometimes as a mere necessary prologue to it, can be regarded in this aspect. In an exaggerated form it gives assurance that there is no object in trying to create better conditions for humanity, except in so far as souls may profit from it—from the physical evil man may avert his eyes, he has no responsibilities in that respect. And from this attitude he progresses into a still more complete religion of escape. His dissatisfaction with mankind and with its problems is resolved into a belief that all the solutions are in God's hands, that all is purposed and predestined, and that the mortal has no responsibilities at all towards either his God or his fellows, since he has no freedom of action or of thought.

In the long run man is too dynamic a creature to be content with this passive religion: yet the need for escape recurs in moments of catastrophe. So long as everything goes well, we are content to consider that our success is entirely our own doing, but when trouble or failure overtake us, we immediately seek to throw the responsibility upon an external power. And at the same time we try to console ourselves, to soothe our bewilderment, by clinging to the conception of a divine purpose—"Thy will be done." It is partly an attempt, like that of the savage, to explain the sensibly inexplicable: yet it is also an effort to escape the despair which would follow the recognition that there was no explanation. When we come up against the ultimate realities of life, and particularly when we are face to face with death, we are least ready to accept the explanations of science and sense, and turn instinctively to our religious faculty for consolation transcending sense. How much religion in this respect is due to subjective insistence, and how much to a realization that it is in these final realities of life that the existence of God is revealed to man, must be a question for each individual to decide for himself. But an answer either way to some extent explains why religion is inseparably connected with such fundamental crises.

Uncertainty is an element instinctively abhorrent to man. Yet in spite of his advances in civilization and his scientific explanation of so much that made the life of the ancients precarious, the uncertainty of life remains a primary fact: and so long as the future remains inscrutable, and death an unforeseen event, man will need religion, to provide him with "eternal values in a world of flux". However intelligible an interpretation of the universe is offered him, the uncertainties of the things that concern him most nearly will make him cling to an unscientific belief in some external power.

We know too much now to be impelled to worship Nature, although the sense of its order and organization may well

provide a starting-point for a recognition of a dynamic divinity above it: but neither physics nor chemistry nor even psychology can find a formula for the other half of Kant's tombstone inscription, for the "moral law within us" which, with Nature, was to him the thing that fills "the human breast with that emotion of awe or reverence which belongs to the very essence of Religion".

The ethical content of religion is necessitated in some degree by the consciousness that this sense of moral obligation is on a higher level than anything else in creation—and that it should be regarded as the gift of God: the Humanists who saw divinity in the minds that held it were worshippers as much as those who recognized it as revelation of an external power. But man tends to prefer the latter explanation, providing him as it does with an external criterion for ethical conduct, as with a guide to salvation. It is seldom that he has been able to dissociate this idea of an ethical guide from that of reward for having followed the straight and narrow path—ever since the days when the old idea of reward in this world fell through, and the injustice of life had to be accounted for, or at least compensated, in the next life.

Moreover, this aspect of religion which lays emphasis on what ought to be and connects it with the ultimate and intimate power that is, turns it into a social force of binding authority: religious experience is essentially private and individual, but by the belief that God wishes them to act in a specific way, a community or race is empowered with a will to unity which not even the malice of mankind can altogether paralyse. Germany—in her efforts—perhaps one should say Hitler in his efforts to build up a national religion has fully recognized this unifying power. But it is not only in praying to the same god that a race can achieve social or even spiritual unity—there must be common action to carry out the ethical creed of the religion, and even the most hardened psychological

sceptic might doubt whether such a creed can be fashioned in official pen and ink.

Christianity provides an ethic of universal unity (such as the League of Nations was intended to stand for), yet it has never been given a fair trial, for it has been so disguised in dogma that it appears to many a dead religion, even to those who might be most willing to practise what Christ preached, if they did not feel that they would be assuming the burden of the dogmatic accumulations of two thousand years.

It is not possible to remain on the heights of spiritual exaltation: nor is it possible to convey such experience to the community at large. Hence, if the desire for religion, almost inevitably associated with the desire to share it and with the communal sense of religious unity, be sufficiently developed, there must be organization and institutions. Almost as inevitably these bring dogma in their wake: the weaker brethren have to be convinced by authoritarian methods, and it is felt to be essential that the original experiences should be as far as possible perpetuated. But circumstances change, knowledge expands, and though the eternal values remain unchanged, and human nature never alters, yet the way in which the values are presented must be modified to meet the changing circumstances, if the appeal is to continue. The aspects of reality which bring one generation to its knees in indefinable terror may become part of an ordered mechanism to the next, and may exalt the third generation with a sense of the majesty and dynamic power of the universe. All three generations may feel impelled to the worship of God, yet they will not readily accept the prayers of their forefathers with their obvious inconsistencies and ignorant assumptions. Religion must progress with humanity. That it has so progressed in some degree is evident, if only from the extent to which the desire for immortality has given place, in a world becoming progressively more fit to live in, to the desire of God as pro-

viding a 'sense of unity of the mighty whole', in proportion as the development of science provided ever more convincing evidence of the mightiness of that whole.

But that its progress has not been sufficiently swift for us to be able to say with confidence that each race and age professes the religion best adapted to its needs, is equally clear. The psalmist, in his uncertain world of many and terrible deaths, had no belief in immortality to make life more tolerable: and the medieval Christian, living in an age of unusually high infantile mortality, believed his unchristened babies were consigned to everlasting hell-fire. That a barbarous age tends to smear its religion with barbaric dogma is indeed generally true. And this is a fact which, if there were no other, would give us faith in the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount, since no other doctrines could have been so improbable of creation by a world of such fierce barbarity.

Yet so rigid and restricted does religion tend to become in the dogmatic hands of those in each generation who take their doctrines and knowledge to be final, that it cannot be sufficiently freed to provide inspiration for the next: and then comes the divorce of religion and thought — sometimes even of religion and reason. We to-day are so wise in the accumulated knowledge of all the centuries as well as our own, we have gone so far since the days when Christianity first flourished, that we find it difficult to allow ourselves to be led by our hearts when our heads suggest that, since the medievalists were mistaken about the shape of the earth, may they not also have been wrong about God? We tend to think that nothing that was good enough for them can be good enough for us, and until the war came as a prolonged calamity of the kind that more than any other has the power to emphasize our impotence, we were inclining towards a materialism owning no allegiance to external divinity. Since the war, however, there has been reaction towards a transcendental religion of

which Karl Barth is the chief exponent, and in which the complacent, elect-of-God doctrines of last century are superseded by a less presumptuous creed. But this is not what the world is looking for: part of our nature still demands a God with all von Hügel's four attributes of 'universality, importance, autonomy and superhumanity', but more than ever before we need a religion which stimulates and is developed by thought, and this need makes it impossible for us to accept Christianity in the conventional garments of an age which placed it outside the inquiry of science.

But it would be equally impossible to accept the theory that, thanks to our advance in science, we are now able to dispense with religion. Apart from the needs which have hitherto made men religious—the need for escape, for consolation and for guidance—all of which are as strong as ever in individuals if not in races: apart from these needs another has developed concurrently with our extended scientific knowledge. The more we learn of the intricacy, the law and the creative energy of the universe, the more it becomes essential to find a purpose for such steady evolution. If we are unable to believe in the existence of such a purpose, our strivings themselves become purposeless. The will to live, although the strongest of our instincts, requires in an age of such highly developed mentality to be supported by faith in an end to which the will is means. And if we continue to persuade ourselves that life is an undirected journey to no destination, there may come a time when we decide that it is not worth the trouble involved. To regard the human mind or society as the object of our reverence is to deny the natural function of man, which strives after 'Realities other and higher than human thought' and thus to thwart our full development. But if from no higher motive, we feel instinctively that we owe it to ourselves to realize our characters fully: and if society is to be our god, not less do we owe it to society. For self-

realization, far from being 'life in a glorified pigstye', demands the fullest co-operation with and reverence for the community. We should never develop at all without not only our immediately present parents and contemporaries, but also the whole inheritance of the ages: and realization of the self must include development of the 'giving' as well as the 'taking' characteristics. If then, from a sense of obligation to ourselves and to society we progress towards self-realization, we shall find that some inherent faculty in us, which, according to our creed, we must not suppress, demands an outlet and will not be satisfied with any object for its faith that does not transcend sense, that is not 'ultimate yet intimate'. Unless we are to thwart development, this outlet must be found; and whether we believe because our nature demands it, or because the conviction is forced on us by the external reality, it can only be found, so as to satisfy every aspect of the instinct, in the idea of God, which is "the idea of the coherence of the world, without which all thought is impossible".

MEXICO PLANS

J. ROSS McLEAN

MEXICO is full of contrasts. The strong and rugged landscape of the arid Mesa Central and the northern deserts contrasts with the lush exuberance of the tropical lowlands; the rarefied air and stimulating coolness of Mexico City with the drowsy heat of Vera Cruz. It is those differences more than anything else which have produced the many contradictions which run through the life of the Mexican people. The contradictions are evident in government as in everything else—a revolutionary government, socialist in philosophy, dictatorial in practice, capitalist in economics. The Six Year Plan which the Government of Mexico has adopted is designed to lessen those differences and to merge, if it is possible, many patterns into one, the pattern of twentieth century western industrialism.

Many Mexicans and most old-time foreign residents of Mexico, distrustful of politicians and cynical in their attitude to politics, will tell you that the Six Year Plan is not to be taken seriously, that to study it is a waste of time. It was adopted in December, 1933, only because the presidential term was coming to an end and the National Revolutionary Party had to issue a manifesto. An election had to be held to forestall charges of attempting to impose a long-term dictatorship, and an election even in Mexico demands at least the pretence of a popular vote. The Plan Sexenal became the basis of the Party's appeal for support in an election which, barring assassinations, could have only one result. The July election of 1934 confirmed the Party's choice. General Cardenas was elected to be inaugurated President of Mexico when General Rodriguez' term ended at the beginning of December.

The Plan itself scarcely supports that cynical view. It is a logical development of the policies of the Mexican Government ever since Obregon and Calles restored order in Mexico. Although it is called the Six Year Plan of the National Revolutionary Party, it is really General Calles' Plan, based on his own experience as chief collaborator of Obregon, as President of Mexico from 1924 to 1928 and as Jefe de la Revolucion since that time. He has for years contemplated a comprehensive scheme for the orderly development of the Mexican economy. That the publication of the scheme should have coincided with a presidential election may illustrate his political strategy but is no proof of insincerity.

The Plan covers the whole range of Mexican politics. Although drafted in socialist terms, it is not, in spite of the protestations of the drafting commission, a workers' plan for a workers' Mexico. Politically the vast masses of the Mexican people are as yet dumb. It is only a small minority which knows the industrialized world outside and understands or cares about the social struggles of Europe, Asia and America. The National Revolutionary Party is a dictatorial and paternalistic party, revolutionary only within the bourgeois framework. It plans a transfer rather than a collectivizing or communizing of property, a weakening of private monopoly and a strengthening of the middle class. Its aim is the industrialization of Mexico as a means of raising the standard of life of the masses. Its method is to be a planned economy in which the government will adopt the positive function of giving stimulus and direction. Production is to be stepped up by the introduction and development of machine technique and those "changes in production which have come about through progress in technique" are to be "accompanied by correlative changes in the ownership of the instruments of production and the distribution of wealth".

The Mexican Revolution, where it was not largely a battle of personalities, was primarily an agrarian revolution. "Tierra y Libertad", the great battle cry of the Zapata forces in the State of Morelos during the revolutionary war, still remains the dominant theme of Mexican politics.

In spite of the progress which has been made since the revolution, Mexico remains a country of large landholders and primitive methods of cultivation. The progress made in the breaking up of haciendas proved less rapid than the agrarians had intended. In the first decade of settled government after 1920 innumerable obstacles were thrown in the way of land distribution. The hacendado fought for his rights with every available political and legal or illegal weapon. He refused to accept indemnification in bonds of the federal government and obstructed at every turn local, state and federal authorities. Partly because of the division of authority between the various governments, partly because the administration itself had to be carried on by many who had no sympathy with the agrarian programme, partly because of the "damned wantlessness" of large numbers of those for whom farms were demanded, the division of lands was carried out less rapidly than had been hoped. As always in Mexico the results varied enormously from state to state and varied also as state governors and local jefes changed.

In 1910 two per cent of the population owned seventy per cent of the land, while ninety per cent of the rural population was landless. Haciendas varied in size from the legal minimum of about 22,000 acres to a small kingdom of 6,000,000 acres. Although progress was slow during the 1920's, by 1931, according to the calculation of a careful student of the problem, 6,000,000 hectares of land had been distributed to 3,900 villages to the benefit of 705,000 farmers.

The masses of agricultural workers however are still without lands. By a reasonable estimate there are in all some

13,600 villages theoretically qualified to receive them. Fewer than a quarter of these have so far had their grants confirmed.

The Six Year Plan calls for the speeding up of the agrarian programme. The greatest legal obstacle, the granting of court injunctions to hacendados, which enable them to resist expropriation, was removed by a decree of December, 1931. The Departamento Agrario promised in the Plan was established in 1934 by President Rodriguez. Several times weekly all through last summer the press of Mexico reported substantial transfers of lands and waters and confirmations of "dotations". According to the Plan "The agrarian ideal embodied in Article 27 of the Constitution of the Republic will continue to be the axis of Mexico's social problems, so long as the needs of lands and waters for all farmers of the country have not been completely satisfied."

The agricultural problem, however, is not merely the landlessness of the many agricultural workers. More important is the need for improved cultivation. The old hacienda system, like the old plantation system in America and the West Indies, was extremely wasteful. The hacendado was more often than not an absentee. "The economic value of the hacienda to the owner lies rather in the supplies which it furnishes, the cheap service which it provides for his household and the amount of money which he can obtain on a mortgage." And, as on plantations of absentees, the workers were frequently the victims of an inhuman régime.

The great problem of the new régime is to make the new landowners more productive than the old hacendados. The renewed activity of the Departamento Agrario promises security to the small farmer. Without that security it would not be possible to pursue those objectives of the Plan which call for the organization of the new producers, the introduction of improved methods of cultivation, and the industrialization of agriculture. Co-operative societies are to play an important

part in the reorganized Mexico. They "create . . . the need of industrial plants, make possible the use of warehouses, packing plants and means of transportation, insurance systems and the organization of collective sales". The only possible hope of developing a reasonably adequate rural credit system for the masses of small landowners lies in the development of co-operative credit societies. The Plan calls for an expenditure of 50,000,000 pesos on rural credits, of which 20,000,000 pesos were to be spent during 1934. It promises an intensive investigation of and research into all phases of rural life and an active educational campaign to prepare the farmers in a "spiritual" way for the new epoch.

Although Mexico is preponderantly agricultural, industrial labour has played an important part in the politics of the past decade. The Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana—which had virtually become, under the hammer of Morones, Labour's united front—was broken when Morones threatened to become too powerful. There is now therefore no single all-inclusive Labour Federation.

The National Revolutionary Party is sufficiently proletarian, however, to have enacted in 1931 a liberal labour law. The Ley de Trabajo based on Article 123 of the Constitution gives to labour the right to bargain collectively, to appeal to labour tribunals and to claim liberal compensation on unjust dismissal. The Plan confirms those rights. The State believes in the right to work and is prepared to interfere to guarantee that right. Its principal objective is the establishment of Minimum Wage Laws which will give to the worker and his family a decent life. In August last President Rodriguez, speaking at a conference on Industrial Rights held in Mexico City, said that the ideal to be aimed at was eight hours of work, eight hours of leisure, eight hours of rest, and a minimum wage of eight pesos per day. Mexico is still far from achieving that end. There is no uniform minimum wage. The daily pay of

industrial and agricultural workers is frequently lower than a peso, often lower than fifty centavos. The Minimum Wage Law which became effective in January, 1934, prescribes a minimum wage of from one to three pesos in different industries and localities. President Rodriguez made the boast in August that 2,500,000 workers had already benefited from the law. Even if these figures are the eloquence of statistical data, it is still true that more than a beginning has been made.

The Labour section of the Plan is not specific. "Complete reality of social justice" is to be sought through the enforcement of the Ley de Trabajo and a reform in its administration. A cleansing of the labour tribunals, which it is freely admitted "fall deplorably short of guaranteeing even a minimum justice to the working classes" is essential. A Council of the Labour Department, whose functions will be to study social legislation both in Mexico and abroad, is to be set up. A forecast is made also of a contributory social insurance measure, the establishment of a national system of employment agencies, and on the educational side an Institute of Professional Orientation and a concentration on technical instruction for workers.

The officials of the Departamento de Salubridad are readiest to admit that in public health measures their country is still very backward. Within a decade, however, a great improvement had been made in the cities, if not yet in the country districts, by providing satisfactory drainage, encouraging the building of hospitals and educating the people in prophylactic measures. In the rural districts modern medicine is still an unrevealed mystery.

The Plan calls for the expenditure of a gradually increasing percentage of the national revenue (from 3.4% in 1934 to 5.5% in 1939) on health work outside the federal district. Among the proposed measures are a coordination of federal and state health laws; the enforcement of food regulations to diminish the incidence of dysentery and malnutrition resulting

from bad or insufficient food; healthful water supplies and drainage systems; an effective technical personnel distributed throughout the republic; adequate safeguards for the life and health of factory workers; and an Institute of Tropical Diseases. The development of local works, water supplies and drainage systems, the provision of hospitals and the enforcement of food laws, will depend very largely on local initiative. The federal government is prepared to offer every assistance within its power to stimulate local activity by establishing credit institutions to assist in the work and by coordinating as far as possible health work throughout the Republic. The problem is vast. Mexico is an old settled country where habit and tradition have a force which Canadians cannot realize. In a country where death is taken lightly, to teach the desirability of sanitary engineering and preventive medicine is a long-term undertaking.

The progress made in primary education since the revolution is one of Calles' greatest claims to fame. In the early stages, as was perhaps inevitable, too much attention was paid to the tangible results of an education policy. A large number of primary schools have been built by state and federal governments. The great lack is qualified teachers. If a state governor seeks a reputation as an enlightened ruler, he builds primary schools, which are too often left without masters and without books. Doubtless these will come with time.

The proportion of the federal budget to be devoted to education is to be increased from 15% in 1934 to 20% in 1939. One thousand primary schools are to be built in 1934, 2,000 annually from 1934 to 1938, and 3,000 in 1939. A Federal Council on Rural Education has already been established by President Rodriguez. Regional Normal Schools to train more and better teachers, and an Institute of Professional Orientation to assist in relating education directly to social needs are to be established.

The doctrine of integrated education, of linking closely the intellectual and manual training of the children in the rural schools, has powerfully influenced Mexican education in recent years. Liberal education has tended to educate the children away from the land. "Revolutionary education holds as a desideratum the moulding of men as factors of production." The Plan emphasizes therefore the need of technical instruction.

If the National Revolutionary Party has its way, education is to be completely secularized. The quarrel with the Church, temporarily forgotten, was renewed in 1934. One of the principal causes of the renewed dispute was the unanimous decision of the Chamber of Deputies on October 10th to carry out the socialization of education and to base it upon scientific discovery. "Both primary and secondary education are to be based upon the postulates of socialist doctrine," says the Plan, and the decision of the Chamber of Deputies is a consequence of that declaration. The Government of Mexico has learned what the Church has known for centuries, that the education of the children determines the society of the future, and its decision has revived in an acute form the long-standing and bitter struggle between Church and State. It is not merely a struggle between two authorities, but between two antagonistic philosophies of life. It is the clash of the religious and the scientific spirit, of the medieval and modern world, the City of God and the Soviet Republic.

The framers of the Plan have a touching faith in education and the schoolmaster. "The primary school, in addition to excluding religious instruction (is expected to) provide truthful answers—scientific and rational—to every question not clear in the minds of students." There surely is a sunlike enthusiasm!

The Plan deals with foreign relations only to reassert a determined nationalism. Mexico is determined to maintain the dignity and freedom from foreign interference which she

waged a long battle to secure. Economically as well as politically she is prepared, if need be, to stand alone. The Government has undertaken to exclude foreign goods which compete with those produced at home. The development of productive industries is to be fostered by encouraging the importation of goods necessary for industrial progress—machines, and machines for making machines—and by developing a national system for the generation and distribution of electric power. Communications are to be rapidly improved, roads and railways to be coordinated. Public finance and credit are to be reorganized to serve the Government's social objectives. Internal administration is to be simplified, the system of taxation to be revised to remove impediments to free exchange, and to prevent the growth and perpetuation of large fortunes. Foreign capital to assist in these developments will be welcomed, as Calles has often said, if it is willing to conform to Mexican law.

What are the prospects for the Plan? Its success or failure depends largely on the maintenance of stable government. Without the inspiration of General Calles the Plan would not have been formulated. Without a determination on his part to see it through it is not likely to succeed. While he holds no office, Calles embodies in himself all the purposes of the revolution. Ever since the assassination of General Alvaro Obregon in July, 1928, he has been the real executive power, maker and breaker of presidents. While he lives, at least while he remains in good health, he is the one real guarantee of orderly government. No one can say with any confidence what may happen when he goes. Mexicans still have painful memories of the bloody years of civil war between 1910 and 1920 and it is possible that another may take his place without a struggle. There are, however, among his potential successors several able and ambitious personalities and a cursory reading of Mexican history is enough to make one fear a bitter struggle between rivals. But while Calles lives to guarantee order, the policies set forth in the Plan Sexenal are

likely to be carried out. Things may be done by spasms, rapidly and slowly, but the social objectives of the Plan are not likely to be forgotten or discarded.

During the presidential term 1934-40 much will depend upon the ability and personality of the youthful President, General Lazaro Cardenas. The Mexican in the street, when he is willing to speak of *politicos* with any respect, will tell you that he believes Cardenas to be an honest man genuinely concerned with the well-being of Mexicans. He is a true *Revolucionario* and an experienced administrator. Several years ago Ernest Gruening wrote of him as "modest and unassuming", one "who quietly helps the schoolteachers and every civic project in his *jefatura*". Since that time he has held several posts, has been Governor of Michoacan and a member of the Federal Cabinet. He has risen from the ranks. In his early life he had little opportunity for formal education. He knows what it means to struggle for a livelihood. His sympathies are with the masses of his own people. As Governor of Michoacan from 1928 to 1932 he was responsible for accelerating the work of the local Agrarian Commission and it has been estimated that 150,000 hectares of land were distributed to 17,000 farmers. As President of the Republic, therefore, one may expect him to pursue actively the agrarian policies of the Plan Sexenal. His public pronouncements indicate also an understanding of the problems of the industrial workers and a sympathy with their aspirations.

It is when one thinks of the masses of the Mexican people that one fears that half success, half failure so characteristic of Mexico. The peoples of Mexico cannot easily be fitted or compressed into any single pattern. It may be possible to mould the *mestizo*. Of mixed Spanish and Indian blood he may be "europeanized" or "westernized". But the Indian, whether he be Mayan, Zapotec, Yaqui, has not conformed to modern Mexico nor adapted himself to the tempo of twentieth century life. In the greater part of rural Mexico the pattern

of life is the ancient Indian pattern. It has a rhythm of its own, and it is not the rhythm of the machine. The peasant of the Mesa Central has a passion for the land. With a clear and inalienable title to his land he is free. *Tierra and Libertad* are one to him. The climate of Mexico has made him comparatively wantless. He has no passion, as he has no need, to accumulate. He sows his corn and beans, and sits down to wait for the harvest. So Diego Rivera has painted him on the walls of the Ministry of Education in Mexico City.

The philosophy of the Plan Sexenal is a "northern" philosophy. Mass production, higher standards of life, more things for more people, all these are alien to the Indian's ways of thought. It is difficult to see, therefore, how he is to fit into industrial Mexico. The agrarian objective of the Plan, that portion of it which demands land for every farmer, he can understand. But it will be long before the average ejidatario can be taught improved cultivation and mechanized agriculture.

The Mexico of the future belongs to the Mestizo as it is governed now by the Mestizo for the Mestizo. Numerically the white population of Mexico is of diminishing importance. The pure-blooded Indian has held his own better than the white, but he too is becoming relatively less numerous. The mental habits of the Mestizo are like his blood, mixed of Indian and European origins. The American influence on the Indian is comparatively negligible. It is increasingly powerful on the Mestizo. Large numbers of Mestizos have worked in American factories and have brought back with them concepts as alien, perhaps, to the Spaniard as to the indigenous Mexican.

The task of introducing western machinery and of transforming Mexicans from small agriculturists and handicraftsmen to a nation of industrial workers rests with the Mestizo. For the present foreign entrepreneurs and managers are needed, but it is obviously the intention of the Government that they should become less rather than more important.

The temperament of the Mestizo, however, is not likely to be suited to a progressive and orderly execution of the Plan. He is capable of enthusiasm and creative activity but notoriously capricious and unstable. Day-to-day living has been his habit and long-range policies are alien to him. Saving and conserving are not with him a virtue. It is the capriciousness of the Mexican temperament which leads one to expect half a brilliant success, half a dismal failure.

Given orderly government, however, there is reason to think that most of the specific objectives of the Plan will be realized. The vigour with which President Rodriguez inaugurated the Plan is promising. He established the Departamento Agrario and the Council for Rural Education. He appropriated moneys—budget figures in Mexico are notoriously elastic—for irrigation schemes, reafforestation, road-building and other public works, and increased the sums available for public health and education. He stimulated research into the many social problems with which his administration had to grapple. As one who believes in the virtue of purchasing power, he stimulated the movement to provide for both agricultural and industrial workers a better living wage and to develop in the masses of the people greater wants. It is one of the essential conditions of industrializing Mexico, that more of the people should want more of a wider range of standard goods. Whether that is progress or not each may judge for himself.

A uniform pace throughout Mexico in fulfilling the objectives of the Plan is too much to expect. The climate and topography of the country are too varied and broken, the peoples too diverse. The attempt to introduce western machines and the social forms and mental habits of those who live in more temperate climates may succeed on the Mesa Central and among the Mestizos. Whether it is likely to succeed in the tropics and among the full-blooded descendants of the early Mexicans is doubtful indeed.

THE ROAD FROM THE HILLS

BY MARGARET MILLER

“**M**ISTRESS Kinloch has gone down to the east lodge to see auld Mrs. McConochie. She’ll no be back for an hour yet, and I’m thinkin’ it’ll be dark before you get startit. That’ll be a peety, for there’s no electric light at Number 5 High Street, and it’s no so easy tidyin’ away your things by the light of a lamp.”

“Well, do as much as you can while she’s away, Jeannie, so that we can start directly she comes back. I’ll just take a wee walk round. I’ll not be long.”

The last walk round the grounds. The last look into the big, deserted rooms. The end of everything. It is difficult indeed not to think of it as that, reflected Mr. Kinloch, as he went fumbling about for his walking-stick, which must have got mislaid somewhere in the course of the removal of the furniture. He opened the door into the dining-room, and was startled by its appearance of utter desertion. Bare of furniture, stripped of curtains, there it stood—a room, and nothing else. But it had been a good deal more to him, and in his mind he replaced the long table, the dark pictures in their heavy gold frames, the chairs, the book-cases, the lights and laughing faces which had given the room life and character. He liked big rooms, and this one had been his favourite. With its immensely high ceiling it was more spacious than the drawing-room; with its gloomy corners and black shadows beyond the light of the candles it seemed at night to stretch away into immeasurable depths of darkness. Away at the end of the room he caught sight of his own reflection in the huge mirror over the fireplace and, attracted by the solitary figure, stepped over to meet it at close quarters.

“Well, William Kinloch, they may drive you off your native heath into a little hole of a house in the high street, but you’re still a man,” he said, regarding the broad shoulders and red, weather-beaten face with satisfaction. That his neighbours called him Farmer Kinloch pleased him greatly; he only hoped that the name would become him till the day of his death.

But it is hard for a farmer to end his days in a slum, he thought, as, having found his stick in his study, he left the house and descended the front steps—a little slowly, a little heavily. It is very hard—as he looked out over the park—that I should be taken from this.

A great sweep of parkland lay before him, set with fine trees and bordered to the south by the river. Under the grey November sky the river was a thin line of steel, the grass brown, the trees bare, but the place had a cold majesty which pleased Mr. Kinloch better than its gracious summer aspect ever could. He thought for a moment of the part played in his life by that landscape, and in his mind saw it in many different colours—sunny and green, as he tapped the barometer in the hall before breakfast on a summer morning; fading away to grey in the twilight, as he hung up his hat after a long day on the hills; black and turbulent with swaying trees, as he stood at his bedroom window on a winter’s night and the candle glowed in the window-pane. The land was hardly his—he rented it out to various farmers, their sheep and horses grazed there and they came and went as they pleased—but then the hills were not his either, yet he felt that few men in that country enjoyed a more complete possession of their secrets. He felt almost that they would miss him; that he would miss them had been heavily borne in upon his mind for many a long month.

But am I making a great fuss about nothing? he wondered taking the west drive, thinking as he did so that he would have to fill in some of those dreadful holes with stones, and then

remembering that it would not be necessary. People glibly say that happiness lies within oneself, and if that is really the case I should soon be able to doctor the wound made by this dismal uprooting. But how can a vigorous mind help forming strong attachments outside itself? And when these attachments are formed, how can one help suffering when they must be broken? As he saw the hills rising, bare and grey, above the trees of the drive, he could think of no philosophy to replace the healing that he found there. And he felt that he was ageing, and that when the car had been sold, as it would have to be, he would not be able to get up there to walk in those high, lonely places.

He passed a spot where he had once found Ian, thrown from his pony, lying in the middle of the drive with a broken leg, and remembered how plucky the child had been, and thought with pleasure how plucky all his children were, how clever, and—unlike their father—how successful. And he pondered upon the comparative failure of his life, considering his early promise, and imagined the incredulity of his school and university friends if they had been told that Willie Kinloch would spend the last thirty years of his life as a teacher in a small high school, and that at seventy he would be a poor, pensioned-off old nobody.

Well, all my hope must be in my children, he told himself, and catching sight of the lodge he realized that he had come far enough and must be turning back. He was glad, after all, that he had had a hard struggle and at the same time managed to give his children a secure and comfortable start; he was glad of those many months of self-denial when the children had been at school and he and Bessie had practically lived on porridge. What had been hard to do seemed better worth the doing; his nature could never have been satisfied with easy ways; and though he regretted the money which would have enabled him to continue living at Drum, he realized that a hard

life had kept him alert in mind and body. He had been given much that he would have asked for himself, although denied the boon of an old age free from pecuniary troubles; now he must live contented in the knowledge that his children were well started; if, like himself, they failed to make good, they had at least been given the stamina to stand up against failure.

Failure! There had not been much of that with the children so far: their careers at school and university had been a long succession of scholarships and silver cups. Mr. Kinloch stooped stiffly to pick up a branch which had fallen on the drive, and, straightening himself, pictured one of those moments of triumph to which he and Bessie had grown accustomed—the day when he had heard that Robin had won a scholarship at Emmanuel. They had been mending the drive—the east drive, which always caused more trouble, and Bessie had been working far too hard, as usual, helping him to cart stones and shovel them into the holes, not caring what she looked like or how hard and work-lined her hands became, always entirely unselfish, thinking only of his comfort and that of the children. Jeannie had come running down the drive with a telegram, her red hair flying, half her collar unfastened and flapping in the wind, and when the first moment of half-incredulous rejoicing was over, he had taken the car out and gone down to the town for some shortbread for tea. And at that quietly hilarious meal Bessie had sat beaming behind the tea-cosy, evolving the most wildly ambitious schemes for Robin's future. Well, Robin had yet to prove her wrong.

Emerging from the dusk of the trees on to the gravel sweep before the front door, he found his wife and Jeannie loading up the disreputable old car, the former worried and confused by the number of boxes and bundles for which she must still find room, the latter comforting her mistress in her own somewhat comfortless way.

"Dinna fash yoursel' aboot they vauses, for there'll be no room for them at Number 5, in a wee paurLOUR you can hardly turn roon in. You'll no be missin' anything you may happen to forget in sic a hoose as yon."

Jeannie stood up, red from her struggles with ropes and straps, and adjusted her funereal best hat. Her brother was coming to fetch her home, for Mistress Kinloch could no longer afford a whole-time servant, and she must seek another place. She was sorry to leave the Kinlochs, but would not dream of admitting it, her regret finding its outlet in ill-temper and a more than usually pessimistic outlook on the world.

"Is that you, Willie? I think we're ready to go now, but of course I'm sure to have forgotten something. However, Jeannie has promised to have a look round before she goes, and she'll leave the keys and anything she may find as she passes on her way home. Get in now, do!"

She got into the driver's seat and opened the other door for him.

"It's as well that we're not keeping this bus much longer, my dear. I've always been a gey big man, and I think I must be getting bigger. This front seat hardly holds me and you together now."

But Mrs. Kinloch was not paying any attention as she twisted round in her place to cast a last glance over the loaded back seat. The old portable gramophone, found at the last minute in Ian's bedroom had been jammed on top of a pile of golf clubs, cricket bats, tennis rackets and shooting sticks, and was looking a trifle insecure. She hoped the shaky erection would last out the six miles into town. She is fully occupied with all this, her husband thought, and he was glad that she was too busy to be sad.

He wished, as they bumped about among the potholes of the east drive, that Jeannie had not been standing on the front steps as they left the house. That spoilt the dignity of his last

picture of it. When he thought of the plain grey building, with its square empty windows and its air of blank severity, he could not help seeing that pinched little scarecrow on the steps, topped by a ridiculous black hat which seemed to be decorated with petrified seaweed. He would have liked to think of the place as dignified, deserted, lonely, and he felt vexed that his imagination could not eliminate the unwelcome figure.

He looked at his wife to guess the nature of her thoughts, and she confirmed his suspicions by murmuring:

“I hope that girl’s put on the potatoes for supper.”

It was lucky that she did not share his misery at leaving Drum, and that she would find much to occupy her at the house to which they were going. She was not a good housekeeper—the house had never been tidy, and her fare showed little variety—but she found satisfaction in her rather haphazard housekeeping, and her leisure thoughts were always concerned with schemes for the pleasure of those about her.

The lights were lit in the McConochie’s cottage as they passed between the shabby old gate-posts.

“That old woman’s dying,” said Mrs. Kinloch, “but it’ll be the best thing for her,—she’s been in pain for so long now.”

He was wondering, as they sped along between the darkening fields, what consolation he would be able to find in his new home. Would they have hung up the barometer in the hall? It would seem strange if he did not find it there on coming down to breakfast to-morrow morning. And his specially large coffee cup—he hoped that would not have got broken in the moving. And where would all his pipes have got to? He supposed that these were the objects about which his mind would stir itself for the next twenty years or so—for as long as it was granted him to live. Now that he could no longer make a habit of walking on the hills, or about his land, observant of every change that came over the one or the other, he would

have the choice of dwelling in retrospect upon the broader life of the past, or filling his thoughts with the circumscribed life of the present. Two steps from the study chair to the dining-room table, that was all it would be, and two steps back; from the dining-room window one could see only the uncompromising grey wall of the next house; his morning view must be that bleak row of houses on the opposite side of the narrow street.

Well, here was the street, anyway; the car was slowing up, and the moment of the day he dreaded more than any other had arrived.

"Thank goodness, she's got up the drawing-room curtains," said Mrs. Kinloch. "And we've arrived without anything upsetting. It's a marvel."

What a wonder she is, thought Mr. Kinloch, as his wife dived into the back of the car, emerging with her arms full of bundles, with her shapeless felt hat slightly on the back of her head and determination in her eyes. He knocked at the little door and relieved her of some of her parcels. When the moving was over she would concentrate her entire energies on making him happy, and he was ashamed that he could not find her efforts enough to give him happiness.

Now the little girl who was to come by the day was at the door, wiping her hands on her apron, and Mr. Kinloch stepped after his wife into the narrow hall. It was dark and decidedly chilly.

"Maggie and I will empty the car, Willie. Do go into the drawing-room and light the fire." Mrs. Kinloch deposited her load on the stairs and hurried out to the car again.

He felt his way into the drawing-room and by the faint twilight found a lamp. Its first wavering flame showed that the small room was unbearably crowded with the heavy old-fashioned furniture which they had brought from Drum, and that the wall-paper, which they could not afford to replace, was of the most gloomy pattern imaginable. Well, there,

at any rate, were his pipes, and his desk, and some of his books; it was not entirely an alien place.

"The evening of life," he muttered, as with cold fingers he struck a match and pushed it between the bars of the meagre little grate. With a hiss the damp sticks began to splutter and he slowly rose from his stooping position. Long green velvet curtains hung over the window and trailed upon the floor; Bessie had not yet had them cut. All their possessions would have to be reduced to meet their new circumstances—all their possessions, and all their ways. He drew aside the curtains to see the sky, for he loved to predict what the weather would be. Looking high up, above the tall, narrow houses, he could see a thin strip of cloudy grey.

"Outlook unsettled, I'm fearing," he murmured, as he turned away from the window.

DESPOILING A CONTINENT

BY D. D. CALVIN

TO study the map of North America, pondering on its place-names, must be a saddening experience for the modern Frenchman who has some sense of history and a reflective habit of mind. At scores of strategic points on the eastern half of the continent, from Gaspé to Duluth, in the vast area of old "Louisiana", and even farther west, there are French names — often grievously mispronounced, but indubitably French. To-day, though the French race is still numerically predominant in important parts of Canada and in some districts of the New England states, its links with La belle France are broken. But our musing Frenchman may well take comfort for his country's loss of territory in the thought that the guilt of despoiling North America rests upon other than French shoulders.

What was this continent like two hundred years ago? G. M. Trevelyan, in his "History of England", tries to answer a parallel question about the England of a thousand years ago, the England of later Saxon times:

"What a place it must have been, that virgin woodland wilderness of all England . . . harbouring God's plenty of all manner of beautiful birds and beasts . . . treasures which modern man, careless of his best inheritance, has abolished and is still abolishing, as fast as new tools and methods of destruction can be invented. . . We conjure up the memory of what we have lost. . . Had some of them eyes to see . . .? When Chaucer at last found a tongue for the race, the first use to which they put it has recorded their joy in birds and flowers, woods and meadows."

Sentimental? Yes, of course—no one would take long to decide in favour of living in the twentieth century rather than the tenth, but that is not the point. Trevelyan is right, modern

man *is* still abolishing his inheritance as fast as he can—one has only to think of its most recent English form, the “ribbon development” along motor-roads which is so disturbing to lovers of the English countryside.

What of this continent? “Had some of them eyes to see,” some of those who were here two hundred years ago? Colonel Whitton, in his *Wolfe and North America*, quotes from a letter of James Wolfe to his mother, written from Louisburg on the 11th of August, 1758:

“This will, some time hence, be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people . . . that will fill this vast space.”

So Wolfe, at least, had “eyes to see” the vast natural resources that awaited development into the material elements of a new civilization. But what did he mean by “power”? Not, one would think, that mechanical power which, during the latter half of the nineteenth century particularly, devoured and despoiled at an ever accelerating pace the age-long-stored material wealth of the new continent.

Up to about 1850 it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to wonder whether the forests of the unsettled parts of North America were in any danger even of serious depletion, and the possibility of to-day’s conditions was unthinkable. From Parkman’s *Oregon Trail* (1847) one gets the feeling that the American “West” was then a vast empty world apart, only very loosely connected with the Atlantic seaboard states. On his homeward journey Parkman speaks of a week from “Kansas Landing” to St. Louis, and a further two weeks from St. Louis to Boston. This same detachment is true of the Canada of that time—“Canada from Gaspé to Windsor”. I have seen the letters of an early resident of Brockville, written to a friend in England in 1845-1850, from which it is plain that the local world was the St. Lawrence and the settlements along its shores. When the Grand Trunk Railway reached Brockville he wrote of its being “cut through the bush to

Kingston". What we to-day call "The West" was then almost as remote from the St. Lawrence valley as from Europe.

The timber which was then being rafted down the St. Lawrence had been cut fairly close at hand, except for the beginnings of the oak coming out to the southeast shore of Lake St. Clair and from the valley of the Maumee River to Toledo, Ohio. Within the next sixty years the splendid oak of Western Ontario had completely disappeared, while that which was still coming out at Toledo was very much less in quantity—and it was no longer the good timber from the rich soil of Ohio and Indiana but inferior wood from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. The white pine suffered a similar fate. The big trees were sought ever farther back from the water; timber began to come out to Georgian Bay; first the southern and then the northern peninsulas of Michigan, then the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota, were swept clean—until finally pine was being cut as far west as Idaho for export to Britain via the St. Lawrence.

Spruce, for newsprint, has been attacked with the same, in fact with a greater, ruthlessness. This demand, on any large scale, has been of later date than the square timber cutting, and the pace had become faster. With the coming of the gasoline engine for tractors and portable saw-mills, even those areas which had been too difficult to be profitably cut over by earlier methods have now been cut bare. The lumberman of to-day will retort that every tree he cuts is a tree "saved" from disease or fire, and that answer drives one back at once to the carelessness which has always marked the exploiting of the forests of North America, for forest fires are preventable.

Sentiment about "rugged pioneers" and "the taming of the wilderness" is sound enough in its proper place, but it has been unfairly used to give a false glamour to the wasteful exploitation which followed the labours of the real settlers. While it is a sad fact that much of the land cleared by settlers,

particularly in pine country, proved to be thin and sterile, it is also true that the first cutting of the forest was a compelling necessity; land had to be cleared unless the settler was to live the life of the red Indian. It was neither vulgar display nor wilful waste, in the early days of Ohio, to build barns and "snake" fences of black walnut; walnut could be split and worked more easily than oak, that was all. But in the later cutting the driving force was greed, not need. The forest disappeared so quickly that these same walnut barns and fences, on farms abandoned in the move west to fresh lands, sometimes repaid the new owners the whole purchase price of the farms, forty to fifty years after they had been cleared.

Here and there a voice was raised to protest or at least to point out what was going on. But in general it is fair to say that the actual cutters of the North American forests were no more indifferent than the public at large to the fact that wealth which had taken centuries to accumulate was being used up in two or three generations.

Canada has not perhaps been quite so prodigal of the forest as were some of the "Sovereign States", Ohio and Michigan for example. There the virgin land was sold outright at a nominal price and the purchaser might strip it clear of trees, though at first he cut only the finest. After that he still owned the lesser trees, the land itself, and any minerals which might be found in it. Some of the copper mines of the northern peninsula of Michigan came into private hands in this casual way. In Canada trees on Crown Lands have always been cut under license, the lumberman owning nothing but a right to cut certain woods, and sometimes only the trees over a specified minimum size on the stump. But the annual auction sales of licenses to cut on the Crown Lands in the Province of Quebec were for many years said to be merely a means of covering the deficit in the budget, a true case of using capital as income. Not only so, but the prices obtained at

these sales, even as recently as thirty years ago, were so low as to figure out at a very few cents per cord of pulpwood in the tree, and correspondingly low for the larger timber.

It is interesting to note that, although pecuniary gain was their motive, no huge profits accrued, in either the United States or Canada, to those who made the greatest onslaught on the forests. Some of them grew rich, of course, but all suffered heavy losses in the years following the panic of 1873; the peak of the timber export trade, which used up the 'cream' of the white pine, white oak, rock elm and black walnut, having been in the 1860's. The wealthy lumbermen of later years were rich not because they had accumulated any great wealth by cutting and selling wood products, but because the uncut residue on their "limits" had risen so enormously in value as a result of the rapid but not very profitable process of depletion. One example will suffice: the licenses for a large white pine limit on a tributary of the Ottawa River, which about 1860 had cost some \$50,000 to acquire, were sold about 1905 for \$655,000. The limits had of course been cut over again and again during the forty to fifty year tenure.

To return to the permanent loss of trees—it is not necessary to go into the "bush" to see the truth of what has been said about the ravaging of the forest. It may be seen also in settled areas. One may travel for days through Southern Ontario without seeing any really fine trees, and certainly none that a lumberman would look at a second time; all "merchantable timber" has long since vanished. The trees are all poor specimens, not highly regarded by their owners or by the authorities. If they happen to be in the way of any "improvement" they are cut down without a thought. The publicity given to one or two recent attempts to save trees on Toronto streets only proves the general rule of indifference. In fact our attitude to the forest has not been merely indifferent, but hostile. One might alter the American saying,

"A dead Injun is a good Injun", into one which would fit both Americans and Canadians, "A felled tree is a good tree". There is a deep truth behind the epithet applied to the St. Lawrence timber-rafts by the American poet Will Carleton. He called them "The Funeral Marches of the Trees".

The reforestation work of our various governments, when deforestation is looked at in the perspective of recent history, savours a good deal of locking the stable after the horse is stolen. An aroused and informed public opinion would demand much greater efforts than any government has yet made, for reforestation, in the aggregate, falls far short of replacement of loss. In view of what has been allowed to happen, the lack of any such public opinion to-day is not remarkable. The late F. D. J. Barnjum spent his later years, and large sums of his own money, in an attempt to arouse Canadian and American public to an appreciation of forest wastage. He made almost no impression at all, though European governments sought his advice and help.

What a unique addition to our life it would now be, had some areas of "the savage wilderness" been left just as they were. For that which was "savage" in the mass would not now be so, in small units, close to our modern environment. The "bush", as it can now be seen with some difficulty by campers and others on vacation, either lacks altogether the big timber it once had, or if it is untouched, it is only because it has never had timber that would attract the exploiter. What sources of revenue and of recreation such spots would be to-day! Suppose, for instance, that part at least of the pine forests in the drainage areas of the Nation River in Eastern Ontario and of the Trent River further west, were now intact as they stood a century ago. Or that some of the big islands in the St. Lawrence had never been "developed". The beautiful inaccessible wooded islands in the Coteau Rapids give a hint of what these might have been. Suppose that between

Lake Ontario and Lake Huron, perhaps in the valley of the Grand River, we had to-day a real forest area of some six or seven hundred square miles. The very unthinkableness of such a reserve, even in this vast country, is a just measure of the greed of its exploitation.

"Nature has refused them nothing," wrote Wolfe. Consider some of the other elements of the New World heritage as it was two centuries, even one century, ago. The forest is, or rather was, only one of them, but all alike, in different ways and in varying degrees, have suffered the same fate.

Pollution of fresh water, for example, has always accompanied the boasted "development" of this continent. The northeastern part of North America once had, in its lakes, rivers and streams, the greatest supply of pure fresh water in the whole world. Deforestation has interfered with the normal flow of hundreds of streams, and some of them have dried up altogether, but, generally, the water still flows, and except for the disappearance of the forests on its shores, the river does not look very different from what it was when the first explorers saw it. But actually, what a degradation has taken place! From the earliest times our lakes and streams have been used as dumping places for every kind of filth and débris, until to-day a man must be far from "civilization" to be sure that he may safely drink any water he finds. It was bad enough before "modern sanitation" arrived, but after that! Consider the filth poured into the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and their tributaries by the towns and cities on their shores, since the first of them put in a sewerage system! The huge costs of chlorination plants, disposal beds and the like, installed to correct this pollution and the epidemics which followed from it, are the just reward of criminal carelessness. And, as with reforestation, the remedy comes late—very late.

Water pollution has seriously damaged our commercial fisheries, although with the best (or worst) will in the world

the fish have not been destroyed so rapidly as the trees. The attack on game fish has been more successful; water pollution and illegal fishing have done their work and the fisherman has to travel increasingly long distances for his sport. A recent book on the Atlantic salmon, by Professor P. E. Nobbs of McGill, tells a sad story of the results of our careless and wasteful methods. "The extermination of this noble fish," he says, "follows exactly the settlement of the country."

Parkman wrote of the western American plains in 1847, "the face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo". To-day these great beasts, together with all the lesser fur-bearing animals, and the game-birds from the wild turkey down to the woodcock, have either disappeared altogether, like the passenger-pigeon, or are increasingly scarce. Illegal sale of game birds for food is a matter of concern to the authorities even to-day. And are not fur-farms still another instance of tardy repentance, of trying to make up for careless slaughter?

The soil, too, has suffered from the same kind of reckless exploitation as the forest, the fresh water and the game. The first settlers, when they had exhausted the stored-up fertility of their new land, moved on to fresh country. The outstanding example of this movement is the early settling of the prairie country, particularly the "bonanza farms" of the American middle west. In the nature of things, restorative measures are more easily applied to the land than to the forest. Except in isolated cases such as the wasting of land which was fit only for forest growth, and the ploughing of light grass-lands in the west, the results of land exploitation are probably not so serious a loss as the slaughter of the forests.

What has been at the root of all this waste? Why has the permanent value of forest, pure water, fertile land, abundant fish and game, been lost sight of in a mad rush for quick profits? Why have 'progress' and settlement on this continent

always meant wreckage and destruction? For wreckage *is* a normal element in our environment. Just as there is a social degradation of human nature, so is there a degradation of nature itself, and in North America we have been specially guilty of it. But the "slash" left in the woods by the lumberman, (that caused by the earlier methods on the Pacific coast is the worst example), the fouling of running water, the slaughter of game—these are only the most striking instances of a general lawlessness and carelessness. What does it all mean?

Is it only the result of the increasing availability of power? It does not seem reasonable that power should of necessity mean destruction. Is it only because a sudden increase in man's control of nature coincided with the opening up of the new continent? There must be some deeper reason. Perhaps the deeper reason is that, beginning with the exploitation of coal deposits in Britain, civilized man, in industrial countries, began to live upon the accumulated resources of nature. Thus the forests and wild animals of North America were treated like mines, and, since they were more easily got at, the attack depleted them much more rapidly than it did the coal, the petroleum and the metals upon which our present economy is still to a large extent based.

What of the future? During the past twenty-five years there has been emerging a new and more hopeful tendency in the exploitation of certain natural resources, and in commercial activity generally. The day of complete recklessness seems to have passed. Hydro-electric power, provided always that with the aid of forest conservation the water supply does not vary too much, may be even-flowing and permanent, undiminished by constant use. The energy developed can if necessary be used at long distances from its source, and neither at the point of development nor in the region of its use is there the wreckage and débris associated with the coal-burning era.

There is a new desire and search for order; the power-plant and the factory of the new age are cleaner, brighter, more orderly, better designed, more sightly, than those of the recent past. They are the result of the practical working out of scientific theory, not of empirical method. The same tendency is evident in the materials which are being used. Many of them are synthetic, or reclaimed. Reclaimed rubber, for instance, is a large element in rubber manufacture to-day. The débris from mines is being worked over for elements which were wasted by earlier methods. These tendencies in industry are, if not a reversal, at least a mitigation of the destructive methods that were the rule when the exploitation of North American resources was at its height.

A last word about the forest, which was our starting point: one of the reasons why eastern Canada has not in recent years got its full share of wood sales in the world market is just that, as a result of reckless cutting in the past, our remaining natural supplies are too remote and too expensive to be worked in competition with certain other countries, notably Scandinavia. Reforested areas, closer to transportation, may one day restore the balance. For it must be remembered, as a reason for increased support of reforestation, that the yield from any given area of planted forest, upon reaching maturity, is enormously greater than the yield from the same area of natural forest. It is high time that governments in Canada took wider and longer views of forest economy.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

BY A. E. PRINCE

THAT the hero of a hundred fights, "of moving accidents by flood and field" (and air), "of hair-breadth 'scapes" under Eastern suns, should die from a motor-cycle crash in a quiet English country lane seems one of those strange freaks of fortune, which he personally, "the World's Imp", would have sardonically relished. The end of T. E. Lawrence should not be deemed an anti-climax, unfitting to a career and character full of paradox and bizarre contrasts. It was of the same texture as the earlier sections of his life. There was the same loneliness of spirit and body, the love of natural beauty, the same daring and passion for speed, the scorn for conventional standards—and, at the moment of crisis, the same swift, instinctive reaction of self-sacrifice. Not bathos but pathos surrounds his sudden death. For Lawrence was just emerging from the Slough of Despond in which he had been engulfed for over a decade. An old friend, Sir Herbert Baker, whom he visited a month before his death, says that "he pleased us by eating two human meals a day, and by expressing an ardour to do some big national work. These I had not known him do before, and I rejoiced at these signs of renewed health of mind and body."

Lawrence became a legendary figure in his own lifetime. The development of his cult has been curious. His exploits, at the time of their performance, were shrouded in a mist of obscurity. For his heroic *gestes* took place in an arena literally "beyond the River Jordan", that barrier between western civilization and the Arabia Deserta of the primitive Bedouin. Even participants in the Palestine campaign were but dimly

aware of the Arab army co-operating on Allenby's right flank, although there were rumours about the useful aid given by "some British officers". But after the Armistice disclosures were gradually made of the significance of the Arab Revolt and the share of Colonel Lawrence. A series of articles in the *Times* enlightened the intelligentsia, whilst Lowell Thomas in his illustrated lecture entitled "With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia" spread the cult to the thousands who crowded the Albert Hall in London month after month. His life of Lawrence appealed to a still wider circle, and was actually used as a study book in at least one boarding school in the south of England. Next Robert Graves produced a new biography of his friend, enriched by conversations with and about him, and severely critical of Lowell Thomas' "inaccurate and sentimental account". Then came Lawrence's own classic work *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. The introduction to this authentic record of the Arab revolt was drafted on his way to Egypt in an aeroplane, which crashed near Rome, killing both pilots and injuring "T. E." himself. Most of the manuscript of 300,000 words, composed in spite of treaty-making distractions at Versailles, was lost or stolen in a refreshment room at Reading. But Lawrence heroically grappled with the task of reproducing, rewriting and revising the work. After eight copies had been printed (of which three were destroyed), he was persuaded by Gertrude Bell and other friends to issue a private, limited edition, illustrated by artists under Eric Kennington's direction. Its cost of production was defrayed by the publication of an abridgment carried out by "T. E." in two nights by the simple process of excising the more intimate, philosophical passages. This public version, *Revolt in the Desert*, greatly fostered the Lawrence legend. Meanwhile his action in joining the Royal Air Force and the Tank Corps as a private only served to whet curiosity, especially when his presence on the Indian North West frontier unwittingly

caused diplomatic tremors. Recently Liddell Hart, the military critic, has published a study of Colonel Lawrence, highly appreciative in tone, which supplies valuable material in justification of the legend. Nevertheless many strictures have been passed on "T. E." and his work, which must be taken into account.

Amongst the formative influences on Lawrence's career, not the least important is his Anglo-Irish strain. An ancestor from Leicestershire had settled in Ireland along with Sir Walter Raleigh, and something of the spirit of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth" passed into his descendant. "T. E." may have derived not merely a questing, fighting instinct from the Irish, but also that introspective, mystical philosophy revealed with a sort of elfin charm in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. A by-product of this trait was his willingness, nay eagerness, to have his portrait painted. On this score critics taunted him with a morbid, Narcissan vanity; but his inward urge was, in point of fact, merely the Socratic principle, to know himself. He wanted to see himself as others saw him, not the dull-eyed, bovine masses, but the painters and poets, the men with gifts of vision. He found reassurance of his idealism and love of liberty in Augustus John's portrayal of his grey-blue eyes and fine domed brow, whilst in another drawing by the same master he perceived a different facet of his being in the wilful, almost cruel line of the mouth. McBey's unforgettable portrait of Lawrence on his arrival at Damascus displays a resolute power crossed with a sinister, strained, even saturnine quality. The stress of war, his heavy, dual responsibilities, his experiences when captured by the Turks, his slaughter of the Turks in vengeance for their massacre of men, women and children in Tallal's village of Tafas—such memories had seared his soul, and left their mark in his face.

Of this Anglo-Irish stock, streaked with Spanish and Norse blood, "T. E." was born in Wales (at Portmadoc on

August 15, 1888) and lived as a child in Scotland, the Isle of Man, Jersey and France. He was self-educated, although his formal education took him to the City of Oxford School and the University there. "School," he later said, "was an irrelevant and time-wasting nuisance, which I hated and contemned." He read English, French and Latin freely, but school threw up blind walls in front of boundless vistas of beauty and truth. Forced labour in the shape of homework and organized games cut into the time he wanted for roaming about the country with map, pen and camera. A passion for the study of mediaeval cathedrals and castles, poetry and pottery, lured him far afield in lands and books. His omnivorous reading was unconventional, and his habits irregular, for he often read on a mattress on the floor through the whole day and far into the night till he fell asleep in his clothes. One may adapt Gibbon's description of his own intellectual attainments, and say that Lawrence had a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, architect and general, and an ignorance of textbooks of which any pass-man in history would have been ashamed. The subject of his thesis at Oxford was the influence of the Crusades on military architecture, for his studies had crystallized around the Crusaders and their Arab foes, stimulating dreams of a modern crusade for the liberation of the Arab peoples from Turkish rule. So he went to Syria and Palestine, and, partly for enforced economy but mainly on account of his desire to understand the natives, he travelled on foot and lived intimately with them, an experience that was to be invaluable in later years. On his return, the thesis earned for him a first in History, and the privilege of sharing in archaeological excavations at Hittite Carchemish, and also in a survey of the Sinai Desert, nominally under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, but prompted by Kitchener in view of possible hostilities. Many are the stories told of "T. E." during this period, illustrating his tactful,

sympathetic power of leadership over natives, his sangfroid in crises, his relations with Germans, whimsical humour and other qualities.

All these adventures served as an excellent apprenticeship for his unique rôle in the World War. On the entry of Turkey into the war, Lawrence was sent to Egypt, where he did brilliant work for the Military Map department of the Intelligence Service at General Headquarters. Once he was detailed to a strange uncongenial secret mission, a parley with the Turks in Mesopotamia to secure the release of the English beleaguered garrison in Kut by the offer of a huge bribe. His trenchant criticism of the mismanagement of that campaign did not endear him to the regular professional soldier of the hidebound type, nor did his heterodoxy with regard to "correct" dress and military etiquette. Moreover, the advocacy by his group of a policy of active assistance to the Arabs further affronted those authorities, who frowned down upon "side-shows" likely to dissipate resources needed for the main objective. Tired of this bumptious, aggressive, pin-pricking youth, they eventually gave him ten days' leave and told him to go to—the Arabs. He went, and landed in October 1916 at Jeddah, the port of Mecca. His Arabian Odyssey had begun.

There is no more fascinating story in recent annals than that of the renaissance of Arabia. The spirit of Arab nationalism arose first in Syria as a result of the spread of modern ideas through French Catholic missionary institutions and the American Protestant College at Beirut. The political movement for liberation was fomented by the customary methods of a literary and cultural revival, journalistic propaganda and secret societies. Thus the renaissance of Arab learning saw the publication of an Arab dictionary in 1867, followed three years later by an encyclopædia. The Arab National Committee, created in Paris in 1895 by the efforts of the Egyptian

patriot, Mustafa Pasha Kemal, was the earliest Arab nationalist organization. As early as a decade before the War, it proclaimed its aims. "The Turks now dominate the Arabs . . . but the Arabs have recovered consciousness of their national, historical and racial unity, and desire to detach themselves from the worm-eaten tree of Othman, and unite as an independent State. When we were free, we subdued the East and West in less than a hundred years, we carried learning and culture and the arts to all lands, and dominated the world's civilization for several centuries." It defined its boundaries from the Tigris to Suez, envisaged a federal union of the various Arab countries, and a return of the Moslem Caliphate from Constantinople to its original centre at Mecca. The War brought this programme within view of fulfilment. Britain appreciated the significance of this region, commanding the land, sea and air routes to India, and embracing the homes of the three great monotheistic religions, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. As Syria was cowed by the repressive terrorism of the Young Turk triumvir Jemal Pasha, the Arabian peninsula became the coiled spring of Arab nationalism. Britain kept Ibn Sa'ud of the Nejd, the present ruler of Arabia, quiet by means of a subsidy, and through Sir Henry McMahon concluded negotiations with Sharif Hussain of the Hijaz. Hot controversy, bearing on the status of mandated Palestine and Syria, still runs over the precise nature of these British territorial commitments to Hussain, and their subsequent modifications in the secret Sykes-Picot agreement with France. These "Promised Lands" became too-much promised lands. Hussain meanwhile had unfurled the standard of revolt against the Turks; but the rebellion began to languish. It was at this nodal juncture that Lawrence came into direct contact with it, galvanizing its activities into one of the most surprising wars of liberation in history. This is not the place to trace in detail its course,

culminating in the triumphal entry of his Arabs into Damascus just before Allenby's cavalry.

Lawrence's work in fostering Arab independence is his great contribution to history. Assuredly his fame should not obscure that of Joyce, Peake, Dawnay and the other officers who rendered yeoman service to that cause. "T. E." was fully alive to their share, as to that of the British "other ranks", such as "Lewis" and "Stokes", the English and Australian gunners, affectionately mentioned by him in his story of the raids. But after Damascus came Versailles, and the "peace that passeth understanding". Lawrence with Feisal had to fight hard lest what had been won in war should be lost in peace. The French demanded their full pound of flesh in Syria, their delegate supporting the claim by reference to France's part in the Crusades—to which Feisal, Saladin's successor, quietly replied, "But pardon me, M. Pichon, which of us won the Crusades?" But wit was of no avail against the "big battalions", and soon the French drove Feisal and his Arab government out of Damascus. Lawrence was in despair; the Arabs had been betrayed. But his friend Winston Churchill became Colonial Secretary in 1921 and made a settlement which did much to satisfy Arab aspirations. Feisal became king of Irak; Abdullah ruled Transjordan and the Arab states of the peninsula were independent. Father Hussain of the Hijaz was indeed soon put to flight by Ibn Sa'ud of the Najd, but he had scorned Lawrence's advice on policy, and on other scores deserved his fate. "T. E." has been criticized for "backing the wrong horse", Hussain rather than Ibn Sa'ud. In reality he backed not Hussain but the Arab movement and Hussain's son, F'eisal, his fine coadjutor, in whom he "picked a winner", for the purpose in hand. Ibn Sa'ud neither could nor would have co-operated in the same way at that time. If subsequently there was found a strong, independent ruler, who could curb tribal feuds and keep good order, that was in line with Lawrence's ideals for Arabia.

Liddell Hart has classed Lawrence among the supreme captains of all time on account of his exposition of the art of war, grounded on a wide range of military studies, notably the work of eighteenth century strategists, Marshal Saxe, the little-known Bourcet and the early Bonaparte. These stressed mobility and surprise as the prime principles, both of which could be best exploited by a flexible, self-contained force of limited numbers. But the Emperor Napoleon departed from his earlier ideas, and relied on weight of numbers and massed concentration of guns, which resulted in vast holocausts—and St. Helena. Yet this theory of mass was advocated by Napoleon's disciples, from Clausewitz to Foch, which resulted in immovable trenches, and the bloody attrition of the Western Front. Only in the East was there a real reaction against this false theory. A saner, even more humane mode of warfare was proclaimed and practised first in our time by Lawrence. It was formulated in his quiet Oxford rooms. Its concrete application in Arabia was thought out on a camp sick-bed in March 1917—whilst Sir Archibald Murray, hard by in Palestine, was exemplifying the old methods in his fatuous attacks on Gaza. "T. E." 's brilliant, philosophic appreciation of the military situation and of the psychological qualities of leadership should be read by all interested in the direction of affairs, and by all lovers of fine prose and of their fellow-men. The Turkish spearpoint of penetration was plunged into the Peninsula in the shape of a formidable garrison at Medina, its shaft the Hijaz railway, the long line of communication back into Turkey. The old school of thought urged a heavy blow at Medina, at whatever cost of men and materials. Lawrence's strategy was to incite the foe to "stay in Medina in the largest numbers, and keep his railway just working, but only just, with the maximum of loss and discomfort to him". Commanding small contingents, he exploited with consummate success the factors of mobility and surprise. With a total

strength of 3,000 rifles, his Arabs pinned down to the Arabian arena some 50,000 Turks, relieving the pressure on Allenby till the time was ripe for the great combined break-through to Damascus. There are nevertheless many military critics who question the applicability of Lawrence's principles to any but an irregular, guerilla campaign, minimize his work because of its small scale, his abundant supply of gold, and his fighting of only one "battle", and that with a mere 600 men.

Behind achromatic discussions of strategic values there shine, however, those brightly coloured scenes and adventures, with which readers of Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert* are familiar. The breathless, deathless stories of raids on railway lines and stations, the ebb and flow of his expeditions, the epic of hardships endured under pitiless sun or in equally pitiless cold, the tale of dark passions and the saving grace of laughter, and the swift narrative of the crowning glory, the drive to Damascus—these are winged words that may well rank among the romances of all ages. They may inspire others to great achievement, as he himself was inspired by such literature. For Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* was one of the three books to accompany him on all his wanderings, and in recent years he worked on his translation of the *Odyssey* and other Greek epics.

"T. E." also laid down sound principles for the administration of backward peoples. He took the trouble to draw up a long list of suggestions for the conduct of British officers attached to the Arabs, rules which should be inscribed in letters of gold for the instruction of all charged with the duties of trusteeship for non-Europeans. He counselled the adoption of the elder brother attitude, rather than that of a father or benevolent despot. He himself sought to mingle with the Arabs to the point of merging. He dressed, ate, lived (but not loved) as the Bedouin has done since the days of Abraham. And yet the Western self persisted alongside the Eastern self.

"Sometimes these two selves would converse in the void," he reflects, "and then madness was very near, as it would be near the man who could see things through the veil at once of two customs, two educations, two environments." But he always made them feel he was a little better than they, not only by such qualities as personal disinterestedness, but also by his physical and intellectual endowments. His almost super-human feats of endurance, his incredibly arduous camel rides, his tireless activity despite fever and wounds, his prowess in their own form of desert-fighting, his demonstration of occidental methods of war, his proficiency with artillery, machine-guns, automatics, mortars, aeroplanes, armoured cars and high explosive "tulips" made him a legendary figure in their midst. Lawrence's consideration for his men roused a deep affection, and they often told the story of his wandering off into the desert to rescue an Arab who in a gruelling march had fallen far behind. This devotion was white-hot amongst his body-guard of four-score dare-devils. His wit and humour were also hugely enjoyed by the rollicking Bedouins, especially his broad practical jokes and pointed personal sallies.

"T. E.'s" insight into character was almost uncanny. He perceived that out of Hussain and his five sons it was Feisal who was to be the leader, "the prophet who, if veiled, would give cogent form to the idea behind the activity of the Arab revolt". Lawrence was also alive to the significance of Auda, the chieftain of the Howeitats and a fighter whose name would attract the Bedouins like an irresistible magnet. Lawrence gives a vivid description of his accession to their cause. An incident in the meal that followed is well known. Auda suddenly started to his feet with a loud "God forbid", and flung himself out of the tent. To the relief of the company he soon returned, explaining, "I had forgotten. Jemal Pasha gave me these. I was eating my new Lord's bread with Turkish teeth." He had pounded his Turkish teeth to pieces with a

stone. It was perforce some time before Auda could obtain a new set of teeth, this time made by an English dentist in Egypt, but this lack did not prevent him from rendering yeoman service to the cause, and, in the hour of triumph, the names most wildly acclaimed by the Damascus populace were "Feisal!" "Auda!" and "Aurens!"

But after effectively organizing the provisional government in that city, "Aurens" returned to England, sick at heart, "The World's Imp" (as Auda had dubbed him) revived momentarily when he made his sole request from Allenby, that of the rank of full colonel—because only full colonels were permitted to occupy sleepers on the train home from Taranto. The Versailles Conference followed, and his spirit writhed. He gave up all his titles, honours and decorations. An All Souls' Fellowship at Oxford brought him little balm. Some solace came in 1921-2, when, as Political Advisor to the Colonial Office, he helped Churchill in his Middle East settlement. Abandoning politics in 1922, he enlisted in the Royal Air Force, where he remained till last March (except for a period in the Tank Corps) under the assumed name of "Shaw". The reasons for this unconventional move have been heatedly discussed. His friends, however, were not surprised. In the Middle Ages he would have entered a monastery. In the army ranks of his own day he found an outlet for the sublimation of his disillusionment, his self-mortification, even self-atonement; it combined an opportunity for high thinking with the plain living of bread, water and one or two apples a day, without even a smoke. Furthermore, it enabled him to share in "the greatest adventure that awaits mankind, the collective and continued conquest of the air"; he aided in the Schneider Cup Contest and devised fast motor-boats and bombing targets in connection with seaplanes. At the moment of his death, the British Government was negotiating to obtain his services in connection with its extensive aeroplane building programme.

Utterly lacking in the instinct for possessions, "T. E." craved but one luxury, that of a powerful motor-cycle, on which he could tour the countryside with occasional bursts of high speed. It was in the enjoyment of this one luxury that he met his end.

The passing of Lawrence meant the dashing of many hopes to the ground. Some saw in him a stout sword and buckler of the Empire in any serious international complications. To others he was the coming leader of a great crusade of liberation from the obsessions of material wealth, war-fever, power politics and hierarchical pretensions. Nevertheless the Lawrence legend is growing, and with it the familiar disinclination in credulous circles to accept the fact of the hero's death. An Italian newspaper has lately spread the report that "T. E." is still alive, on his way to help the people of Ethiopia. Alive or dead, the influence of Lawrence works like leaven. Throughout the Arab campaign he carried with him the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and Aristophanes as well as Malory; Gilbert Murray has voiced the longing for a reincarnated Aristophanes, who would "fight for the great causes that seem now so nearly lost, for generosity and kindness between nations and classes, for poetry and high culture—and even for something which the ancients called Piety—in the individual life". Lawrence had a portion of the spirit of Aristophanes, compact with that of Malory's Sir Galahad.

THIS CORRUPTIBLE

BY KENNETH DICKENS

We are twilight folk
on a phantom earth
of reeling fears
and flickering mirth,
bedevilled to moan
at a bat-call thin,
at a blood-gout stain
to scrabble and grin:
the moon glares in
through the cobwebbed pane
with a shrouded eye
to the ebb and the flow
of the fluctuant brain,
the entombing cell
of tangible stone
gives no defence
when the visible horde
of the night and the grave
flit thither and thence:
soul dies with sense,
seethes in decay
till sere dust come
or the Ultimate Day.

Though the Conqueror find
our carrion flesh,
preserve us, God,
from the worm of the mind.

AN ANCIENT CRISIS AND ITS NEW DEAL

BY WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER

THE disastrous economic crisis through which we are passing, if indeed we are passing and are not firmly stuck in the bog, may suggest to some, especially those who find themselves entrusted with the ungrateful task of government, the question of day by day palliatives for want and misery. To others it provides the challenge to put forward, with urgency this time, plans for the reorganization of economic society more in accord with common sense and human happiness than the present system appears to be. Only the occasional student perhaps will feel like turning his gaze backward over the story of other great economic crises, and risking the hoots of a world that still insists, despite all its obvious follies, that it is practical. Yet some might care to examine the amazing effect upon the eastern Mediterranean world, some hundreds of years before our era began, of the advent of what we may agree to call for the sake of convenience "coinage capitalism".

Most of us in the course of our education have encountered this economic phenomenon without the faintest idea of what it all meant; our high school teachers were more concerned to exhibit for the edification of our characters the moral virtues of Solon the Athenian than to let us see, if indeed they had themselves guessed, what it was all about. We learned what were the terms of the *seisachtheia* ("shaking off of the burden") with much greater precision than the knowledge of the facts available to us warranted, but the explanation of how the burdens came into existence was very vague indeed. Yet the burdens sounded very real, the whole of Attica plastered with mortgages, "personal covenants" for repayment of

loans turning freemen and their families into slaves, not a few of these slaves actually being sold into foreign servitude, and revolution seething everywhere just beneath the surface. How was it that the situation had become so desperate?

The explanation may be quickly gathered by a reference to Plutarch's Solon, where, speaking of the conditions in Attica which caused him to be made sole archon and arranger, Plutarch says: "In general Solon puts the blame for the dissensions upon the wealthy class, and that is why he says, at the very beginning of the poem, that he fears their 'covetousness and insolence', implying that the hostile feelings which were prevalent were due to these causes." So much for the oppressors; for the oppressed we turn to one of the fragments of Solon's own poem on the events of his magistracy, mentioned by Plutarch above. "I removed," he says, "the stones of bondage which had been planted everywhere, and she who was a slave before now is free. I brought back to their own divinely founded home many Athenians who justly or unjustly had been sold into slavery in foreign lands, and I brought those back whom destitution had driven into exile . . . and I restored to liberty those who had been degraded to slavery here in their own land and trembled at their masters' whims. These things I accomplished through arbitrary action, bringing force to the support of the dictates of justice." And in another vigorous fragment he tells us, in words which have an uncannily modern ring, of the economic uncertainty prevailing among the bulk of the Attic population, an uncertainty he set his hand to remedy. "Public calamity cometh to the house of every individual, and a man is no longer safe within the gates of his own court, which refuse him their protection. It leapeth over the garden wall, however high it be, and surely findeth him out, though he run and hide himself in the inmost corner of his chamber." Only a few weeks since, the writer of this article received from a poet of the western

Canadian country-side a vigorous set of verses which might be regarded in effect as a replica of Solon's words; the beginning and the end of this particular economic period seem to produce like descriptions and reflections.

We must ask now what exactly it was that produced this social and economic grief in the ancient Levant; we must become social archæologists and dig under the veiled suggestions and the poetic phraseology for the economic facts. And in order that we may appreciate them, should we be so lucky as to find them, we had better examine the older situation in sociology and economics which underlay the times of this Great Depression.

Socially all over the eastern Mediterranean world a sort of ancient feudal system prevailed. The tribal chief, even if called "king" after the fashion of the Orient, was not very different in most things from his people about him. Like the Fijian chiefs of to-day who "eat the same food, wear the same *sulu*, and walk the same common in their bare feet" as also do their subjects, he was very close in all the actualities of life to the flock he shepherded. He was interested in maintaining his people about him according to the carefully transmitted and conserved customs of the tribe, and on him his people counted for leadership and at least some rude form of justice. It was a paternal-filial relationship that worked out not too badly, and what we have said of the chief specifically or "king" applies to his elders as well. In much the same way as the chief and in a degree scarcely less eminent they lived close to the generality.

Economically it was a very simple age, an age of comparative isolation of economic groups, especially in geographic surroundings like those of eastern Mediterranean lands, where steep mountain ridges cut off valley from valley and leave the dwellers in the several valleys almost as surely marooned as shipwrecked folk on some far Pacific island. Each community

lived pretty much on its own resources, and these resources were merchandized through barter. People who live together without money must inevitably come very close together in life; barter of goods and services is direct and personal and largely governed by local views and local traditions. The general effect of both the social and the economic factors was a genuinely communal life, and even in the classical age one finds the theory of the state (that is, the magnified tribe) as the owner of everything within it cropping out in ways that seem odd to the modern individualist. Thus, broadly speaking, in fifth century Athens the Conservatives sought to maintain the ideal of communal property; the Radicals of that day were fighting vigorously for thoroughgoing individualism in the tenure of economic goods.

Of course this world was not exactly a paradise. We have learned by a careful study of our authorities to realize that Arcadian simplicity really points only to pronounced dullness and backwardness. Even if some primitive communal societies come near to being Gardens of Eden, a Serpent has always been lurking treacherously by. In the Greek world it was the advent of money, good, honest, substantial coinage and none of your modern promises to pay in heaven only knows what, that disclosed the reptile. Money of a kind had existed in a crude form as far back as early Babylonian times, but this was money in the sense in which we apply the term to a half-crown or a fifty-cent piece. It has generally been thought that the kingdom of Lydia about the eighth century before Christ was responsible for this new departure, whereby the state determines the amount and fineness of metal required in each coin of a given denomination, and the image and superscription of guarantee it is to carry, but references in the Hebrew prophets would point to an earlier origin and a different locale. It is probably true, however, that for the Greek world Lydia is determinative, and the Greeks took up

the suggestion with gusto to become in the end the most successful artists in coinage the world has ever known. Certainly Canada's jubilee dollar has done nothing to menace their supremacy.

It was a wonderful discovery, this invention of a handy common third with all its capabilities of eliminating the difficulties of barter, but like most wonderful discoveries such as the steam-engine and the automobile, disastrous in its impact on the ways and thoughts of existing society. The coming of coined money into the ancient Levant was beyond doubt the principal cause of distressful conditions. It displaced very rapidly, far too rapidly indeed, the old world-order of barter; it rendered all the primitive man's instinctive sense for barter values futile, and thus destroyed a painfully evolved field of practical knowledge. It complicated for that same primitive man the process of exchange, because he had to pass each of two articles to an act of trade through a third article; in this way he lost out regularly to the bright minds who grasped early the possibilities of the system, the "city men" of Solon's poems. It created a whole new class of persons, the middlemen, to live on the back of primary industry. But that was not all.

The fact that money, "sound" as demonstrated by the mark set upon it by reputable states, had universal acceptability, greatly stimulated foreign trade and commerce. States which could produce industrially found new markets for their products, and in consequence the price of these products rose disastrously at home; the farmer on the other hand found his products remaining at a stationary price in a world of rising price-levels. He had no wheat pools to assist him in the struggle, nor had his primitive brain achieved the masterly solution of 1934, reduction of acreage and holocausts of hogs.

The possibility of using money to great advantage in trade brought into existence the new theory (new for Greece,

at least,) that money loaned, let us say, to carry a farmer over a bad year or two, should be capable of raising children for itself, as the Greeks said. "Money breeds"—a new and strange doctrine. The capitalist could show that one hundred coins put out in foreign trade were presently replaced in his coffers and brought forty others back with them; therefore a hundred coins lent out to a distressed agriculturist should not do less. A subversive doctrine indeed to the old communal society with its quaint notions of helping a neighbour over a crisis, and a doctrine which then, as in all time since, overlooked the fundamentally necessary character of agriculture as the basic industry of any country as long as these troublesome bodies of ours need steady refuelling.

The old social order suffered a fatal blow and began to show signs of impending dissolution. In old days the peasant farmer was a valuable asset in the social scheme of the man at the Big House, and the lord of the manor would, when the bad stretch came, see him over it gratis, and, quite apart from valuable consideration, the former social nexus carried implied obligations on his part. But now the Big House man with accumulated coin, that convenient form of wealth so much more easily stored than cheeses or cattle, can hire or buy some one to till for him or fight for him; "noblesse oblige" turns now into a phrase more familiar to our ears, "business is business". It is the end of a régime. Paternalism, with all the obligations it conventionally carried, turned into coinage capitalism—credit capitalism being still happily embryonic in the womb of time—and the world moved on its triumphant progress to Great Depressions without number and as yet without end.

Nothing could now be undertaken without the creation of an interest-bearing debt. The farmer goes to the man at the Big House, once merely his more fortunate comrade, now his master in a previously undreamed of sense, seeking help; he gets it—for a consideration. Fifty silver pieces to be paid

back next year, plus another ten on top, and security, if you please; your land, how about a little mortgage on that? The farmer never heard of such a thing in his life, this proposal for a black mark of some kind against the land which according to Greek theory he really holds not as his own but in trust for his family; but he is desperate, the old type of neighbourly assistance has vanished, and he succumbs because he must. He goes away with the fifty silver pieces, not really comprehending what he has let himself in for, no more than the average farmer of to-day has any conception of the dread possibilities latent in the personal covenant clause of his mortgage, couched in language as intelligible to him as some dialect of Kamschatka.

The subsequent fate of that peasant is too closely parallel to that of many a Canadian farmer to require much description or elucidation. Whether in the ancient or the modern world, as Dr. Zimmern somewhere remarks, the bad year that first forced the agriculturist into debt is only too apt to be the precursor of a cycle of bad years, and thus, even though no further borrowing takes place, the original loan and its wolfish children, annual interest claims, constitute an invincible host. The security of the land is no longer adequate; personal possessions sink into the same bottomless abyss. In the ancient world the farmer's personal freedom and then that of his family are next swallowed up; the status of free citizens is lost; that of slaves, mere chattels not persons, takes its place. We shall not flatter ourselves that such possibilities as that have completely disappeared from among us, if we consider facts rather than words, and if we know anything of the actualities of rural life in western Canada.

The analogy between conditions in the ancient world and those with which we are ourselves familiar is obvious. Enough has been said to show how the coming into the ancient world of coinage capitalism disrupted communal society and brought

it to the verge of total collapse; revolution and fascism followed in many Greek states. Tyrants seemed to the generality to offer an escape from the intolerable oppression of the *status quo*, and sometimes, as in the case of the enlightened Peisistratus, they were so for a time. Finance or credit capitalism appears to have done to us as individuals or municipalities or nations what coinage capitalism did to the ancient world; we cannot carry the burden of interest, to say nothing of the principal, cannot even make a move towards meeting obligations without incurring new debts.

We have some knowledge, though not all we could wish, of how Solon, appointed in 594 B.C. "sole archon and adjuster" by his fellow-citizens, met the difficulty. First, he freed the land in that striking *Seisachtheia* which has always touched the imaginations of men; in short, he cleared Attica of the "stones of bondage", the mortgage pillars on which were recorded creditors' claims against the adjacent land. As Professor Linforth of California says in his excellent study of Solon, "whatever may have been the exact character of the financial transaction recorded by the stones, it is clear that the rights of the creditors were summarily annulled, and that the poor who had been laboring under a grievous obligation were restored to the full enjoyment of their land. . . . We cannot escape the conclusion that Solon's order, while it brought a great relief to the poor, must have caused a considerable loss to the rich". It was this legislation of Solon's which caused Jeremy Bentham to express the gravest disapproval of the study of Greek for fear that moderns might be tempted to follow Solon's example and thus impair the "sanctity of contracts". Jeremy, thou should'st be living at this hour!

The rest of Solon's reforms, all relating in effect to the same problem, may be summarily stated. All persons held in servile status in Attica who had passed into that condition

through debt were set free. An attempt was set on foot to discover and buy back (certainly not at the expense of the state) any who had passed into servile condition outside of Attica. Those who had fled into exile to avoid impending slavery for debt were told to return without fear. And finally, loans on the security of the person of a debtor and his family were forever prohibited, and never thereafter do we hear in Attica of the enslavement or even the imprisonment of a free man for debt.

Such were the chief points of Solon's policy; why was such a drastic remedy accepted? The situation was desperate. Attica presented the spectacle of a very small and a very wealthy class associated in the same political entity with a very large class of persons, originally their free equals, who had lost their freedom, and another group who were facing such a fate as an immediacy. It was generally agreed that violent revolution was imminent; the dispossessed threatened it and the possessors were wise enough to believe in its possibility. But all parties also agreed that a settlement was better than a revolution, and this is noteworthy; in ancient Attica at that time of crisis both sides showed commendable rationality. The settlement was in a sense dictatorial, but the urgency was too great to attend the slow processes of democracy. It was a dangerous experiment, but Solon was a man of honor and held his unusual office just long enough to do what he had been commissioned to perform. And while the settlement was bitterly criticized by all parties concerned, which is the best possible proof of its all-round fairness, all parties abided by it, providing for all time an example of genuine sportsmanship in the political field.

All the evidence shows that the dominant classes were working within the law when they built up this mountain of mortgage-obligations due to them; they always are of course, because they make the laws. It seems equally clear that the

submerged economic classes worked honestly, tooth and nail, to meet the obligations which the hazards of agriculture and the impact of coinage capitalism imposed on them, and that if hard work could have settled the business, it would thus have been settled. Nobody who has not seen Greek peasants work really knows what hard work means. Combining these two economic positions, that of the Haves and that of the Have Nots in one view, we may further conclude that the privileges allowed to the former by law were utterly unreasonable and that all the efforts of the latter were in consequence inadequate to remedy the situation. Consequently, no other solution was open except to inflict heavy mulcts on the Haves, if the social and economic order was to go on at all. Hence with that lucidity of mind and courage of deed which not infrequently appear associated in Greek history, the Athenians performed an emergency operation and saved the patient.

The standard historians of Greece are content to record what is known of Solon's legislation and to add that with its adoption Athens entered on a career of prosperity which mounted higher and higher till the period of the disastrous Great War with Sparta, and even after that left Athens an important commercial centre. It never seems to have occurred to them to ask why this was so, why it was that Attica did not presently slip back into another financial impasse. For it must be remembered that Solon made no provision against land-mortgages for the future, and that he resisted stoutly and successfully all proletarian pressure on him for an "equal division of lands", that economic battle-cry which rings out so often in Greek economic history. Solon's legislation was a New Deal, but it did not insure against subsequent crises any more than does that of Franklin Roosevelt. Both alike must be accounted emergency legislation.

It was in fact a whole series of events that made another Seisachtheia unnecessary. Solon's encouragement of manu-

facturing industry undoubtedly provided for the annual absorption into the state's industrial life of a considerable amount of excess agricultural population, and we may get the full meaning of that statement by remembering that it was the fashion of the Greek farmer to divide his farm among all his sons equally, a fractioning of property ultimately disastrous. Then again, the Peisistratid tyranny, establishing itself finally in 546 B.C. after two abortive efforts, expelled many of the nobles, who had probably retained some of the oppressive traditions of their fathers and grandfathers, and thus to a considerable degree vitiated the intent of the New Deal. It was Peisistratus too who, out of his very large personal fortune derived from gold mines in Thrace, lent money without interest for agricultural promotion in some of its phases at least, such as olive growing, and thus temporarily blunted the predatory edge of the new coinage capitalism.

But, more important yet, the Peisistratid tyranny began the history of Athenian foreign conquest and Athenian overseas trade, which the succeeding Cleisthenean democracy carried to full development when fate and Spartan stupidity put the Delian Confederacy in their hands. Trade flowed into Athens from scores of Aegean towns; dependent states to the number of two hundred and twenty-five sent delegates there to argue the settlement of their affairs before the Athenian people in assembly or in jury-court; money became plentiful, and with the growth of a large population around Peiraeus devoted to manufacturing and sea-transportation, the farmer had no occasion for falling again into the terrible situation of the pre-Solonian days; he had a wonderful market at his door. In fact he could not even begin to supply what it needed, and at the very time when Pericles was boasting in the assembly about "economic self-sufficiency", falling into the politician's easy way of making an outworn phrase serve as a valid argument, two-thirds of Athens' grain was coming from abroad.

That is the explanation which the historians of Greece overlook for the fact that never again after the Solonian legislation did the ancient troubles recur; it was one-tenth legislation and nine-tenths Lady Luck. The fact is that no single act of emergency legislation, such as cancelling or reducing mortgages, is, of itself and unrelated to a reconstruction of society, any insurance against the recurrence of crisis. Athens was saved from that recurrence only by industrial development at a fortunate time in history, and by the acquisition of an empire administered on sound and unfaltering imperialistic lines. Obviously no such remedy is open for us. Nothing remains now but slow national collapse, none the less certain because of occasional retardations, or else a series of emergency measures constituting the first step in a complete social and economic recasting of our state structure. But probably for the moment most Canadians would prefer to go on suffering from the disease than to attempt the remedy, and no doubt they will go on suffering until it becomes at the last a race between the doctor and the undertaker. Perhaps in the meantime some of them will realize that no history is quite so modern as that ancient history which uncomprehending reformers of our curriculum would like to run off the earth along with many other intellectual graces and established sources of wisdom.

CANADIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

BY JAMES T. SHOTWELL

IT is not easy to appraise the value or importance of an academic event. Its influences are never fully registered at the time, they move obscurely and reveal themselves in unexpected ways. This is all the more true of those activities which take place along the border-land that lies between the more or less secluded world of scholarship and science and the practical world of every day. The standards of comparison and the criteria of judgment are either lacking or uncertain. The academic mind is visibly disturbed at what seem like premature conclusions; the man of affairs is impatient of the effort to weigh all things before deciding which are preferable. Each side has its justification; the one insists upon knowing what one is really doing when doing it; the other, mistrusting logical processes, relies upon action itself to help in clarifying problems by changing their terms. The difference which underlies these two points of view is as old as Chinese philosophy and as vital as the challenge to it by Sun Yatsen.

These considerations lie at the threshold of a retrospective survey of the Conference which was held at The St. Lawrence University in the week of June 17 to 22, 1935, to consider some of the outstanding problems in the past and present relations of Canada and the United States. Queen's University co-operated with its neighbour across the line in planning the programme and in securing Canadian participation, while the more general interests in the betterment of international relations were kept in mind by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, backed by the Carnegie Corporation, whose trust includes the British Dominions as well as the United States.

The listing of these sponsors for the conference shows at once that it grew out of two sets of ideas which had to be harmonized with each other in the event itself. The first idea was the recognition of an academic neighbourhood, a relatively local meeting of the guests of two universities situated only a few miles apart. It was a defiance of geography only in the fact that the St. Lawrence River lay between them, and of history and politics only as they are studied with an impartial interest from different viewpoints. There was something particularly pleasing in the prospect of this community action and interaction, and something quite unique in international relations. Limited and slight as the membership might be, it would have an intimacy all its own. But as the plans for the Conference matured it speedily became evident that the conception of a localized neighbourhood would have to give way to that of more general interests and that the two universities which were co-operating with the Carnegie Endowment in the planning of the programme would have to act as hosts to the representatives of interests that are not only nation-wide but have already become conscious of their international relations.

The nature of the conference was therefore changed more and more as plans became definite, and the original idea of a bilateral university group meeting gave way to a larger concept, that of a genuine international conference, attacking some of the major issues of the day. The original idea, however, was always apparent, both in the auspices under which the conference was held and in the method of discussion. This was all the more bound to be the case because the sponsor which was supposed to be most likely to insist upon pragmatic or practical results, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, had been attempting to rebuild the structure of Canadian-American relations upon the solid basis of co-operative research. The description of its plan reaching over almost the whole field of history, economics and politics that lies

between the two nations, is outside the scope of this narrative, but in judging the Conference it should be borne in mind that a fair proportion of those participating in it had been at work for months before on the research project of the Endowment. Paradoxically, therefore, the Endowment was, in this instance, quite as academic a body as the universities. It furnished a research faculty, drawn from those institutions of learning in both countries, in which an interest in North American problems as a whole is kept alive or where the spark merely needs a little fuel to burn more brightly. But it would be giving a wholly false idea of the conference if it were to be thought of as the meeting of university professors with others looking on. Some of the keenest in debate were of the non-academic group. When Mr. John W. Dafoe spoke on the tariff or Colonel Wilgus on the management of railways everyone recognized the mastery of subject matter and the keenness of the instrument of analysis. The chief weakness of the conference was in not having more of those who could speak with authority out of experience in the world of affairs. But the presence of men like Mr. Owen D. Young, who had almost a proprietary interest in his alma mater, Mr. Alanson B. Houghton, former American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, Mr. Macdonnell, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Queen's or Mr. Fred I. Kent, of the Bankers Trust Company, to mention only a few, bore witness to the wide interest in the problem of applying intelligence to the solution of international questions, an interest which extended from the most technical of questions, like those of wave-lengths in radio transmission, to the rôle of the press in the direction of public opinion.

It was this very matter of the wide range of subjects covered by the conference which provoked the frankest criticism on the part of some of the academic group. They raised the point, which is of major interest for any future conferences, that the programme dealt with could not be adequately handled

in such a hurried discussion, largely improvised and not affording sufficient opportunity for mature consideration of the points brought forward. There was not even time for the discussion of fundamental principles, they said, let alone the analysis of data. To range from tariffs and the movements of capital to history, law and education was to attempt the impossible. Those in charge of the arrangements were warned more than once by friendly admonitions that there could be no lasting effects from an hour's discussion of problems which have engaged the best thought of statesmen, economists or men of affairs for many years. The critics pointed out that there would be an added difficulty in arriving at conclusions of permanent value in the fact that there would be too many people listening in at the round table talks. The larger the audience, they said, the more the speaker would be tempted to defend his case with emotional heat rather than with the white light of reason. Prejudice and one-sidedness would be strengthened rather than undermined by momentary contact with contrary opinions under such circumstances.

With these strictures and cautions in mind let us now turn to the narrative of the event. Fortunately it will not be necessary to describe in detail the various papers and addresses that were presented to the Conference because the proceedings, containing complete or adequate texts of the various contributions, are to be published in book form in the near future.*

The subject at the opening session was the vital question of tariffs, recognized by all as the most important question in Canadian-American relations throughout their entire history. The opening paper was by Professor Jacob Viner, and set the tone for the whole Conference by the frankness of its

*The editorial task of preparing this material for the press has largely fallen to Professor R. G. Trotter, whose generous co-operation in this regard will be especially appreciated by members of the Conference. The other members of the Executive Committee, Professor McLaren (Chairman), and Professor Corey, have also co-operated in preparing the volume for the press.

challenge to existing conditions. While Professor Viner had no brief for the American tariff, he did not rest content with the admission of its shortcomings but directed his main attack upon the Canadian tariff policy on the ground that it was discriminatory against the United States. He stated that American public opinion had not yet become fully aware of the nature of this discrimination, and he warned his Canadian listeners that if America ever fully awoke to the specific hostility implied in this action on the part of Canada, there might be more serious consequences than merely high tariff rates. The echoes of the controversy which his paper raised continued to be heard, now and again, throughout the whole of the Conference, and a special meeting was arranged later on in order to give more time for a consideration of the point which Professor Viner had raised. The answer was given in this meeting by Mr. John W. Dafoe when he pointed out that the tariff rates of the United States were practically prohibitive to imports from Canada and that the fact that they applied to other countries as well did not make them any the less discriminatory against Canada when the commodities in question were chiefly Canadian in origin. Canada had thereupon to make bargains with other nations, granting them special favours in order to gain access to markets which would not otherwise be open to Canadian trade. At the opening session, however, this point was not clearly made, or at least not with sufficient force to counter Professor Viner's attack. Instead of keeping to factual detail, the debate drifted over into a somewhat scholastic discussion of the meaning of the word "discrimination".

In spite of the interest created by this discussion there were those who felt that it augured ill for the Conference and that there was danger of it developing into a quasi-diplomatic meeting of two national delegations confronting each other with apologies for existing policies instead of a critical exam-

ination of the facts in the case. There was undoubtedly some trend in this direction on the part of a few of the participants, but the Conference as a whole speedily got back to its original purpose, and there was very little indication of the nationalist temptation to make a case for one's own country. It should also be said that the debate on the tariff did not suffer from the frankness with which Professor Viner spoke, for it was much easier for the Americans present to make confession of the faults of the Hawley-Smoot tariff when they felt that Canadian economists as well were in somewhat the same boat as themselves. The real problem, as Professor Belcom pointed out, was to secure the adoption of policies advocated by economists on both sides of the line. The Canadians present must have known that over a thousand American economists had publicly protested against the tariff now in force. Under existing circumstances, however, it will take much more than academic protests to uproot the philosophy of protectionism now dominant in both countries. Political economy is, after all, politics as well as economics, and the prejudices of nationalism determine the existence of tariffs quite as much as economic considerations determine rates. It was the political utterances of American statesmen, seeming to slight or to imperil Canadian sovereignty, which brought the fateful decision of 1911; and the one hopeful point in the present negotiations is that these political considerations can now be largely ignored.

If tariffs block the movement of goods, they encourage the movement of capital, although that is by no means the only reason why four billion dollars of American money is invested in Canada. It is a striking fact that the depression has made relatively little change in the amount of this investment. The implications of so vast a movement, the largest single movement of capital between any two countries in the world, were set forth by two bankers who have had wide

experience in international finance, Mr. Elliott of Toronto and Mr. Kent of New York. A comprehensive survey of this subject has been prepared under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment, as part of its research project on Canadian-American relations, by Professors Southard of Cornell, Taylor of McMaster, Knox of Queen's, and Mr. Marshall of the Canadian Bureau of Statistics, all of whom were present and brought into the discussion new and challenging facts and points of view. The thoughtful listener had therefore presented to him in a single day the two-fold aspects of interplay of economic forces between neighbouring nations; the defensive mechanisms set up by tariff policies, and the co-operative action of business under such conditions.

The high moment of the Conference came between the two sessions just described. It was the luncheon given in honour of the Hon. Elihu Root and the Right Hon. Sir Robert L. Borden. Mr. Root, owing to his advanced age, was unfortunately unable to attend, but Mr. Young read a letter of greetings in which the veteran statesman expressed his fullest sympathy with the purposes of the Conference. Sir Robert Borden spoke with that high note of measured eloquence which at once suggested the mental kinship of these two elder statesmen. The fact that Mr. Houghton was toastmaster recalled the missing partner at the Conference, Great Britain.

The problems of the future and of the past were covered in the wide sweep of the next day's discussion. The morning session was on Radio as an International Problem, in which the technical experts showed convincingly that the problem of social and political control over this medium of communication was one which was rapidly changing its very terms with the progress of invention. In the evening the historians had their innings, and Professors Corey and Trotter summarized in two illuminating addresses the problems of more than a century. Strangely enough, however, the discussion which followed left

the issues of the past behind and passed over into a sociological debate as to the present-day attitude of Canadians toward Americans. It was unfortunate that there was no opportunity for providing discussion of this subject at a later session under the limitations of its pertinent technique.

The engineers led the discussion on the following morning which was devoted to the subject of transportation. Mr. Leslie Thomson demonstrated the possibilities of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes for international commerce, and Col. Wilgus outlined the history and the technical problems of railroading. The illuminating conclusion was drawn, from the drift of present-day events, that the nationalization of railways would simplify the problem of international management instead of rendering it more difficult. When one recalls to what a great extent the railroads have served the cause of nationalism in the past, this forecast by Col. Wilgus of the ready adaptability of national railway systems to international arrangements, acquires an added importance. A visit to the Thousand Islands, which followed after this session, might have been thought of as furnishing a practical demonstration of motor transit; but, apart from the enjoyment of the excursion, it left upon the mind a saddening sense of having retraced more than a generation of American history as one saw the fantastic creations of the gay eighties and nineties when the successful American business man played with romance and built himself baronial halls with Victorian ornaments. This glimpse of the faded glories of the past gave an added appreciation of the good taste shown in the restraint and proportion of the new architectural era as exemplified in the buildings of The St. Lawrence University, in which the Conference was held.

Politics and the press furnished zest to the meetings of the next day, the former treated from the academic standpoint, the latter from that of practical journalism. The two were

linked together, however, by the wide scope of the experiments of the Roosevelt Administration and the repercussion of it upon Canadian politics. There was a large representation of the American press and it bared its grievances and set forth its achievements vigorously and at length. By Saturday morning it might have been expected that the Conference would have been too worn out to listen to the discussion on education, but there was a full session under the chairmanship of Dr. Zook, Director of the American Council on Education, and the addresses, by Sir Robert Falconer and Chancellor Capen of Buffalo, were followed by as vigorous discussion as in the first hours of the Conference. Then came a final luncheon at which Dr. Dafoe spoke for the Canadian members of the Conference in an address directed chiefly toward the Americans present, reminding them of the lost opportunities of the past and the inescapable challenge of the future.

Such, in brief outline, was the nature of the programme. Nature intervened to further its success by a week's solid downpour of rain, which helped to create the illusion, as President MacCracken of Vassar put it, of a ship's company at sea enjoying its enforced seclusion while temporarily cut off from the rest of the world. No ocean vessel, however, could be as appropriately equipped for such an interlude in human affairs as the buildings of The St. Lawrence University, quaintly reminiscent of past centuries without, invitingly home-like within, the beautifully toned Common Room, always cheery, no matter what might be the state of the elements outside; and the excellent cuisine, for which an impulsive speaker secured rousing applause when his mind wandered involuntarily from colonial history to the merits of the dietician.

From this rambling account of what took place, we return to the question of how far the Conference fulfilled the purposes for which it was called. Its success, if one were to take as criterion the extent of the impact which it registered upon the

public opinion of both countries at the time through the news and editorial columns of the daily press, was surprisingly great. It is not risking too much to say that there has never been any time in recent years when the discussion of problems primarily Canadian has held so large a place in the American newspapers day after day, without any news story to hang the narrative upon other than the interest in the problems themselves. Mere discussion is not exciting news unless the contestants indulge in at least mental belligerency. There was little, if any, of this at Canton and yet the story of the Conference filled columns of both the metropolitan and the provincial press, day after day, throughout the whole week.

While one must not overestimate the importance of this kind of publicity, it must have done something toward meeting one of the chief purposes of the Conference, to arouse, south of the line, a greater interest in Canadian problems. Canadians have often commented upon the seeming indifference to Canada and the ignorance of its institutions and its resources which one frequently meets in even well-informed circles in the United States. The Conference itself bore witness to this indifference in the fact that the American delegation was not so large as the Canadian. Indeed a fair proportion of those of the Americans present who actually took part in the discussion were also of Canadian origin. This fact was commented upon adversely at the time but the situation was not quite so bad as it seemed. It should be pointed out that the American universities and colleges hold their commencement at a later date than is the case in Canada, and that the week of the Conference was also the week of Commencement at Harvard, Yale, Brown and many other American institutions of learning, thus keeping down the attendance of American professors to an extent that is hardly credible to those whose academic traditions bind them more with Oxford and Cambridge than with the American universities. Yet, when all allowances are made,

the fact remains that problems of Canadian-American relations have not been given the attention in the United States which they deserve.

While this lack of interest is at bottom a tribute to confidence in Canadian institutions and political and economic life, it is the poorest of foundations upon which to build either the policies of governments or the business relations of individuals across the frontier. It is probably true that more attention has been paid in the United States to its Latin-American neighbours than to the one with which it is most closely akin, and this has not been without its effect upon the orientation of American politics. There is little appreciation of the extent to which Canadian nationalism has been developing in the post-war years nor of the jealousies that were generated out of the boastful evidences of American prosperity in the decade after the War. The extent to which Americans were oblivious of the hatreds that smouldered in Canada as a result of post-war conditions, a matter referred to on one occasion by frank members of the discussion group, was shown by the exclamations of distressed surprise that greeted the utterance. As one of the purposes for which the Conference was called was to help rectify this lack of understanding the extent of its publicity in the daily press was a definite measure of success.

But did this work of adult education involve a violation of the scientific method in the various techniques which were brought together at the conference? If the furtherance of knowledge through research is the one legitimate purpose of the social sciences, there can be no doubt as to the judgment which should be registered of The St. Lawrence University Conference. But the Social Sciences deal with subjective material in the world of opinion, attitude, and policy. The contours of history change as these elements and expressions of the social life move diversely under changing influences. The student who knows these only as they lie within the narrow

confines of his own technique, and learns of them only in the abstractions of formulae or in the distant perspectives of history, is but poorly qualified to judge of the vital processes of nations. If the economist profits from the study of history and the historian from the study of political economy, they have also much to gain by extending their neighbourhood across a political boundary, noting differences as well as agreements in method and conclusions. This is not trifling with the social sciences; it deals with the raw material of public opinion as definitely as the technician is likely to reach it.

It is proposed to hold the next conference at Queen's University as was originally planned. The date will be shifted slightly so that the representation from the United States may be relatively larger. But it is also suggested that the membership be more strictly limited so as to preserve an even greater degree of intimacy than was the case this year. It is too early yet, however, to talk about plans for the future. One thing is certain, that however pleasant the memory of the days passed in the university that lies at the south end of the Laurentian Shield, there will be an added charm for the American members in spending this interval of exposition and intercourse in the slightly foreign atmosphere of a university that represents the ideals and cherishes the traditions of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It will be interesting to observe which of these two institutions that sponsor the international gathering embodies most the spirit of present-day nationalism, and which nation will respond most quickly to the call for more generous attitudes and larger conceptions of common welfare than has been the case in the past.

THE N.R.A. TO DATE

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE election of President Roosevelt in November, 1932, inaugurated a new era in the political and economic life of the United States and now that his term of office is more than half completed, it will be apposite to take stock of the present situation of his administration and its policies and of their future prospects. Mr. Roosevelt was swept into office by a tremendous popular wave of indignation against the policies and general attitude of the Republican party, whose rule since the war under three Presidents of mediocre gifts, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, had been characterized not only by crass stupidity and obscurantism both in the foreign and domestic field but by an almost unbridled license to the profit-seeking masters of American finance and industry for their selfish machinations and conspiracies against the public interest. Mr. Roosevelt won his tremendous majority because he was a singularly attractive personality, bearing a great name, and because he promised the American people a "New Deal" which would emancipate them from the oppressions and tyrannies of the "big business" interests and check the tendency to a brazen régime of plutocracy, which had become clearly visible. For various reasons he found himself unable to recruit a Cabinet of more than average ability and consequently no President of recent times, not even his illustrious cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, has been so completely master of his administration.

He came to office in March, 1933, at a time of grave financial crisis, when half the banks in the United States had closed their doors and the steady deepening of the depression had plunged the whole country in profound pessimism. His courageous handling of the financial situation enormously

increased his personal prestige and gave the American people confidence that here at last had arisen a political saviour who would extricate them from their trials and tribulations. They wanted and expected resolute action in a reformist direction and as soon as the banking crisis had been surmounted and the business world had begun to recover its equilibrium, President Roosevelt launched his "New Deal" programme whose fundamental objective was the reform and readjustment of the capitalist system to make it yield more equitable fruits for the mass of the citizens of the United States and thereby ensure its perpetuation. In his economic and political views President Roosevelt is a Liberal of the centre, and socialist doctrines and policies found no place in his programme; indeed he lost no opportunity of proclaiming his firm belief in the fundamental merits of the capitalist system and in the efficacy of the profit-making motive as a stimulus of general prosperity. So the measures of his reform programme were partially directed to the stimulation of business recovery and partially to the elimination of abuses and malpractices, which had developed in the capitalist system to the detriment of the public interest, to securing a larger share of the national income for the workers and to coping with the problem of unemployment, which had grown to dimensions unparalleled in the history of the United States. It is true that the measures of social and industrial reform which the "New Deal" essayed stopped far short of the checks upon unbridled capitalism which had been imposed in Britain and other countries but they represented a tremendous advance for the United States, which has been notoriously backward in such legislation.

The "New Deal" programme consisted of an elaborate series of laws, which set up a long list of boards and commissions and assigned to them special tasks and powers. The core of this new administrative structure was the National Recovery Administration created by the National Industrial Recovery

Act but it was supplemented and reinforced by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Public Works Administration, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the Civil Works Administration, the Labour Advisory Board, the Consumers Advisory Board, and a number of other bodies; they were known for short as the N.R.A., the A.A.A., the F.E.R.A., etc., and practically every letter in the alphabet was exhausted by their initials. The heart of the National Recovery Act lay in the codes of fair practices, which were ordained for industry and business. Each separate branch of industry and business was given the opportunity to work out a code for itself but it was subject to revision by a Deputy N.R.A. administrator, who held hearings for the purpose of hearing the viewpoint of dissentient minorities, and there was a final adjudication by the National Recovery Administrator, who in the early phase of the scheme was the redoubtable General Hugh Johnson. The objective of the codes was to eliminate child labour, regulate hours of labour, establish minimum wage scales and introduce a modicum of planning into industrial operations. Standards of fair competition were set up and violation of them in connection with any transaction affecting interstate commerce was deemed unfair competition for which penalties were proscribed.

In many branches of industry and business the process of formulating a code was harmoniously accomplished to the mutual satisfaction of employers and workers, but in others bitter friction developed and the N.R.A. officials had to intervene as arbitrators. Again the more reactionary employers, after codes had been established in their industry, deliberately set themselves to make them unworkable or to operate them for their own benefit. It was also inevitable that some of the bitterest critics of the N.R.A. would challenge the validity of the codes in the courts and a number of suits were launched in different parts of the country. Eventually the case of a

firm of poultry-dealers in the state of New York called Schechter reached the Supreme Court of the United States and that august body unanimously held that the N.R.A. codes were invalid, because Congress in the N.I.R. Act had unlawfully delegated legislative power to the President and because the N.I.R. Act had attempted to control intra-state commerce, which had only a remote and indirect effect upon interstate commerce.

This adverse decision, although not unexpected by legal experts, came as a stunning blow to the Roosevelt administration as it brought crashing to the ground the main buttress of its industrial reform structure. With their legal basis condemned it was safe for employers to treat the codes as a nullity and so far President Roosevelt and his advisers, hard as they have tried, have discovered no way of defeating the obstacles raised by the decision of the Supreme Court. But the common prediction that the decision would produce immediate chaos in business has been falsified; there has been some wage-cutting but not on any large scale and the price-cutting wars, which have started in a few industries, have been kept well within bounds. One factor which has prevented any serious economic and social disturbance from the virtual destruction of the N.R.A. system has been the gradual improvement in business conditions in the United States which has been visible and another had been the partiality of many leaders of business for the code system as helpful to their operations. But the Roosevelt administration inevitably suffered a serious loss of prestige through the condemnation of its main instrument of recovery as unconstitutional.

Then on July 16 another body blow was dealt at the "New Deal" by a decision of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston that the A.A.A. processing taxes were unconstitutional and since the case was decided several injunctions against the collections of A.A.A. taxes have been issued in various parts

of the country. The decision was not unanimous and will be appealed to the Supreme Court, but it is likely to stand because it applies the principles stated by the Supreme Court in the *Schechter* case, in which the N.R.A. codes were declared invalid. The stated purpose of the A.A.A. was to increase agricultural purchasing power and in the original act seven basic agricultural products, wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, rice, milk and tobacco were recognized; the objective aimed was to raise the prices of these commodities to a point which would raise the farmers' purchasing power to the level prevailing in a base period from 1909 to 1914, except in the case of tobacco for which the base period chosen was from 1919 to 1929. Under the law the Secretary of Agriculture was empowered to pay various kinds of bounties and rental allowances to farmers, who co-operated in a crop reduction programme, to issue licenses and arrange marketing agreements and to create a fund for the compensation expenditures involved in the crop reduction schemes by levying upon the first domestic processing of any of the specified commodities a tax whose returns were to supplement an appropriation of 200 million dollars by Congress. The farmers were induced to restrict production by the compensation benefits paid them and the money to pay these benefits was collected from those who processed the crops on their way to the consumer. The grower got a larger return per unit of production and for his additional earnings the consumer paid, as the processors did not absorb the tax.

The court in Boston, however, held that these processing taxes were unconstitutional for two reasons, firstly, because it was plain from the declared purpose of the law that it was not a revenue measure but an attempt by the Federal Government to control the production of farm products, for which no power had been given Congress under the constitution, and, secondly, because Congress in authorizing the Secretary of

Agriculture to determine within broad limits what was to be taxed and how much was abdicating its own legislative powers and violating the constitution. Since the whole A.A.A. structure was based upon the fund secured from the processing taxes, which have been yielding about 500 million dollars per annum, it is now threatened with collapse and faced with the possibility of suits for the recovery of at least some of 900 million dollars, which have already been collected by the processing taxes now declared unlawful, the authorities administering the A.A.A. have asked Congress to withdraw the privilege of suing the Government for the repayment of any processing taxes already paid. Apparently, the decision does not prevent the A.A.A. authorities from making contracts with farmers to curtail their production or from paying them compensation, but henceforth the government cannot rely upon the processing taxes, which manufacturers will refuse to pay, as a source of compensation and will have to secure the necessary funds by taxes which have no ostensible connection with the purpose for which they are to be used.

And the ultimate logic of the Boston decision is that the Federal Government can do nothing whatever to control the prices and production of farm products. But the farmers are manifesting a determination not to accept tamely the annihilation of the A.A.A. structure and in Kansas, Texas and other states they have begun to organize a boycott against millers and other manufacturers who are seeking court injunctions to prevent the collection of the processing taxes. A retaliatory movement has also been started in Texas and Iowa to secure support for a suit aiming at the invalidation of the protective tariffs now sheltering various industries, and two Democrats from Iowa have introduced a resolution in Congress authorizing the President to reduce tariffs unless the processing taxes are sustained by the Supreme Court. For some years past the western farmers have tolerated with considerable grum-

bling the high tariff policy now in vogue in the United States, but now that manufacturing interests have successfully attacked a plan, which was designed to improve the fortunes of the agrarians and reconcile them to high tariffs, the latter may decide that their only form of effective relief can come from drastic reductions of the tariff and the reopening of foreign markets. In that event the tariff would again become a live issue in American politics with important consequences for both major parties.

The "omnibus" social security bill, which President Roosevelt has always proclaimed to be the most important of his reforming ventures and which he commended to Congress on the ground that it was designed "to secure the men, women and children of the nation against certain hazards and vicissitudes of life", made heavy weather for a long time and only received Congressional approval on August 9 after seven months of turbulent debate and backstairs negotiation. It is derided by radical social reformers and papers like the *New Republic* as an inadequate and injudicious measure which will establish not a unified national plan of social security such as is desirable but forty-eight separate state systems. But, inadequate though it may be, it does launch the United States upon the most extensive social experiment ever attempted within its bounds. Its objective is to provide unemployment insurance and old age pensions for a huge army of workers, whose numbers are estimated at twenty-five millions, and in addition to give succour to mothers and children who are handicapped in the battle of life. Labour welcomes the bill but the bankers and leaders of "big business" profess to be appalled by the probable cost which by 1939, when all the schemes will be in full operation, will run to \$2,000,000,000 per annum, and they point gloomily to the cumulative deficit of \$14,663,000,000 for the five lean years of depression, of which 9¼ billions have accumulated during the Roosevelt

régime, and a national debt of \$28,700,000,000, swollen by over 12½ billions since 1930.

However, the labour elements everywhere are in a very restless mood. The great strike of lumbermen on the Pacific Coast remains unbroken and the whole of the industrial city of Terre Haute in Indiana is paralysed and under martial law as the result of a general strike of workers in protest against the employment of armed guards and the importation of strike breakers by the Columbia Enameling and Stamping Co., whose employees have been on strike for three months for union recognition. In other industrial centres, too, strikes are in progress and there have been serious clashes between the strikers and the special police whom American employers have a habit of hiring. In six agricultural states west of the Mississippi there is a very bitter feeling among the unemployed because relief has been cut down by the authorities in order to force the unemployed to work in the harvest fields at wages lower than the dole. Fuel has also been added to the flames of labour unrest by a report of a committee of the Senate which after an investigation of the workings of the prevailing wage law in regard to government contracts found that "employment conditions existing on government construction work were in a deplorable state and recommended immediate legislation to terminate grossly unfair practices through which employers were using the depression to exploit their works."

At present there is scarcely a major item of the Rooseveltian programme which is not being challenged by the Courts. The Cincinnati Court of Appeal has inflicted a decisive setback upon the slum clearing and housing campaign by ruling that the Government lacks power to condemn land for this purpose, and the case is also being taken to the Supreme Court. Before it also will come in due course cases arising out of legislation passed or pending about labour disputes, unemployment and social insurance, public utilities, the opera-

tions of the Tennessee Valley authority and the projected Commission to regulate the coal mining industry. Indeed it is not an exaggeration to say that the Supreme Court is being invited to declare that the Federal Government and Congress of the United States is devoid of authority to deal effectively with any of the social and economic problems which have emerged since the Constitution, defining their powers and framed on the basis of the needs of what was predominantly a community of agricultural pioneers, was drawn up in 1787.

Until the Supreme Court gave its decision in the *Schechter* case the prevalent assumption was that the President and Congress could perform within reasonable limits functions which, if unnecessary 150 years ago, had become imperative in an era of mass production, easy communications and nationwide organization of business and that they could count upon the Supreme Court to give an elastic interpretation of the provisions of the Constitution in order to prevent it becoming an obstacle to reforms demanded by modern conditions. But this idea has been rudely shattered by the decision in the *Schechter* case and, if it is confirmed by the outcome of other cases, the Supreme Court will have placed a legal veto upon the exercise by the Federal Government of powers possessed and used by almost every other government in the world to deal with questions of paramount national importance.

President Roosevelt made no secret of his resentment over the decision of the Supreme Court, which naturally elicited vociferous commendation from the Republican party and "big business" and in the first heat of his indignation seemed disposed to pick a quarrel with the Supreme Court and seek a mandate at the next election for amendments to the Constitution which would curb its authority and endow Congress and the Executive with powers demanded by the national interests. However, his veiled threat of a crusade on these lines evoked unfavourable response from the press

of the United States and he did not repeat it. He is, however, probably keeping the idea in cold storage to see what will be the outcome of the other test cases. But he proceeded to select at once a fresh battle ground through a message to Congress in which he urged it to adopt measures for a higher and more steeply graduated taxation of the richer incomes and inherited wealth. He argued that more money was needed to finance "social security" measures and meet the debt charges involved in the huge borrowings of the last few years and this money ought to be provided by the rich, among whom forty-six persons enjoyed an income of over a million dollars. Such a taxation policy could not fail in these times to be popular except with its victims, but in the end the scales of the new taxation have been so whittled down in Congress that the additional revenue which will accrue will not be much in excess of 250 million dollars and Federal taxation in the United States will still remain much lighter than in Britain and other European countries. But Mr. Roosevelt may be deliberately keeping in reserve proposals for even higher imposts as an election issue and couple it with a programme for a further advance towards social security.

He is due within the next month to embark upon a speech-making tour throughout the country and his addresses will be awaited with keen interest as they are likely to give some indication of his strategy for the coming Presidential campaign of 1936 for which the preliminary manœuvrings for position have already begun. As President he still retains the initiative to a large extent and can make the pace for his various opponents, but for the moment he will find himself on the defensive. He will have to explain away the collapse of the N.R.A. which had failed as an instrument of recovery long before the Supreme Court delivered its adverse decision; the continuing loss of foreign markets for American farm produce; the rise in the cost of living due to crop curtailment and price-fixing

policies; the gradual lowering of real wages for most of the workers; the failure to reduce unemployment to any serious extent; the mounting public debt and the unbalanced budget which his new tax programme will do little to correct, and the vacillating currency policy, which is still far from satisfactory to the great majority of the business community. The glamour which surrounded his name during his first two years of office has not vanished completely, but it has lost its erstwhile potency and his words and actions will henceforth be examined with critical vigilance, born of a growing suspicion that he is no heaven-sent political Messiah, as millions of Americans not long ago held him to be. To-day there exists a great deal of confusion in the minds of the American people. Many of them still believe fervently in President Roosevelt and his administration although their faith may have no more substantial basis than hope. Others are completely disillusioned about the "New Deal" and its proven errors of policy but they are chary about hearkening to the denunciations and counter-appeals of the Republicans lest they be lured back to support of the "rugged individualism" defended so strenuously by Hoover and Coolidge.

This body of opinion is prepared to give Mr. Roosevelt credit for a liberality of outlook which none of his immediate predecessors had and to regard some of his policies, notably the creation of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which has been a notable success, and the establishment of the Tennessee Valley authority, which is a most interesting experiment in regional planning, as most praiseworthy enterprises. But it is disturbed by his tendency towards vacillation and his apparent disposition to veer alternately to the Right and to the Left. He will therefore have to reassure the progressive elements in the country and the discontented masses that his attempts at reform are merely instalments of what is to come or he can count upon the emergence of a radical third party. The star

of Senator Long of Louisiana, an amusing political mountebank who at one time threatened to be a serious menace to Roosevelt as the leader of an insurgency, seems to be waning, but the brothers Lafollette, who have founded a Progressive party in their own state of Wisconsin and have a large following in the Middle-West, have to be reckoned with. So far their relations with the President have been friendly but a break would soon come if he threw himself into the arms of the conservatives. However, now that the opposition of the latter to the President is hardening, he seems to have no alternative but to take an advanced progressive line if he wants re-election.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

UNEMPLOYMENT

THERE is but one public affair—unemployment. All other human activities are dependent upon it. Subsistence is the main fact of all organic life. Governments rise and fall by its urgency. Dynasties are ended by it. Wars are occasioned by its pressure. Elections are determined by its driving power, and by its imminency alone are national policies governed. It is not a phenomenon of any one particular set of events; it is always present, always clamant, always determinant. Its cry of need is on occasion damped by fortuitous alleviating trends: yet no party can ever resist its pressure; no government can ever withstand its exigency. The song of the shirt is ever the loudest song, and the last verse will never be sung.

The structure of society is acutely sensitive to any disturbing force. It is so decidedly balanced that the slightest shock may upset it. A woman chaining herself to the railings of Hyde Park or smashing a window in Bond Street by means of a stone in the toe of her spare stocking will bring about Universal Suffrage the world over. An obscure citizen will capture the imagination of seventy millions of enlightened, literate men, women and children so that all react as one man to his lightest wish. A newspaper editor can inflame an indolent, peace-loving population of forty millions to the highest exploits; their will is his will; or an aristocrat of many generations of easy, secure living can calm the incipient fears of six-score millions of complacent opportunists. Let nothing be hypothicated of a Trotsky, a Lenin or a Stalin, whose acts were and are of a nature to transcend all reasonable calculations, yet utterly logical in their implications. Birth or breeding or wealth is perhaps less of an aid than a handicap in the achievement of success.

Subsistence is not bread alone; it is as well, amusement, recreation, enjoyment, psychic satisfaction, artistic expression, æsthetic fulfilment, religious appeasement. And the people will always demand these of their government. If they have them the government stands; if they have them not it falls.

And, curiously, the government has little or nothing to do with these servitudes. It rides, as it were, upon the crest of the wave, it poses as the fly upon the flywheel insisting that it is it that makes the wheel go round. It puts itself at the head of the procession. It attempts to multiply its activities to the uttermost limit, so that no man may so much as move without its consent. It fawns, it threatens, it retracts, it intimidates, but in the end it yields to its one master—the vote—and the vote, the master of the country, is the vote of the unemployed. Its one aim is to interpret the will of the people.

For the competent, the thrifty, the careful, the solid have many voices; but the careless, and the unheeding have but one: bread and games. And the incompetent, the unthrifty, the sick, the dependent comprise at least one-half of our people and of all peoples. In truth, every man or woman is about "fifty-fifty". Professor Einstein is a good physicist and a passable violinist, but not a good Nazi, whatever that may signify. The most of the unemployed are below the fifty mark. It is through no fault of their own. Some are congenitally incompetent; there is a coarse saying that there is a runt in every litter. Some are able to make a bare living. Many are mentally deficient. Many are afflicted with the lesser evil. There are the incalcitrant, the lazy, the clock-watchers, the indifferent, the self-indulgent, the sensual, the dreamers, the emasculate, the antisocial who fill our prisons,—alas, the list is a long one; it includes all those who will not work, those to whom the world owes a living, those who are without initiative or ambition, the domesticated, the born-tired. To this class belong those who are "let out" when jobs are scarce, who have

failed to gain a foothold in the essentially savage struggle for existence. These all must be cared for in a kindly way, now and always, for we always have them with us. They are the poor. Yet all demand sympathy and help. According to one press report, out of 443 workless persons examined in Toronto in one day, only 214 were physically fit.

Heretofore there were vacant spaces into which the superfluous might migrate; even the ambitious, the alert found their field there. Now, it is no longer so. There are no areas open for colonization. Canada itself has too many people. It can support no more. There was until recently a considerable migration to the United States.

Where in Ontario, for example, can immigrants be gladly received? Every square rood of arable land is already occupied and the sentiment of the world is now averse from the annihilating of native peoples by whites as was done with the American Indian. There is even to be found a sentiment against the colonization of Ethiopia by that most engaging and friendly of all peoples, the Italians.

Our numerous political parties must and do outdo one another in their solicitude for the unemployed; but, much as they may disagree upon other matters, they all have at least two planks of their platforms in common: their poignant commiseration for the forgotten man, the man out of a job, and their constant remembrance of the never-forgotten man, the taxpayer. It must always be so; there must always be those who do not have. He who has contrived to save a hundred dollars will always have to defend his possession of it. He is a capitalist. Whatever may be the result of the coming federal elections, and the event is already predestined, there is one thing certain, there will be a new vigilant search for new sources of taxes; there will be a renewed increase in the mass of government workers, there will be a fresh impetus to the extension of the dole; for it is undoubted that one of the main

activities of any government is to keep itself in power and to explore and exploit the last resources of the taxable. And it cannot carry out its most commendable plans unless it keeps itself in power.

In normal times the needs of the needy are supplied by their relatives; the grandfather is supported; the old aunt is given a corner by the fireside; the backward brother is given food and lodging in return for his meagre services; it is a disgrace to come upon the parish. Public relief is always mean and grudging and cruel. There is always a stigma attached to it.

But the family has been gradually destroyed in the march of modern industrialism. The children have drifted to cities in search of wages, of cinemas, of sports, of companionship. They are only happy in the intimacy of crowds, in the huddled, feotid warmth of slums. They are desolate in the horrid solitude of the countryside. They are smothered amidst the thigh-high timothy, the formerly shoulder-high wheat and oats, the giant stature of the maize.

The farmer of Eastern Canada who saw his son lured away by a free harvest excursion, never to return except as an indigent accompanied by wife and children, bitterly learned to plant no more crop than he could harvest with his own two hands and the two hands of his old wife. Farm labour was absent. Wheat was king. Speculation maddened the school teacher, the stenographer and the clerk, all of us. The government believed that we could sell our products of wheat, of pulp-wood, of minerals to foreign countries without buying anything of them. This fallacy obtained for some years, until it was discovered that there were other sources of supply of these commodities,—and then the slump with its devaluation of the currency and all its attendant exigencies.

Everybody has a remedy for the depression. There are too many banks, there are too few; credit ought to be easier,

credit ought to be harder; there is too much wealth in the hands of the few, there is too little; the railroads ought to be amalgamated, they ought to be independent and competitive. The hundred millions deficit of the national railway is a good thing, it is a bad thing; the civil service exaggeration is good, it is bad. So one might go on endlessly. The present depression is but one in an endless succession. The vast sums spent on relief and the incredible numbers receiving it stare at us from the front pages of our newspapers every day. There is no need to recapitulate. There is not one cause; there are a thousand causes.

The burden of public charity has become intolerable. Mr. Bennett is appalled by the thought of the five hundred millions already spent on relief. Mr. King complains of the annual hundred millions spent by the present federal government; Mr. Hepburn states that the three millions a month devoted to relief in Ontario is leading to provincial bankruptcy. The premiers of the other provinces, bankrupt or not, protest against the rising tide of insolvency.

The theory has of late been put forward that the solution of the whole problem might be a back to the land movement. Mr. Hepburn has lent his support to this dogma by refusing relief to unmarried men so long as farm labour is available.

Mr. Hepburn, himself a farmer, perhaps sincerely believes that a farmer will hire any given man whatsoever as a helper. But it is not so. The farmer is the most conservative of all men,—not in politics but in the true sense of the word. The Province of Quebec, though traditionally politically Liberal, is notoriously the most conservative of all the provinces,—if conservatism means the holding to experience and the rejection of all remedies which savour of experiment.

The farmer is the most conservative of all beings. He alone knows the ingratitude of the soil, the cruelty of the weather, the arbitrariness of prices. He knows that farming is

not a business, but a way of life. He never makes any money. All profits are returned to the land in the way of manure or, which is the same thing, in the improvement of stock. He is a conservator not a waster of natural resources. He knows it takes three years of thought and effort to add one steer to his herd.

The farmer is the most sensitive of all men to social distinctions. He has the greatest regard to community values, to convention. No matter how much he is oppressed by the lack of farm labour, he cannot hire the first young fellow who strays past his place in an On to Ottawa trek. The hired man ought to be the son of a neighbour in whom he can have confidence. The farmer must be sure that the hired man can take part in the intimacy of his family life, with association with wife and daughters; that he will not burn down the barn by careless smoking, that he will milk the cows dry, that he will not steal the horses' oats, that he will not indulge in cruelty to any of the farm animals, will be faithful in planting and weeding and garnering, willing to work long hours at the most grinding labour in the world. For the farmer knows full well that however low the minimum wages are, yet the hired man earns more in money than the farmer himself. It would be a fair estimate that the average wage of a farmer in Canada is twenty-five cents a day in addition to his sustenance.

Therefore the theory that a considerable portion of the unemployed can be absorbed in farm labour is fallacious. Many of them are unskilled, undisciplined and irresponsible, irascible, truculent and lazy; above all sensitive to the preaching of professional agitators. One reads to-day that 352 have been placed on farms in Ontario. What are they among so many? And what about the remainder of the four hundred thousand in Ontario alone who are supported by the remainder of the population? Well meant as is the scheme to settle the unemployed on the land, it is bound to be inadequate, no less

on account of the caution of the farmer than the aversion of the man for farm work. Schemes for wholesale re-employment of the idle by municipal, provincial or federal action can only make the situation worse. When private charity was exhausted the civic government took up the burden. When that failed the provincial authorities stepped in, to give place to federal action when the cost became prohibitive. And now we are going back over the same course, and relief is to be undertaken by the municipalities. The fallacy lies in this: that where government gives aid to one able-bodied man, it must support us all, and no one will work. Even the incentive of the ambitious to work and to employ others will be in great part removed if his profits disappear in the form of taxes and inheritance duties. Also it may be suspected that the readiness of the public to support so many in idleness is not altogether due to pure humanitarianism, but that there is an element of fear in it as well.

It has often been noted that the vast expenditure for public relief has done away with all casual labour in the cities, that the modest citizen can no longer get his lawn mowed or his snow shovelled or his garden dug, nor can the farmer obtain help for his seeding or his harvesting. But there is noticeable a gradual hardening of sentiment against the idle, an idea that a great many of them could find jobs if they tried hard enough. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Hepburn share this view, and they are surely the very best gauges of public sentiment. This is a healthy sign, perhaps the most significant sign of a returning prosperity. There is also noticeable the beginning of a change of heart among the workless themselves, evidenced in a willingness to work for such wages as they are worth, without regard to that unrealizable ideal of a minimum wage. When that change of heart becomes universal the depression will be over.

In the meantime everything must be done to assuage the desperate plight of the young people, many of whom have never done a stroke of work since they left school, perhaps five years ago. Though all material frontiers are gone, yet the ambitious will seek out new frontiers within the nation itself, and find themselves new fields of endeavour. For the fewer who have been completely spoiled by their years of idleness, as well as for the congenital unemployable, there must always be sympathetic consideration.

Undoubtedly there is also to be noted a tendency towards the decentralization of industry as well as a growing trend in the direction of mixed farming, which indicate that the situation is not without hope.

A. M.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

LITERATURE

NEW VERSE BY CANADIANS

A Dryad in Nanaimo. By Audrey Alexandra Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1934. Pp. viii+120. \$2.50.

The Golden Chalice. By Ralph Gustafson. London: Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 1935. Pp. 105. Two shillings.

The Eternal Quest. By Watson Kirkconnell. Winnipeg: The Columbia Press. 1934. Pp. 135. \$1.00.

There is distinction in Miss Brown's poetry because there is unusual sensibility. While some of her work seems still too derivative (she is a congener of Keats and of Arnold) and while it wavers at times in prosody, there are in many of her poems passages of rare felicity. *Laodamia* is a long poem sustained at a high level. The rich legend itself does for the poet much of the work of invention so that she is free to explore and embellish it, to see it freshly and to feel it intimately. The music is right, the romantic emotion true, the imagination fruitfully active. It is a noble and memorable poem, owing very little to Wordsworth's masculine and more severely classical treatment. Among the shorter poems that seem truest to their author's intention may be named *Dante's Beatrice*, *The Wood of Circe*, *Bird-Bride* (a close cousin to *Green Mansions*, yet vital in itself), *The Lark* and *Lucrezia del Sarto*. *The Mermaid* gives us Arnold-in-reverse and would be a better poem if less reminiscent. Like *The Nightingale* (another appealing lyric) it is rather too imitative to become itself. Though Miss Brown's favourite words are iterated too often and though her technique occasionally could be bettered, these seem relatively slight weaknesses in a young poet so finely endowed with the seeing eye, the hearing ear and the receptive and responsive heart. This second edition (the first was published in 1931) contains eleven new poems.

The immediate impressions made by *The Golden Chalice* are those of adolescent strain and preciousness, but the final impressions must include promise. If these first surface-specimens of the mine can hardly be regarded as true metal, yet the mine seems to be worth working, and if the miner can summon to his aid the long and undefeatable patience that Art requires he will make his contribution.

Mr. Kirkconnell's tone in *The Eternal Quest* seems rather too didactic and too positive for poetry. His handling of the Spenserian stanza is often tense and sometimes rigid. He has

important things to say, but he does not say them eloquently in this medium. He tends to mistake, we think, inflation of style for inspiration, and in his treatment of the vile in life he uses a realism that is disagreeable because excessive. That there is a beauty of ugliness is apparent in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* and in Browning's *Childe Roland*, but Mr. Kirkconnell's excursions into this region take him beyond the range and intention of good art. His work—which is not without its moments of power and grace—contains four parts of three sections each, tracing the “ways” toward “vital experience” of twelve human types—scholar, scientist, artist, warrior, gambler, athlete, capitalist, jurist, inventor, lover, physician and worshipper.

* * * * *

MR. MASEFIELD'S NEW YARN

The Taking of the Gry. By John Masefield. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1934. Pp. 193. \$2.00.

Mr. Masefield, masterful narrator, spins here for us another of his unforgettable yarns. The clean, simple, honest style, free from surplusage, signs his name. This time it is a land-and-sea story, using two Central American states—Santa Ana and Santa Barbara—as its immediate background. The incident that determines the issue of political fusion or non-fusion between these states is the daring recapture by a small party of Santanoes of the *Gry*, a ship loaded with munitions, whose captain had betrayed her for gold into the hands of the ‘Barbarians’. The attempt bristles with difficulties, but the courage and character of the raiders triumph and they seem to compel Fortune. What Drake did with his fleet at Santa Barbara (“Nathaniell Clutterbucke” being cited as authority), in entering the harbour through a well-nigh impossible channel, “without the losse of anie the least plancke”, these young adventurers imitate in towing the interned *Gry* out to the open sea through the same channel, now through long time made even less navigable on account of silt and sand and changing currents.

It is a brave tale bravely told, with the adequate seasoning of humour and wise comment. But while the author rightly uses what may be called the autoheroic point of view of the central figure, Charles Tarlton, we regret a little the somewhat abrupt and casual conclusion and the failure to give such a pair as Tarlton and Browne a chance to part in a way worthy of their kinship and their mutual trust. There is an interesting correspondence of a kind between the “nervy” Captain Tollick of the tug, the *Tipton Slasher*, in this tale and the “ecstatic” Captain Miserden of the clipper *The Bird of Dawning* in the story also so named.

* * * * *

GALSWORTHY AND GARNETT

Letters from John Galsworthy, 1900-1932. Edited with an Introduction by Edward Garnett. London: Jonathan Cape; Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1934. Pp. 255. \$2.50.

These letters, covering a period of thirty years, were exchanged between two very busy men who became fast friends—a novelist and a critic. Their chief value lies in their frank utterance of opinion on a hundred literary questions, especially those touching the organization of *The Man of Property*. The Galsworthy of the workshop is a highly interesting figure—debating, revising, protesting, completing. There are also many appraisals of the qualities of contemporaries, the manner of this new novel, the technique of that successful play. Garnett admonishes and admires. Galsworthy is equable, and eager to read his own mind. These letters have no small biographical and critical value for all students of Galsworthy, and the Introduction by Mr. Garnett provides a useful summary and starting-point.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

* * * * *

HISTORY

SOME HISTORICAL INTERPRETATIONS

Europe Since Napoleon. By Franklin Charles Palm and Frederick C. Graham. New York: Ginn and Company. Pp. 890. \$4.00.
A History of the French People. By Professor Charles Seignobos. Toronto: Thomas Nelson. Pp. 413. \$3.75.

It is a laudable thing to attempt to write history in which "factual detail is subordinated to interpretation" as the authors of *Europe Since Napoleon* set out to do; for by being in addition an interpreter the historian is distinct from the chronicler. Yet interpretation is one of the most difficult and responsible functions of historical scholarship. This book has as its theme "the rise of the middle classes to dominance over Western Europe" and "extends to the continents which the bourgeois civilization has gradually engulfed—Asia, Africa, Australia and the Americas". I doubt the validity of the sociological approach, however, in what purports to be a history text-book. Historical processes do not admit of such simple analysis nor of such finite conclusions, and while *bourgeois* or proletarian history may possibly be necessary under certain political conditions, I can see only harm resulting from an over-emphasis of the domination or subjection of class interests as the prevailing motive and result in nineteenth century history. The book is competently done and has interest for the general reader but I cannot recommend it for the too faithful

freshman. The *fascies* prominently displayed on the front cover would seem to invite a Marxist counterblast and I am left wondering whether such political symbolism may not yet provoke a text-book adorned with the hammer and sickle.

Professor Seignobos' book *A History of the French People* is the mature product of one of the Sorbonne's senior historians and is one of the best short accounts of the evolution of the French nation available in English. It is characterized by the desirable habit of explaining how present things began. "From this period," it will affirm, "dates a custom which has been characteristic of French life ever since: the participation of students (*la jeunesse des écoles*) in political demonstrations—a habit encouraged by public sentiment." Or, "from that time onward a regional distribution of parties made its appearance which was to become a permanent feature of French political life." But the more usual properties of the historical drama, I mean politics, personalities and war, take only a minor place in a book which follows the ideal of John Richard Green and tells the story of a people. The blending of the races that have produced the present population of France, the centuries of agriculture that have left the peasant a freeholder, the industrial changes that have attracted him to the towns, the maritime enterprise that brought the French to Canada, the literary developments that were to prepare the French tongue to play the part of an international language, no less than the political experience that has made France one of the last strongholds of democracy in Europe, these are the theme of a book which should do for French history what G. M. Trevelyan's well-known volume has done for the history of England.

* * * * *

VICTORIA R.I.

Queen Victoria. By E. F. Benson. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1935. Pp. 406. With illustrations. \$4.00.

As the biographer of Queen Victoria Mr. Benson is at once sympathetic in his treatment and sound in his history. He is more urbane than Sir Sidney Lee and less cruel than Lytton Strachey, and has achieved a portrait that the most academic hanging committee could accept without misgivings. If he has wisely refrained from writing solely for historians, he has at least provided that solemn race with unobtrusive footnotes which will take them back for the most part to the *Letters*, and while they may not find much that is new, they will have an account of the life and reign which they will be able to hand on with confidence to their students and relatives.

On a canvas full of the men and events of over eighty years of history, Mr. Benson's Victoria is always the central figure, for

in relating her to her environment and her contemporaries he has ably preserved the unity of his theme. Often other influences seem to predominate, but Melbourne and Peel, Lehzen and Uncle Leopold, even the Prince Consort, to whose character and abilities Mr. Benson does belated justice, never wholly submerge the individuality of the Queen. Even when "Love was her Lord and King, and these years of her married life were years of discipline to her: under the sovereign spell of Albert's moderation she learned to curb her natural impatience and her imperious judgment, while meantime her superb commonsense was maturing and her experience widening. But her temperament and her character were unaltered, and they emerged, when his hand was removed, the same as they had been before." They were strong enough to survive even the decade of professional widowhood; they carried her to the grandeur of her jubilees and the full diapason of Empire; they gave her courage in the gloom of her declining years. Subjective as she was in her approach to politics, susceptible to minds more subtle, and adamant in her resistance to those whom she thought to be incompatible, her intellectual endurance and her conception of monarchy had in them the qualities of greatness. After the early days when naïveté was no longer an attribute of majesty those qualities were fulfilled in an era when the tension of international politics could be marvellously eased by a family admonition from the matriarch.

The other personages, some of them giants in their proper place, appear in terms of the correspondence and the faithful *Journal*, sources reflecting the predilection and the prejudice of that observant mind and illuminated by Mr. Benson's often brilliant comment. Palmerston "seemed to enjoy perilous positions; it added savour to his cigar to smoke it in a powder magazine".

Mr. Benson's writing is as good as ever and when chapters begin—"New Year's Day in 1896 opened with an alarming ringing of Imperial telephone bells"—they have to be read. Victorians will find the book delightfully reminiscent; for Edwardians and Georgians it will be a means of pleasant revelation.

W. E. C. HARRISON.

* * * * *

SCIENCE

BOOKS FOR BEGINNERS

Simple Science. By E. N. da C. Andrade and Julian Huxley. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart; Oxford: Basil Blackwood. Pp. 676. \$2.75.

From Galileo to Cosmic Rays, a New Look at Physics. By Harvey Brace Lemon. Chicago: The University Press. Pp. 440. \$3.75.

Science: A New Outline. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Toronto and London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. Pp. 283. \$2.50.

It is to be hoped that the thousands of non-scientific people who have read Eddington's *Nature of the Physical World* or Jeans' *The Mysterious Universe* will not overlook books of the kind included in this list. For each the only prerequisite is an intelligent interest in physical or biological science, and for all, the names of the authors are a guarantee of authoritative information. Those who prefer speculative ideas and semi-philosophical generalities to exact knowledge may be disappointed in not finding in these books material to prove that science supports the doctrine of the freedom of the will or has become the handmaiden of religion, but they will find clear statements of the facts of elementary science and its interplay in human activities. Indeed the general reader is well advised to peruse a few books of this sort before attempting Eddington or Einstein. At times he may think he is back in the school room, but perhaps it is better to be at home among mortals than to be dizzy with the gods on Olympus.

In *Simple Science*, a professor of physics with a flair for popular exposition has collaborated with a biologist as well known as Julian Huxley in writing a book designed "to present science not as a 'school subject' but as a living body of knowledge which is interwoven into everything around us, whether machines or manufactured articles or the play of natural forces, whether the life of the fields or the mysteries of the laboratory". Originally intended for young people, the style is at times juvenile but the book is none the worse for that. In explaining laws of physics and chemistry and biology, things familiar to everybody are utilized in such a way that these branches of science seem naturally related and not isolated units in a school curriculum. A chapter on *Breathing and Burning*, for example, deals with Priestley's discovery of carbon dioxide and of oxygen; with combustion and oxidation; with chemical change and the energy released by burning; with the use of such energy in the engine of a motor-car; with the different ways in which animals breathe; and with our bodies viewed as combustion engines. A section of "pure" physics on *Temperature and Heat* is followed by a chapter on *Temperature and Health* in which we learn much about the automatic control of

heat in our bodies. The book concludes with a section on Organic Chemistry in which we are told about sugars and starches and cellulose, about alcohol and fermentation; about coal tar and its products; and a little about the meaning of those complicated molecular formulae from which even a physicist sometimes recoils.

It is a striking testimony to the ability of the authors that in a highly interesting book of 675 pages there is not a single reference to an electron, to a radio tube or to a photoelectric cell.

From Galileo to Cosmic Rays provides an interesting contrast to *Simple Science*, because the one is as characteristic of the west side of the Atlantic as the other is of the east. Both the title and the general appearance of the American book suggest a more popular treatment than proves to be the case after a careful examination. The outcome of lectures given by Professor Lemon in an introductory general course in the physical sciences at the University of Chicago, it has all the marks of a teacher whose skill in presenting his material is equalled by his familiarity with his subject. Profusely illustrated with diagrams, with halftones and with stereophotographs, the book will undoubtedly fulfil the author's hope that it will appeal to the adult reading public as well as to his undergraduate friends. Numerous little sketches, not unsuggestive of a comic strip, make one regret that Professor Lemon did not allow the appeal for popularity to depend more on his own ability and less on the skill of his assisting artist. These little illustrations sometimes give a wrong atmosphere to a book which is just sugar-coated physics with the coating in places none too thick. In Part I the reader is introduced to mechanics, the foundation of all physics, and by the time he has gone through that section of the book he will realize that, although he may be amused by a picture of a clown balancing a lamp at the end of a stick resting on his nose, it is of no value in helping him understand what he is reading.

But, after all, the somewhat misleading comics are a minor feature and the author is to be congratulated on the way in which he has attained an extremely living book without sacrificing either accuracy or algebra. Throughout the book the emphasis is laid on fundamentals, although no opportunity is lost of introducing up-to-date discoveries. Electrons appear in heavy type, and protons, isotopes, photoelectric cells, cosmic rays, and many other marks of the modern era receive their due share of attention.

J. W. N. Sullivan has not made a complete success of his *Science: A New Outline*, but it is doubtful if anyone could do so in the space of 283 pages. Mr. Sullivan has already shown marked ability in writing popularly even about such subjects as relativity, and one is inclined to suspect that this book was done to order. It combines a little geology with a fair amount of physics, and concludes with a hundred pages of biology. It is full of interesting

material and is written by a man who appreciates the trend of modern physics, and in the space of twenty-four pages can write a readable and intelligible summary of the work of Einstein and Minkowski. And yet the book does not arouse one's enthusiasm. It is too brief and is not always well planned. In one section the reader is introduced to positively changed alpha particles, to protons and to electrons. Further on in the book a brief section on Electricity and Magnetism explains the difference between positive and negative electrical charges. In a section on gravitation the "important notion" of acceleration is emphasized, but it is difficult to find much subsequent use of this physical quantity.

An introductory note which, among other things, explains the difference between the Centigrade and the Fahrenheit Temperature Scales, suggests that the book was designed for readers with no factual knowledge of physics or biology. To this class bits of the book will undoubtedly appeal but we greatly fear that a much more detailed knowledge of physics is necessary for a proper appreciation of the more interpretative parts in which Mr. Sullivan is at his best.

As far as a physicist can judge, the story of cells and cell division, of chromosones and gametes, of evolution and acquired characteristics, is well told and will be read with pleasure by many laymen.

J. K. ROBERTSON.

* * * * *

THEOLOGY

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

Religion in Virgil. By Cyril Bailey. Clarendon Press. 15s.

The Bible and the Greeks. By C. H. Dodd. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

Abailard's Ethics, translated by J. R. McCallum. Basil Blackwell. 6s.

The Philosophy of Science. By F. J. Sheen. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75.

History and Interpretation of the Gospels. By R. H. Lightfoot. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.

Not long since I was reading (or rereading) the sixth book of the *Aeneid* with a renewed sense of the magic of the words and an increasing bewilderment as to what the inspired poet himself believed about life and death, the world and God. Mr. Cyril Bailey offers us rather prolegomena to the answer than the answer itself. "It is the purpose of this essay," he modestly says, "not primarily at any rate to seek for Virgil's own personal religion, but to conduct rather more detailed examination than has perhaps hitherto been made into the religious ideas and practices which find their place in his poems". His study of deities and cults, of words and

ideas is meticulous and fruitful for the classical scholar for whom in the first instance it is intended. But it will be of interest also to the student of religion in general and even to the normal schoolboy who, such is the power of words and memories, cannot read without emotion,

ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.

Virgil has been no inconsiderable figure in Christian legend. If to-day we have to reject the simple belief that he foresaw the Incarnation, we may recognize in him pagan religion of a very noble and moving quality, the *prisca fides* of the Italian countryside, the sense of a just and all-controlling Providence (*Rex Iuppiter omnibus idem*), the felt obligations of piety towards home and the gods, the belief in the sacred destiny of Rome as the thread of history and as the inspiration of public life, the awareness of a Spirit secretly sustaining and pervading heaven and earth, the sense of responsibility, of mystery, of hope (*quisque suos patimur Manes*). Yet to put Virgil's religion into a series of propositions or ideas is to lose it. We can *feel* with him, we can scarcely *think* with him. Strong and pitiful and most religious he looks upwards to see but the reflected images of his inspired imagination. There is no soul-shattering Word from beyond the clouds, no "voice of the Lord that breaketh the cedars of Lebanon".

Virgil, thanks to a long succession of school-masters, is not unknown to the polite world, but the Hermetic literature, perhaps the supreme religious achievement of Western paganism, is a sealed book to most. Professor Dodd has now provided us with a careful study of its most important tract, *Poimandres*; he indicates its leading ideas and seeks to estimate the Jewish and Christian influences upon them. Faith "clearly connotes a kind of spiritual or mystical awareness of the truth, which is at the same time an entrance into life and light. Faith is, in fact, hardly distinguishable from the *gnosis* through which man attains immortality". "Faith", "life", "light", "knowledge"—this is the terminology of the Fourth Gospel as of *Poimandres*. The pagan world, whether of Virgil or of Hermes, has in tenderest and most exquisite form everything that is loveliest in Christianity except that answering Word of God, that condescension of very Deity, which is the Gospel.

The first part of *The Bible and the Greeks* is concerned with the subtle changes in religious accent and in the connotation of terms when the Hebrew Bible was translated into Greek. It treats in particular of the ideas of Law, Righteousness, Mercy, Truth, Sin and Atonement. Biblical scholars must study this book, but it is to be hoped it may be considered by beginners also; for, if much of it prove beyond their grasp, they could not but derive much benefit from the mere attempt to follow such a superb illustration of literary scholarship.

If it is salutary for us to turn back to classical antiquity, it is even more important that we should be reintroduced to the great Christian thought of the Middle Ages before the division into Protestant and Roman. For this reason a very hearty welcome is due to the excellent translation of Abélard's *Ethica seu Scito Teipsum*. The little tract admirably illustrates Abélard's freedom and clarity of thought, his profound ethical seriousness and his power as a preacher. It forcibly expounds his moral individualism; "a transgressor is not one who *does* what is prohibited. He is one who *consents* to what is prohibited. The prohibition is, therefore, not about action, but about consent". There is a very intimate connection between Abélard's philosophical Nominalism, his ethical individualism, and his personal or experimental doctrine of Atonement. This book has a value much beyond its size, and it is to be hoped that its reception will encourage Mr. Blackwell to further ventures in the mediaeval field.

"Does science deal with the real world? Are its conclusions purely subjective? Has science any reference to common sense world of daily experiences? Are the objects which physics affirms in any sense independent of the mind which conceives them? Is a table a wooden board on four legs, or is it a whirling dance of protons and electrons? What is the relationship between the Eddington table No. 1 and the Eddington table No. 2?" It is no mere paradox to suggest that we may get clearest light upon these very modern questions by turning back to the thirteenth century, for Dr. Inge has written recently, "I am convinced that the classical tradition of Christian philosophy, which Roman Catholic scholars call the *philosophia perennis*, the perennial philosophy, is not only possible Christian philosophy, but is the only system which will be found ultimately satisfying." It is increasingly realized that we need to-day a critique of the sciences, that is, a metaphysic. Dr. Sheen says of his book that it "purports to be a treatise on the philosophy of science", it "aims at rescuing the reader from the childlike simplicity which takes the results of science for what they assuredly are not, viz., a metaphysical view of the universe". "The problem whether science has a real value is much like a modernization of the scholastic dispute of whether an idea is an *id quo* or an *id quod*. . . The modern idealist would hold that scientific knowledge is 'that which is known' instead of that 'by which' reality is known." Dr. Sheen answers, "the idea is not a substitute for reality, nor is it a museum of samples, as M. Blondel would have us believe; nor is it a *rubric* under which we catalogue an object, as M. Bergson believes it to be; nor is it a symbol inexpressive of reality, as Jeans and Eddington believe. . . . It is a *sign* the like of which does not exist in the material world of bodies, that is, a *formal sign* of which the nature is to signify and to make known before being itself known by reflexion".

It were well if mathematicians and philosophers, physicists and theologians would meet in discussion of this book.

Not to classical antiquity and mediaeval philosophy alone must we return for inspiration but much more to the sources of our religion in the documents of the New Testament. But a brief series of lectures delivered to a congregation from a pulpit is a singularly infelicitous medium for the discussion of intricate literary problems. Hence there is a certain scrappiness about Professor Lightfoot's Bampton Lectures which afford an admirable introduction to the consideration of social modern problems of Gospel criticism and indicate how far scholarship has moved from the humanistic interpretations of thirty years ago, but are not quite solid and balanced enough greatly to advance the subject. Professor Lightfoot shows a tenderness for the temerarious constructions of the *formgeschichtliche Schule* and an almost complete disregard of the massive learning and acute judgments of the late B. W. Bacon. Not infrequently, therefore, Professor Lightfoot can do little more than proclaim the existence of a fog which Bacon has already in large measure dispelled. This *ex post disperso* treatment of fogs, though unknown to mariners, is too common in the field of letters. These lectures, however, are fresh and individual and suggestive, and next time Professor Lightfoot writes he will not be straitened by the limitations of St. Mary's pulpit.

Virgil and Hermes on the one side, Abélard and St. Thomas on the other; but how Abélard loved his Virgil, and how St. Thomas is linked with Hermes through the mystical tradition, what separates them is not a greater religiousness on one side or the other, but the conviction of the Christians that "God hath visited and hath redeemed His people".

NATHANIEL MICKLEM.

* * * * *

ECONOMICS

FRONTIERS OF SETTLEMENT

Canadian Frontiers of Settlement, Volumes IV and VI.

Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 1935.

Vol. IV, *Economic Problems of the Prairie Provinces*. By W. A. Mackintosh, assisted by A. B. Clark, G. A. Elliott and W. W. Swanson.

Vol. VI, *The Settlement of the Peace River Country*. By C. A. Dawson, assisted by R. W. Murchie.

The fourth volume in the Canadian Frontiers of Settlement series presents the economic consequences in the fields of public and private finance of that geographical setting of the prairie provinces which was so ably described by Professor Mackintosh in the first volume of the series. He writes the first four chapters

and the concluding chapter of the volume describing the inherent economic characteristics of the prairie economy.

Professor Mackintosh sees the prairies as an area of cheap land and dear labour inhabited by populations which have acquired their standards of living in the countries from which they came. Two essentials to the economy were an inflow of capital and the development of a staple export from the production of which continued existence would be possible. The testing time for such an economy comes when the inflow of capital has ceased. It is obvious that in such a community men's minds would be continually turned toward measures to reduce the cost of transport and the cost of marketing and the effort to achieve such reductions fills a large part in the political history of the area. It is apparent, too, that unless world conditions had been favourable for it the period of prairie settlement could not have taken place at the time it did.

A reading of Professor Mackintosh's chapter on Economic Fluctuations gives in a few pages a better basis for the understanding of prairie problems and ways of thinking than are given in many other whole volumes on the subject. The association of a highly fluctuating gross income due to variations in price, yield and grade of the staple along with a high proportion of fixed costs "lies at the centre of the economic problems of the Prairie Provinces and merits careful study". The other contributors to this volume give such careful study in the field of provincial and municipal finance. Professor Mackintosh completes his section of the volume with chapters on the development of transportation and marketing and on rural credits.

The chapters on the public finances of Alberta based on studies by Professor A. B. Clark and Professor G. A. Elliott show, among other things, that much of the provincial debt there was incurred in facilitating settlement and that much of this expenditure was not self-supporting. In a period of falling prices the taxation to support this externally-held debt must come from taxpayers who are themselves already private debtors of external creditors and thus the problem of transfer is unusually difficult. They discuss also the distribution of the financial burdens in Alberta and conclude that the provincial tax system has been unjust in its incidence.

There are five chapters on rural municipal finance in Saskatchewan based on an extensive study by Professor W. W. Swanson which are a valuable contribution by one well acquainted with the field. The rural municipality as a functioning economic institution is clearly described and in his analysis Professor Swanson considers in detail the finances of typical rural municipalities in each of three types of district, viz., established, retrograde and pioneer districts. This proves to be a revealing procedure. There are illuminating discussions on the incidence of such social costs as

education and on the monetary and social costs of pioneer settlement. The chapter on Depression in Rural Saskatchewan should serve to silence much of the uninformed criticism of western municipal finance. In the appendices Professor Elliott discusses the problems of a retrograde area in Alberta and Professor Grant the taxation of pioneer areas of Manitoba.

While this volume is too full of good things to be easy reading, it is definitely a contribution in a field of increasing importance in the Canadian economy. It is especially timely in view of the present discussion of federal-provincial relations.

In the foreword to volume VI Professor Mackintosh says of the Peace River country: "It is the present-day representative of that agricultural frontier which entered the central plain of North America in the late eighteenth century. In the Peace River country, on a smaller scale and with differences appropriate to the conditions and knowledge of the present, the experience of the agricultural frontier is being recapitulated."

The early chapters outline in a competent and colourful manner the life cycle of the pioneer region. That cycle is analysed as the sequence of four characteristic features, viz., the outpost settlements, the area of isolated agricultural settlements, the integration of agricultural settlements, and the growth of regional centralization. The information in these chapters reveals an intimate knowledge of the area on the part of the authors.

There are two chapters on the agricultural development of the area in the first of which the area is compared with other outside areas and in the second of which agriculture is examined in its changing forms as one passes from the centre to the fringe of the area itself. The remaining chapters discuss social and economic organization and social institutions in the area. The volume ends with an appeal for intelligent direction of settlement policy in the area and he would be a dull reader indeed who did not see the reason for that appeal.

The book is informative and competent and will be welcomed by economists and sociologists. It is also very readable and contains a number of excellent photographs. One has no hesitation in recommending it to the general reader.

R. MCQUEEN.

* * * * *

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

THE PACIFIC

Pacific Affairs. Vol. VIII, No. 2. Published Quarterly by the Institute of Pacific Relations.

This issue of *Pacific Affairs* maintains the high standards set by the organ of the Institute of Pacific Relations since Mr. Owen Lattimore, the well-known American authority on the

Far East, became the editor. Each issue has a few leading articles, a number of studies and reports on special topics, and reviews of books on Eastern questions. The books noticed are widely drawn from all languages and reviewers from amongst all the nationalities concerned with Pacific problems.

Pacific Affairs should be widely read in Canada. Our own specialists contribute their share of articles, reports and reviews. In the present issue, H. F. Angus, of the University of British Columbia, writes on "Canada and Naval Rivalry in the Pacific". D. A. McGibbon of the Board of Grain Commissioners, Winnipeg, wrote on "The Adaptation of Wheat to Northern Regions" in the issue of last December. Moreover, naval affairs in the Pacific bulk largely in recent issues and Canada is vitally concerned in these matters. Population movements and changing conditions in countries bordering on the Pacific are carefully studied and reported on. The development of Japanese military plans on the Asiatic mainland and the political conditions in Japan, which may thwart or further the designs of the militarists, have been discussed in recent issues. And, finally, the implications of events in Asia for the whole system of collective security is kept in mind. The Quarterly is not designed for specialists in Oriental affairs but rather for the general reader who wishes good reporting of the situation in the East and interpretation of its significance in the development of international relations.

F. A. KNOX.

* * * * *

BIOGRAPHY

Mackenzie King. By Norman McLeod Rogers. Toronto: George N. Morang; T. Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1935. Pp. xii+212. Illustrated. \$1.00.

This book is a revised and extended edition of a biographical sketch written by the late Senator Lewis ten years ago. It is written in a sympathetic and even laudatory vein; so well has the author blended his work with the original that it is often difficult to distinguish the one hand from the other. We are taken back to the stirring days of Mr. King's grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, and thence through the vicissitudes of Mr. King's own career. It is difficult in such a work, even if it were advisable, to avoid all political animosity, and the author is to be commended for his restraint in this respect. The work will command an increased interest in view of the imminent federal election. It would be the better for an index.

ALEXANDER MACPHAIL.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

WINTER, 1935

THE APATHETIC FALLACY

BY ROBERT ENGLAND

THE failure of so many arbitrary efforts to effect economic recovery calls for reconsideration of the grounds upon which optimism as to expected results has been based. The technocrat has inoculated us with the idea that machinery and organization can effect miracles. There is much talk of economic planning. The social credit theorist tends to state the problem of distribution in engineering terms. The unknowns in every economic or social problem are many, but there is one incalculable unknown which has defied analysis—the human factor. Indeed the more we attempt the purely mechanical solution of any distinctively human problem, the greater the margin of error in our calculations. The psychologist, for example, in recent years applied with some success new statistical tools to the cognitive process, but when correlation tables were applied to data dealing with orectic or appetitive

traits it was found that there was a general factor which Professor Spearman explains may be taken provisionally to mean that which gives rise "to the popular concepts of 'purposive consistency', 'will', 'self-control'. Even in the complete thinking process there is the emotional urge—first one must *feel* the problem before its nature can be defined or its solution attempted. Intelligence tests tend to be tests of cleverness, rather than of the full thinking process. They cannot take account of moral qualities nor of the obscure emotional and volitional sources of personality. Thus throughout the whole field of intelligence scientific effort often defeats itself by too great a simplification of data and by a too eager desire to eliminate human variability.

The pathetic fallacy, the imaginative endowing of inanimate objects with life, is an easy prey to intelligence. The converse fallacy is less easily detected. So wide is the area over which mechanism has spread in modern life, that we now tend to treat living creatures as though they were inanimate. This may be termed the apathetic fallacy.

The social sciences are singularly vulnerable in this re-terminology and methods of the physical sciences. Indeed, spect, since they show an increasing predilection for the the careful etymologist has reason to complain of the way in which words borrowed from the physical sciences are used. Terminological exactitude would, for example, suggest that "elastic" is inaptly applied to demand. Does demand ever assume its original form, after extension? Has it an inherent tendency to do this, as the term would indicate? Equilibrium, balance of trade, the use of geometric or harmonic average in currency index-numbers, and a whole range of quasi-mathematical economic conceptions, borrowed by analogy from the physical sciences, have proved unsatisfactory tools.

Economic doctrine throughout history has exhibited a certain lack of understanding of human motives. Ricardian

and Malthusian analyses are typically rectilinear. The Marxian economy is a humourless ballet of puppets — figures stretched on the wires of Ricardian and Malthusian theories. Socialism in the last century was based mainly on the alleged failure of the system to provide necessities. Now the main theme is poverty in the midst of plenty. What has become of Malthusianism with its talk of arithmetical and geometrical increases of food supply and population, while evidence of a declining birth rate in certain industrialized states accumulates? Contrary to Malthus, a sophisticated standard of living correlates with smaller sized families. Thus the human element defeats the theorist.

Claims are made for dynamic concepts as against static in the field of social science but these do not avoid the danger of mechanical thinking, indeed they but deepen the confusion.

Economists are more than ever samurai of actuaries and statisticians rather than philosophers. The sociologist, scorned by them as a charlatan, has hastened to press his claim for inclusion among the elect by counting the number of churches and gasoline stations, pianos and radios, societies and clubs, which, set up with all the abracadabra of statistical science, make the most obvious facts in our daily lives seem surprising discoveries.

Had Henry Ford depended on statistical analysis for his enterprise in the early stages, could its development have been foreseen? How could it have been predicted on any rational data that millions would buy automobiles which they could not afford? The human factor is the imponderable in every statistic. Nevertheless the attempt to strait-jacket human forces is still being made.

The machine age has given birth to two forces, Industrialism and Nationalism, both of which have pressed down severely on human liberties and ways. These two typical products of mechanical and sectional thinking have dominated

Western society. The idea that nations are self-sufficient, enduring entities, replacing universal human groupings has offered to historians the opportunity of securing an apparent unity of vision by the application of Division of Labour to their work. *Universal* gives place to *national* history, split up into monographs from public archives as from a factory. In these factual knowledge, mechanical skill, and organization of material are excellent. Any breath of real tolerance or universal truth is obscured in a sort of exalted Sinn-Feinism on the one hand, or Chauvinism on the other, both alike displaying an unwillingness to accept any wider concept of world organization, whether it be a British Commonwealth of Nations or League of Nations, that might seem to threaten national sovereignty. The classical economists and the universal historians may be charged with too summary treatment of national aspiration. On the other hand specialist historians and economists, who are the political advisers of to-day, can hardly escape the accusation of being unduly sympathetic to forms of geographical syndicalism, control of consumer demand, and distortion or curtailment of initiative and enterprise—perilously near a new tyranny.

Abbreviation or generalization always conceal an untruth, but one may risk a description of the social policy of the last century as being an effort to hold the monetary factor steady while the factor of enterprise was allowed to vary—a policy wrongly labelled *laissez-faire*. Recent social policy seems to be an attempt to control and limit the factor of enterprise, so that its variation is held down within narrow limits while the monetary factor varies. There is no doubt that this mechanical idea of controlling life springs from the apathetic fallacy fundamental to much thinking. Planning is the watchword of to-day; the risks of life are to be met by charting and organization; the economic problem is regarded simply as a matter of subtraction and addition. Is there a paradox of

plenty in the midst of poverty—well, subtract from the abundance and you can somehow add to the reward, or multiply the number of counters in the game or accelerate the speed of their circulation. Meantime, the simplest task of planned economy, the provision for superannuation, can hardly be described as successful, since every pension scheme in the country has had its difficulties. Actuarial tables, the differential calculus, mathematical economics, are based on things as they are, not as they may be. How easy to call copy-book maxims or mathematical demonstrations economic laws! The real truth is that there can be no economic life independent of the social relations existing between human beings, who are primarily living animals. Biological terminology would be an improvement but transferred thinking and terms would still risk false analogies.

Human life with its power of change and growth, of adjustment to environment, its profiting by experience, its purpose, its sublimation of the primal instincts, its intelligence, its ethical standards, provides a strong contrast to the machine, which has none of these properties. The machine has no sense of adventure or enterprise or innovation. It has no flexibility and may still be ahead of or behind its environment. Discipline, achievement, loyalty, social significance, are absent. How easy to confuse industrial equipment with human progress, and the paraphernalia of modern life with civilization. Imperceptibly physical analogies creep into our thinking about human life.

Take the concept of society. One view regards society simply as an aggregate of autonomous individuals forming and dissolving groups. In the opposite view society is the reality and the individual is considered as a part—a member of the organic body. This latter view has had much influence because of the Pauline doctrine of Christian society, and also because it suggests an analogy between the human body and

its members, with the ideas of differentiation of function, organic association, communicability and mutuality. The emphasis on the State as a continuing entity of which individuals are an organic part is familiar in political philosophy. Neither view will bear analysis, since both argue from analogy. The roots of society go deeper.

There is much in the organization of society that cannot be easily understood. Much of our social life reflects crowd psychology. A crowd seeking to escape in a theatre fire is made up of a large number of individuals each of whom has a desire to escape, raised to the point of an obsession until insanity prevails. Crowds are pathological because they produce profound changes in the behaviour of their members while at the same time the motives of their action remain perhaps unknown and are certainly not rationalized by the individuals. Then there are all the biological forces at work building up and disintegrating, adjusting to environment, migrating and stagnating and exhibiting all the characteristics of life. Every economic organization is thus at the mercy of biological and psychological forces. Social man is to some extent the enemy of economic man, for he confuses the motives that underlie business and often induces error into the application of economic principles.

Societies are parts of civilizations which exhibit at times the marks of an organism. Rhythms may be noted in the life of human communities. Ethnic group communities in Western Canada, for example, show ecological forces at work—migration, subtle adaptation to soil and climate, signs of a certain periodicity in “hiving” off, and characteristic forcefulness and purpose in moulding a new environment to a racial idiosyncrasy. There are obscure reserves in any race or people that carry through centuries a mode of living—such as the Mennonites, Hutterites and Doukhobors. The curious qualities thus developed cannot be easily categorized.

Sometimes human groups too have a way of taking unsuspected trails with which they are familiar. Is it an accident that Mediterranean peoples have sought the warmer climes of Central and South America and that Slav and German and Scandinavian have pushed into the Middle West and into Western Canada?

Then again a human culture may have hidden sources. Disturbance of North American Indian culture was attended by a lowering of Indian race vitality and a loss of perspective and purpose.

It would appear, therefore, that there has to be built up a new ecology of humanity, but we must be on our guard against using the terms of biology to describe complex phenomena, the causes of which reach down into unplumbed psychological depths.

The neglected method of LePlay in the middle of the last century in France by which he concentrated on family monographs in his great work *Les Ouvriers Européens* has a lesson for us. The Folk, the Work and the Place are fundamental and must be studied together in a biological way as Organism, Function and Environment and in a psychological way in reciprocal action and reaction. LePlay's emphasis on tradition, the region and the family is needed with a better use of modern knowledge.

Any analysis of society is defective without study of that cellular unit—the family—a unit powerfully influenced by biological forces and herd psychological factors. If the family idea is part of a cult or faith, the task of disentangling the threads of community life becomes even more difficult. Even on narrow economic lines the rôle of the family as the shock absorber of *laissez-faire* individualism has not been sufficiently emphasized. How can its traditional sanctions, its method of distributing income amongst its members, its care of the aged, the young, and the casualties of the system—be squeezed into

any mathematical equation or into any economic doctrine? In a community where religion has authoritarian claims the pure economic concept is shot through with social implications and family privileges and responsibilities.

The religious view of society subordinates the urge of sex to the family concept and 'ties in' religious impulse, ritual, gregariousness, pageantry, tradition, with a life where satisfaction and duties are held in a system of balances and checks. This makes for the creation of a community to which it is difficult to apply any rule of thumb appraisal. Too often superficial surveys imply criticism of types of rural economy that have existed for centuries, and we fail to value aright traditional forces which have imparted qualities of purpose and vigour that our urban civilization lacks.

This raises questions that are not easily answered and too rarely asked. Even the questions are difficult to frame without a knowledge of what is involved. Can we by taking thought add one cubit to our stature? Is there a rhythm of growth and are there obscure ecological implications in the replacement of racial stocks? What significance is there in the varying unwillingness of human communities to face probable pioneer hardships? Are there biological reasons for a declining birth-rate apart from contraceptive expedients? May an increasing birth-rate reflect a deeper satisfaction with life? Is there a tonic effect in a growing population, a stimulus to industry? It is well known that intelligence at its best appears only in a sanguine mood. Deserted farms, closed stores, declining population—do they not leave us a little less than sane in meeting our problems? Can we really balance in society youthful enterprise and idealism and the wisdom and sobriety of age unless they have effected a compromise in the closer arena of family life? Will neurosis increase with smaller or no families? Can we be sure that unselfishness and self-reliance

can be grown by external adventitious aids, and guide the conduct of as many members of society as are now trained in these virtues in the home? To these questions little answer has been attempted by the statistician. Perhaps he cannot find reliable data, for just here the human factor often falsifies calculation.

One example of such an error may be cited. Sir Josiah Stamp in a paper on "Human Nature in Statistics" deals with the vagaries of census data regarding the fertility of marriage. Between the official statistician and the accomplishment of his duty, human nature intervened with a natural reluctance "to show the facts clearly on the census paper when there had been pre-nuptial conception. If a child were entered in the census to schedule as seven months old, it was too much to expect that the marriage would be returned as under one year". In Scotland, so great was the discrepancy between census statement and actual fact, that the enquirers into the fertility of marriage found the first year's figures meaningless. When the Scottish Registrar came to the rescue of the hapless statisticians and instituted a special and detailed enquiry, it was ascertained that of marriages of less than a year's duration, 38% had been incorrectly reported. Such an instance bids us beware of conclusions reached on purely statistical data.

The most pertinent attempt to submit the phenomena of human affairs to rational explanation is the application of economic doctrine to that area of life in which we deal with material goods. Can the human factor be disregarded? Can we devise a mechanism that will function by the application of theory to practice?

The economist perforce attempts to isolate economic phenomena, modern practice concentrating on the mechanism of price. It has been customary for economists to think of price as determined by a series of effective demands for goods as against a series of available supplies of goods, with an equilibrium established simultaneously, so that every price of

a commodity is determined by the price of every other commodity and by a whole series of choices of the consumer on the one hand and available products on the other. The solution of the problem takes the form of simultaneous equations. In all this a distinction is drawn between durable goods and consumption goods. But behind the choice of the consumer of consumption goods which has not the same economic *direction* as demand for durable goods, there has been little analysis of the relative urgency of the demands. Here the apathetic fallacy vitiates quasi-mathematical analyses. Approach this question of consumer demand from the human angle. Pioneer economy is based largely on the biological needs of food, clothing and shelter, but society conventionalizes these needs into certain forms of housing, special types of food, styles and standards of clothing. Perhaps it is better to use the term "wants" for the "conventionalized needs" of the human being. However, the motive of modern industrialism is neither conventionalized need nor social want but rather "desire". The entrepreneur has found that he can stimulate a want by advertisement, using the urge of conspicuous consumption and the instinctive sharpening of individual tastes which come from our crowd re-action of life; so that the driving force of our urban civilization is not so much biological need or want but rather a "stimulated want" or "desire". The industry of our age is unintelligible if considered apart from the desire to which it ministers. Principal Jacks, after a visit to the United States, listed the following industries as being the least hard pressed in the depression—candy, tobacco, cosmetics, sex literature, the talkies, drugs and the funeral trade, this last meeting a very typical herd desire almost pathological in character. This preoccupation with the satisfaction of desire is perhaps an outcome of that pursuit of happiness which was written into the American Declaration of Independence as one of the inalienable rights of man.

In the past few years we have had another striking commentary on this matter of the human factor, in the way in which the question of money is being treated. The wish has been father to the thought in a crop of credit theories. The exponent of monetary reform would effect distribution of economic goods by mechanical control. Cheap or more money, or some form of distribution of dividend are advocated. Professor John Hilton recently described an interview with Sir Ernest Cassel during the war. The Professor's enquiries whether the financial system would be able to meet the post-war situation and whether the banks would be able to create and issue sufficient credit, were met by prompt affirmatives. The interview was closed by Sir Ernest Cassel saying, "You have asked me some very difficult questions. I am going to give you a simple answer. It is this. *If money is wanted, money will be found.*" This prophecy has come true, but are we any the better for it? Recent experiments indicate that increase in the quantity of money alone can do little to further enterprise, if confidence is lacking. Monetary control has its prime difficulty in the acceleration or stagnation of the circulating currency, and so much does this depend on crowd psychology that the greatest caution and skill are essential if collapse is to be avoided. The human factor once again is the really significant one.

The free market after all is but a form of continuous election with proportional representation. Every dollar is a vote for a particular commodity and prices constitute the register of the election. Abolish voting and you have gained little, for you still have left the problem of preferences.

One may suggest that this problem cannot be understood by a mere examination of the register of election, for preferences are established by psychological forces. But, it is objected, some have too many votes; and here an ethical question arises as to the stewardship of wealth. But where such stewardship

fails, the effort to distribute profits and emoluments by means of taxation, is in the field of social policy, rather than economic control. Professor Robbins argues the case for a return to capitalism with great cogency—the pre-war gold standard, stabilization of exchange, radical limitation of state activity, “the assumption of risk and the planning of initiative” by the business man, and free trade. These things now seem counsels of perfection. But there is a great need for recognition of the fact that we ought not to attempt to adjust too much by economic measures alone. The ecology of communities, the urban ‘malaise’ with its obscure dissatisfaction, human ways, the discontinuous character of development, make our cut-and-dried solutions seem naïve. Enterprise, ingenuity, self-reliance are important individual contributions—and any system that throttles them down unduly must leave us poorer. On the other hand there are the forces of tradition and environment—social institutions witnessing to human solidarity. The State is only one—and a recent one at that—of these forces.

Human behaviour is determined to a large extent by the home, the church, the club, the lodge, as well as by economic or political affiliation or grouping. The intangible intuitive response to the past cannot be measured by any scale known at present. Tradition has great influence over events. Can one account on any economic analysis for the queues of income-tax payers in England during the crisis of 1931-32? The afterglow of feudalism in the maintenance of the country-gentleman idea in England is another example of the force of a human institution. The Kingship is another. Newman’s famous definition of a gentleman emphasizes the grace of life, the quality of honour, the sensibility of principle, the power of good manners. Are these economic?

How much of parliamentary government would survive without the after-glow of past chivalry? Free speech becomes impossible when men forget to be gentlemen or sportsmen.

The appeal to fair play must strike some deeply rooted instinct or emotion. There may be much that resembles a "dog fight" in our public life, but complete intransigence and unwillingness to play the game are rare in leaders of great parties. "You have not a perception of the first elements in this matter," writes Walter Bagehot, "till you know that government by a *club* is a standing wonder."

The decencies and conventions of public and social life, the taboos that hedge us round—these do not come so much by formal instruction as by imitation, social discipline and training and a sort of subconscious perception. Instinct is the individual memory of the species, tradition is the transmitted record of race memory. The home, the church, the lodge, folkways, clubs, communal habits—these are more potent than the school in determining perspectives, attitudes and emotional directives, and they are reinforced by tradition, convention and custom.

The influence on intuition, will and imagination of music, art, drama, ritual and symbolic ceremony has had too small a place in pedagogy. That man shall not live by bread alone is fundamental in life. This is the lesson of the Danish folk-school movement. A religious impulse gave birth to a social force which has moulded a people—inculcating habits of co-operative activity which have been reflected in economic methods. But the social policy came first. The new dictators of Europe have shown great ingenuity in their use of "mass" methods—symbolism, myth, pageantry, crowd hypnotism. They have been astute psychologists in their exploitation of the crowd.

We have been at times too sanguine as to rational choice by men of what from the economic angle may seem good for them. Our preoccupation with mechanistic methods and objectives has introduced into our thinking a way of generalizing phenomena into a series of antitheses; hence arise doubtful

dichotomies such as work and leisure, wages and profits, proletariat and bourgeoisie, national and foreign.

Aldous Huxley deals vigorously with our current intellectual sophistication.

The real charm of the intellectual . . . life is its easiness. It is the substitution of simple intellectual schemata for the complexities of reality; of still and formal death for the bewildering movements of life. . . The rush to books and the universities is like the rush to the public houses . . . The pursuit of Truth is just a polite name for the intellectual's favourite pastime of substituting simple, and, therefore, false abstractions for the living complexities of reality. But Truth seeking is much easier than learning the art of integral living.

There is an obvious need for better abstract thinking, but there is also a very genuine lack of the best products of humanism—tolerance for other manners, reverence for other faiths, respect for personality, enthusiasm for human ends, chivalrous conduct, significant leisure, the art of living in the distinctively human groupings sanctioned by tradition.

Many will object cynically that there is no cure in all this for our economic disasters, but such an objection indicates the depth of the deception in which the apathetic fallacy has buried us. We are told to look for some "deus ex machina"—some system, some greedy capitalists, some method of exploitation—as the cause of our woes. The sickness of acquisitive society is to be met by drastic purgatives for the other fellow. But the devil of the piece is in ourselves.

SEPTEMBER SNOW

BY SINCLAIR ROSS

ALL day there had been rain. It swept down from the hills in drizzling, smoky sheets that made a lineless blend of sky and prairie. The drab yellow stubble-fields lay soddently inert, oppressed by the clouds and wetness. Night came early, a wind with it, and the rain thickened.

On the way home from town Mark tried to trot the horses, but the tugging roads and the big rims of mud on the wagon wheels held them to a walk. He was afraid of snow, and anxious to get the cattle up to the stable before dark. They were running at large now that the harvest was over and the fields stripped; unless they found shelter they might drift all night with the storm. It would kill the late calves. He could remember wild blizzards in September.

By the time he drove into the yard already the snow was beginning; fine barbs of sleet that felt like prickly hairs against the skin; now and then the soft spatter of a big, spongy flake. At the sound of the wagon his wife came to the door and called that supper was ready. "I want to go after the cattle," he shouted back. She slammed the door, opened it again. "But it's dark now anyway—why can't you eat first?" Her voice had been like that of late—high-pitched and irritable. No doubt it was the baby coming soon.

He was cold; it was nearly seven hours since he had eaten; but the slow tightening of the night and storm had excited him to a nervous tension that made him indifferent to himself and eager to be away at once for the cattle. He hesitated a minute in the stable, his fingers on the saddle-pony's bridle; and then, because Ann was expecting her first baby in a week or ten days, ran impatiently to the house.

It was a difficult meal. He was fidgety, anxious about the cattle; while Ann, instead of appreciating, as he felt she should, that he was delaying on her account, asked fretfully why he had stayed so long in town. His nerves were already on edge; it was exasperating to have to start telling her about the muddy roads. He let his voice rise irritably, then, catching himself, leaned across the table. "Ann—you're feeling all right?"

She nodded, but started to whimper. "I wish you wouldn't go. You think of nothing but the cows. It's dark now—and you may be away again for hours. I've been alone all day."

He stared at her blankly, bewildered. This was their first year; she knew as well as he what a struggle it was to keep out of debt—"But I'm selling the steers next week, Ann. They'll lose weight if they drift all night with the storm."

"I know." There was a sudden limpness in her voice. "It's the wind—I've been sitting here watching it get dark." She stood up, keeping her eyes away from him, and went to the door. "Don't stay long. See the snow now—you'll never find them."

The thick swift flakes made a lace across the shaft of light from the doorway. By contrast the blackness that they flashed out of and that swallowed them again gaped sinisterly void and engulfing. He glanced over her shoulder, grabbed his hat and coat, then looked down at her and stopped short, helpless.

"I'm all right now—yes, I am." She read his hesitation and spoke quickly. Again a senseless dread had seized her as she looked out to the night and snow; but she too was farm-bred, understood as well as Mark about the cattle. There was winter and the baby ahead.

"I won't be long—you're sure you don't mind?" He was not very old, still unused to the responsibilities of a family, a little frightened by them. It was the baby he was thinking about, how much it was going to cost; he wanted to take Ann

to a good hospital—"They'll be miles away by morning if I don't get them now."

He wheeled, plunged outside. The wind was high; the wet snow slapped on his face like soft, strong wings, clogging his eyes and nostrils. He saddled the pony without taking time to light a lantern, and giving it free rein to pick its way, rode south, the wind in his back. It was lighter now; already the ground was white; but the snow underneath and around him made it seem as if he were riding on the top of a cloud; for a while he had the sensation that at every step the pony was about to drop headlong into space.

On his own land there were three straw-stacks, and, used to cattle-hunting, the horse zigzagged unhesitatingly from one to the other. But the cattle were not sheltering at any of them, and with a wilful toss of its head against the rein, as if satisfied of the uselessness of looking farther on such a night, the horse swung towards home. Mark almost let it have its way—but two miles south, a little to the west, there was a barb-wire fence. And it was a chance that if the cattle had gone with the slant of the wind they would be stopped against it."

The pony fought the bit for a minute, reared ill-temperedly, then set off south at a sullen trot. The snow was dense and soggy, dashed along by the wind in belching scuds. Already drifts were beginning to pile up, so tight-packed and heavy that the pony stumbled when it struck them. It was getting colder. Mark had on only a pair of canvas gloves that he had used in the harvest. He kept changing hands to rein the horse, shoving first one and then the other into his pockets where his legs warmed them a little. Then his body too began to chill, for he was still wearing summer clothes and only an unlined raincoat. He bent low over the saddle, shivering, peering into the snow-swirled darkness, every few seconds imagining that he saw black shapes in front of him.

At last he started talking to the horse, just as if it were a person, saying encouragingly that the cattle were sure to be headed into the fence, and that any minute now they must be upon them.

They were there, pressed against the wire, their heads pushed far over it, and their tails to the wind. Both Mark and the pony came alertly to life; and as it raced along the fence to the end of the herd the pony kept making sudden little dashes at the cattle, grazing its teeth along their rumps. Up and down the line, Mark's voice savage and hoarse through the shrill of the wind, the pony biting, wheeling, staggering—but the cattle were numb with cold, and only knotted themselves more tightly than ever against the fence. Sometimes they half-turned, or made a stiff, sidewise jump, but none of them would face the drive of snow. Even when Mark rode close and kicked them in the flank or shoulder they only sidled along the fence a few feet, or made a spiritless, half-timid lunge with their horns in the direction of the pony.

The pony was beginning to flag in the heavy snow. It responded listlessly to Mark's heels and the squeeze of his legs, and no longer tried to herd on its own account. For a few minutes the excitement of trying to get the cattle started for home had warmed Mark, but now he was colder than ever. He lost his temper, and because he had no whip with him struck the pony fiercely with his doubled fist. Down the line they went again. A young calf sprang away startled from its mother, floundered into a snowdrift and sank on its belly, limp with fright and exhaustion.

Mark reined in the horse. After the struggle with the whole herd of cattle it was a kind of relief to single out this one calf. For the time every other thought and purpose gave way to an impulse to get it on the saddle with him and set off for home. He dismounted, advanced cautiously, one hand on the pony's bridle. The calf lay still; he reached out and began

to rub its sides gently, to make it used to him, but suddenly, just as he was ready to seize it, it pulled itself together and leaped clear of the drift. Mark lunged after it. With a jerk of its head the pony pulled the bridle out of his hand, swung away, and disappeared into the night.

Mark lay still for a minute, sprawled in the snow where he had fallen when he made a grab for the calf. Then as he struggled to his feet a quick flare of anger kept him from realizing his predicament. Doggedly he made up his mind to try again to move the cattle, and climbing through the fence he ran along in front of them, striking them in the face, shouting, and waving his arms.

But it was useless. He stopped finally, clammy with sweat, cowering with the cold that cut through his clothes and made him feel naked. Still the snow beat down—thick and steady as if it were being swept off a roof. When he turned his face to it, it chopped short his breath; instinctively he put up his hands to beat it back; and yet it kept on pelting him, almost as if in derision of his puniness and panic. He climbed through the fence again, and with his body hunched far forward started into the storm. For a few minutes the trick that the horse had played on him kept him cursing and vigorous; but then he stopped for breath, already spent. Passive for a minute with weariness, he felt the full sweep and power of the wind, heard its sob and suck, and suddenly a maddening sense of helplessness and isolation beat down on him. It was the immensity and wildness of the night—an intuitive, bolt-like conviction of combat, of hostile, implacable force opposed to him. He stumbled on. The buildings were only three miles away—north—right into the wind—but he could not think in miles, only of the raving, snow-mad waste around him.

Every few minutes the steady whip of the snow made him strain and throw himself against it with a senseless impulse to

retaliate; then, worn out and trembling, he would turn his back to the wind and crouch still for a minute. Sometimes he walked backwards, sometimes went with one shoulder thrust out, his head tilted, as a swimmer meets a wave. Gradually the sting and ache went out of his fingers and a numbness crept along them, so soothing that the relief made him catch his breath with a kind of sob. Then the smart started in his feet, and then, as in his fingers, eased again. All the time his body and legs felt naked; as he ploughed forward, his thoughts incoherent with the cut and pain of the cold, there were times when he actually believed that his clothes were blown away and that his chest and thighs were bare.

He stumbled onto one of his straw-stacks at last. Abruptly the wind fell away; there was a sudden, incredible calm, the whistle of the storm remote, and groping forward a few steps he sank into the deep snow that fell softly here, and buttress-like shored up the stack.

He lay a long time in a kind of stupor. Out of the wind it was not cold, and after his struggle with the storm, the hush and ease of shelter induced a sense of physical contentment that lulled like a drug. With the relaxing of his will and muscles all his resistance left him. Had the blizzard suddenly lifted the straw-stack he must still have lain there. Vaguely he realized where he was and what had happened, but without concern, lazily. It seemed that nothing mattered except to prolong the languor of windlessness and warmth.

The warmth, however, was only due to his escape from the rack and tear of the wind; presently he began to shiver again, chilled by his sweat-damp clothing. He sat erect, shook off the snow that already was piled up nearly high enough to bury him, and then, crawling close to the stack, started to tear out a hollow for himself in the straw.

He tunnelled into it, lengthwise, feet first, kicking and burrowing until he could stretch out his legs. And now the

warmth was real, but wide awake from the effort it had cost him to pull out the straw he thought of the cattle and of Ann, and felt troubled and even guilty because he was lying here comfortable and idle. Ann's face came back to him, the strange flash in her eyes and her tight mouth. He remembered everything she had said at supper-time; and what he had only heard then without attention suddenly struck him with a frightening, grim significance. "I've been alone all day—I've been watching it get dark." She would be waiting for him, pacing through the house, from window to window, trying to look into the night, afraid that he was lost. Sometimes a woman did queer things when she was expecting a baby. She might even start out to look for him, or try to find her way to a neighbour's. "I've been listening to the wind—watching it grow dark." Perhaps it was the baby—coming sooner than she expected.

And all at once, panic-stricken at the thought, he crawled out of the straw and struck into the blizzard. But the wind was like a needled wall. Earlier in the night when he started out on horseback he had become gradually accustomed to the storm, and strung and tautened to a pitch where he could endure it; now, after his rest he buckled before the wind, put his hands to his face; and with an instinctive recoil, as if from a whip, retreated in spite of himself to the shelter of the straw-stack. And there, warm and secure again, he remembered Ann's eyes and the tenseness in her voice. "I don't want you to go—I've been watching it get dark." At last it seemed that actually he could hear her, so like her pettish whimper was the thin lost moaning of the storm. And fearful, listening to her, he lay staring wide into the dark. Twice again he left the stack—and came back, beaten by the wind, his body huddled and bent with a convulsive shivering, cringing, flayed, rebelliously impotent.

Towards morning he dozed. When he woke the wind had died away; there was a pale, early light. The snow-swept landscape lay horizonless, merging into a low, shaggy sky, colourless and blank, without balance or orientation. For a few seconds he looked at it stupidly, puzzled; then he remembered the cattle and the storm, and crept uneasily out of the stack. But at first, in his sleepy, aching confusion, he could not think what made him uneasy; and even when his mind groped its way to Ann, still it seemed he had not found sufficient explanation. Between Ann and the anxiety that clamped on him the instant he woke there was a disparity. She had been alone all night, that was all. In the wan, unmasked morning he could think clearly, with terrorless precision. Safe and comfortable—there could be nothing wrong—at the worst worried because he had not come home. Irritably he even began to anticipate the way she would complain and pout when she saw him—just as if he had spent the night in a straw-stack on purpose—as if it were his fault the cattle hadn't come home.

He set off at a stiff, dull walk. The buildings were only a mile away, suspended in the empty blur of sky and snow with an aloof, unfamiliar detachment that chilled and dispirited him. It was hard walking. The field was wrinkled with sharp, furrowlike drifts that sometimes supported him and sometimes gave way unexpectedly. In the sluggish dawn there were no shadows; the drifts ended and began invisibly; he tripped over them, reeled off their brittle crests. And all the time he kept imagining what Ann would say to him, and peevishly thought up answers that would make her hold her tongue.

When he reached the buildings the pony came out of the cattle shed, still with the saddle and bridle on, and started to paw in front of the stable. He swung towards it, intending to let it inside, but glanced towards the house and stopped abruptly. The kitchen door was open; there was a drift across it, two feet above the threshold. A clamp of blindness made

him suddenly weak and dizzy, but swiftly he recovered himself, explaining: Ann had not shut the door properly; it needed a strong push to make the lock catch. The pony whinnied. He half-turned towards it—hesitated—bolted across the yard to the house.

The snow was mounded right across the kitchen, curled up like a wave against the far wall, piled on the table and chairs—even on the stove—the fire must have been out for hours. He shivered as he stepped inside. There was a dingy chilliness that he had not felt in the open air. The familiarity of the kitchen was distorted, unfamiliar; it gaped at him in the feeble light as if resentful of his intrusion. “Ann—” he called, his voice not nearly so loud as he had intended it to be—“Ann, what’s wrong?” But instead of going to the bedroom he swung involuntarily to the door again and looked at the snow for footprints, then along the road towards their nearest neighbour. He knew that if she had left the house it must have been long ago, that she would not be in sight and that her footprints would be covered; but he shrank from the snow-filled kitchen and the cold dead air, and illogically for a few seconds yielded to his aversion. “Ann!” Again he called, and now, facing the fresh soft morning, his voice rang out robust and clear—“Do you hear, Ann? Where are you?”

From the gloom behind him there was a thin, worn-out moan. He sprang across the kitchen and into their bedroom. “Ann—you left the door open—what’s the matter?”

She was on the bed, half-undressed, her face drawn into a kind of grin, the teeth bared, the forehead shining and fleshless as if the skullbones were trying to burst through the skin. He knelt beside her, shook her, then leaped to his feet and dashed back to the kitchen. He would have to get a fire on—and the snow out and the door closed. She moaned again. A doctor first—a woman—

He ran to the stable and caught the pony; with his heels and fists beat it frenziedly to a sprawling gallop over the treacherous drifts. There were neighbours half a mile away; he burst into the house, motioning wildly in the direction he had come. "My wife!" There was thin shrillness now in his own voice—"She's having her baby—the house is full of snow."

They drove him away from Ann, out of the house altogether. Someone brought a midwife. At noon the doctor was there. No one spoke to Mark. He worked in the stable, came back to the house, worked again. The day was dazzling now, sunlight so full and pouring that it seemed to possess substance. A little wind blew, soft and idle; the drifts loped endlessly. He climbed onto the stacks of oat sheaves beside the stable and shook off the melting snow. The cattle were coming home; he could see them from here, a long broken straggle in the distance.

About three o'clock they took him to Ann. She was white, and would not speak, but the ugly twist of suffering was gone from her face. He sat still beside her, not understanding. The doctor had to tell him that a few minutes before she had died.

They talked to him about the baby, someone tried to make door and stood blinking at the glitter of the sun and the blue, sunken shadows on the snow. It was like a spring day, warm and drowsy, with a listless drip from the roof. In front of him, against the white, unsmudged landscape the yellow oat stacks splashed fantastically golden. There was a silence like breathlessness—as if the sky and snow and sunlight were self-consciously poised, afraid to wrinkle or dishevel their serenity. Then through it, a faint, jagged little saw of sound; the baby started to cry. He felt a twinge of recognition. He was listening to the same plaintiveness and protest that had been in Ann's voice of late. An impulse seized him suddenly to see and hold his baby; but just for a minute longer he stood still, looking out to the sun-spangled snow, listening.

THE DECLINE OF FOLK MUSIC

BY H. L. TRACY

MUSIC and drama are the sociable arts. Their interest for most people, unlike that of painting or sculpture, is not in origination but in bringing to life the work of an originator. This kind of activity is most enjoyable when carried on in company. The vigour and promise of the dramatic art is largely due to its use of groups and its dependence upon team-work. One shudders to think of drama shrinking into mere reciting by solo performers. Yet this is what, broadly speaking, has happened to music. It is a painful reflection. At a time when the future of amateur drama, or folk drama, seems unusually bright, the prospects for music are dark. It is no longer a sociable enterprise, and thus has lost the vitality of folk art.

The blame for this condition should not be placed where it does not belong. Most people would say that the decline of folk music is due either to the growth of mechanically-produced music, or to the restless and practical temperament of modern times. But we cannot fairly charge the radio with depressing popular interest in music. It has brought excellent programmes into the homes of those who otherwise would never have heard them at all. It has not discouraged concert-going: the New York Philharmonic Society reported a great increase in out-of-town subscriptions as a direct result of its early broadcasts. Even the purveyors of semi-“good” music will tell you that their public to-day demands a much higher standard of broadcast than it did ten years ago. It is impossible to estimate how many people have been inspired to push on with their music by hearing good artists over the air. The chances are that the radio has done more good than harm.

The peculiar conditions of modern life, of course, must be taken into serious account. Ease of communication and transport has obviously made society fluid and social groupings transitory. Folk art flourishes in the habitual meetings of congenial people who can look forward to being together more or less permanently, and whose modes of self-expression can develop into maturity. Folk-art does not thrive in companies that are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

But we have not reckoned with all the factors. We must call into court another material witness, an apparently innocent party. The piano is the culprit. This highly respectable instrument has much to answer for. As a piece of mechanism for reproducing music it is, next to the organ, man's finest achievement. It is the culmination of a series of efforts to make an instrument upon which a single performer could secure approximately the effects hitherto possible only for an orchestra. When this aim was achieved, the ensemble was no longer needed. The piano was and is essentially a solo instrument. With the piano the decline of folk music had begun.

Along with the perfection of the piano came the star performer. No one should be able to read without bitter tears the chapters in histories of music on "The Rise of Virtuosity". Biographers of musicians recount with pathetic enthusiasm the contests in playing between famous rivals, and the sporting interest of the public who backed their favourites. Very exciting no doubt all this must have been. It certainly did much to encourage better technique. But it was a spurious interest. It was as far from the true end of music as Roman gladiatorial shows and professional baseball teams have been from the real aims of sport.

This distemper resulted from the mechanical improvement of the piano, and incidentally of the violin as well. The latter was perhaps the less serious offender. As a result of

violin virtuosity a flood of music has been composed that is almost entirely lacking in artistic value. It is a medium for gymnastic display. We are still mistaking technical dexterity on the violin for music. But there remains a faithful host of second violins who are the salt of the earth. They really play music, and keep their instruments tender and winsome. Virtuosity on the piano has had more sweeping results. Display-music has been produced in abundance, while sincere music languished. The true temper and virtue of the piano have been forgotten. The aims and methods of piano teaching have changed for the worse.

We pause to say all that should be said in praise of virtuosity. The concert artist keeps the standard high. He inspires, if not always for the right reasons. The worship of the star performer is natural to man. But it is in danger of shifting attention away from true values. We admire the glamorous personality, the success, not the perfect art. We are lured into the cinema, not to see a play, but to see So-and-so acting in a play. We follow the fashionable cult of the star conductor or prima donna, and are too busy ogling them to listen with discrimination, still less to make music for ourselves at home. In Beethoven's day it was the Dukes who had their tame musicians on display; to-day, it is the Demos.

The piano begat the virtuoso, and the virtuoso turned the head of music-lovers and estranged the common folk, who began to see in musicians only eccentricity and pose. The piano is an unsociable instrument, and star-worship is unsociable. Hence the drift away from music as folk art. Generations of promising infants have been taken in hand by teachers whose sole aim apparently was to produce concert artists. These pupils have been denied access to the best of pastimes by the rigours of a pace designed only for the fit and few. They wanted to walk in the sunshine, and had to go in training for the Olympic 440-yards dash.

In this country, moreover, the piano has had a social significance. It has been the handmaid of a certain kind of snobbery. The time came in many households when the old reed-organ had to go, and an expensive piano must grace the "parlour". No family had any social standing without it. It stood for the most part silent, but shinily respectable. Unhappy youths and maids earned the patent of gentility by learning to perform. Unconsciously they despised being shown off to their parents' guests to flatter the parental pride, and wisely left off playing as soon as they could escape the routine of lessons and practice. The child sensed the snobbery, felt the insincerity of virtuosity, and forsook the art that, with a better introduction, he would have learned to cherish.

The cult of virtuosity has had its effect also upon vocal instruction. One wonders what a singing teacher would say if one asked to be shown how to read music and hold a part in a madrigal, together with some bare rudiments only of tone-production. He would exclaim that the cart was before the horse. He would insist on exercises for the diaphragm, on the proper placing of head-tones and chest-tones, relegating ear-training and sight-reading to an inferior place. But these are what most of us want. We want to know how to amuse ourselves intelligently with part-songs. But where, except in church choirs with their generally limited scope, do we find the opportunity? The crowning absurdity was reached recently by a young person who, on being asked to take part in a madrigal group, said that he would prefer not to, since he had been trained as a soloist. That answer will bear some thinking.

To return to the piano. One of its drawbacks is that it is apparently so easy, in reality so difficult. It is fairly easy to play a little, but the problems mount in geometric progression as one advances. The first steps, as compared with those taken on the string, brass, or wood-winds, are beautifully

simple. You strike A and you get A—good tune (if you have a decent instrument) and good tone. Not so on the clarinet. The production of even a passable A requires a good deal of preliminary agony in blowing and fingering. But once you have made the note successfully you go on from achievement to achievement. For general purposes you can obtain fair mastery in a short time, with sensible progress and increasing ease. The snare of the prospective piano player is the ease of the early stages. He is not prepared for the exacting demands soon to be faced; he may not have the faculties of concentration and co-ordination—in short, the musicianship that fits him for continued progress.

One does not deny, of course, that for the elect the piano, next to the organ, is the supreme instrument. But hundreds of us would have done better to begin on those poor relations, the brass or the wood-wind. We should then have been within our depth; we should have fitted ourselves with relative ease to play in ensemble music, as the piano player seldom can. There is no room for the dabbler on the piano. But there is much to be said for indifferent exponents of the “lesser” instruments, for they have access to sociable efforts in music. And if enjoyment be the end of fine art, they are incomparably better off than their highly trained brethren.

The cult of virtuosity accounts for the strange attitude of music teachers to those who have an “ear for music”. This is a unique gift, which has no exact analogy in any other art. The man with an ear for music has an innate sense of harmony and musical form. This can be improved by training, but it is none the less a native faculty when it does occur. Those who do not possess it rarely can cultivate it, and they have no conception of what it means to those who do. These seem to have an inner set of sympathetic strings that vibrate in response to heard music. The harmonic texture of what they listen to is to them a vital experience. But teachers are slow to appreci-

ate and develop this gift. They actually belittle it, and bring it into disrepute. True, students who have a good ear are usually lazy readers, and memorize quickly rather than accurately. But why deliberately discourage a faculty which carries great promise of musical understanding, if not of skill in performance? Do professors of English look askance at a student who has a *flair* for poetical rhythms and the evocative value of words? Perhaps they do. But if educationists are apt to be wedded to pedagogical systems, to the neglect of native talent, the music teacher surely has the least excuse. He, lucky man, deals with individuals, not with large classes.

It is not difficult to see how folk music has suffered in the face of these conditions. The piano, partly for right reasons, partly for wrong, has shouldered aside its lesser brethren, and discouraged group-playing; it has created, and been saddled with, the tradition of virtuosity; our offspring have been strained to the pace of the budding *maestro*, on the most exacting of instruments. Sitting solitary on the piano-bench, they have not tasted the heady joys of sociable playing. Training for virtuosity has developed a rigid and academic system of instruction that belittles the great gift of a musical ear, and thus fails to encourage much promising talent.

Folk music will come into its own by way of the family. The Conservatories are not at fault, though they may appear to have been harshly dealt with here. They, like many educational institutions, play the tune the public calls for. The public demands training for virtuosity, and has got what it deserves. The family should be a place where part-songs are sung, where "The Silver Swan" lies ready at hand, where a tempting range of madrigals and glees, quite within the average reach and means, may be explored and enjoyed; where the ancient flute joins the second-hand oboe in simple ensemble work; where the string-quartette maniac, with like minded friends, can plod through an enticing literature in which works of the

highest merit are accessible to a modest technique. The schools have seen their opportunity to give training in group-music, and have risen to it nobly. As in many other respects, the efforts of the schools must fall short of fruition unless seconded by eager interest and support in the family circle.

Is all this in praise of amateurishness? No; in praise of the amateur. The amateur is the lover. The winsome art delights in her lovers; not in the dandified attitudes of the star, but in the simple tributes of the devotee.

THE SURVEYOR

BY DOUGLAS V. LE PAN

Loneliness has dwelt here ever since.
She moved a little off the day he came
And, wondering and indignant, overhead
She hovered as the half-breeds beached the boats;
And stared reproachfully when night had come
To see the fire pick out their huddled eyes,
Showing a single, pointed, human star
Amid the dark. But she was never far.
They heard her in the wind continuous,
And when they left she glided down and pitched
Her tent beneath the island's only tree.
Then savagely she turned and gave the wind
Her breasts, and loosed her hair to ripple out
In seal of repossession. Straight back it blew:
And spread and spread. Back to the hinterland,
Over the trees and the tangled lakes and streams,

Ceiling the bays and clearings, weaving black
Along the treetops, interweaving leaves
And limbs and moss and fern as fathomless
In silence as before man walked the earth—
Billowing everywhere, closing like waves
Across a wake.

The winters have been lonely—
White corpses waiting for spring burial,
Waiting naked while the stars wheeled slowly.
He came and went and left a numeralled stake,
Plotted this island on the map, and thought
That he had tied it firmly to the world.
The snow has fallen just the same, the drifts
Have curled their tongues around the gully's rim,
The lemon sun has lost its way in blizzards.
No one has seen the fury of the great
Fall gales, when granite waves have towered like walls
And breaking slowly on the reefs, entombed them;
Claiming once more for chaos and the sea,
From which they sprang, the line of sleeping whales
That time has turned to stone—whirling them back
From stone to flesh, whirling them deep like fish.
And even where I stand, on higher ground
(Then like an Ararat above the flood)
The waves have lapped with passionless but huge
Voracity, sending their ripples up
With leaden echoes of the strife beneath,
And wrinkling on the freezing rock
A valance of the sea in granite.

And where I stand, he stood. On either side
He saw the blue, the marshalling ropes of foam.
He felt the wind blow in along his cheeks,
Blowing steadily from Manitoulin,

Rustling the juniper and cranberry,
Trickling relentlessly through his skull.
He heard it as he knelt to wedge his stake;
It sounded in the branches overhead
And as he listened, snarled—round the bole
And branches of the island's solitary tree.
That elm was feeling first the blazing sap
When Father Lalement was burned in oil.
And while the fire within annealed the green
And gave it shape, the wind ran singing through
The leaves as though its tune could never change . . .
The song that hymned its birth has been its doom.
After brave struggle against time and storm
Those two have stripped it of its leaves and bark,
Until it blackens like a gallows on
The sky, a gallows where it died itself,
A carcase ready for the final gale.

As far from birth and burning are the trees
That stand before me on the inland shore,
As old and full of sleep. But they have felt
The touch and favour of the setting sun,
And in this hour miraculous are waking.
No pomp tyrannic bloods the west to-night,
No clouds like purple robes; from out a sky
Serene the rays flood past to inundate
The leafy veins, and brim the woods with light.

Was such a calm and lustre in the air
The night he came? I wonder did he stand
As I do now, gazing at his fire below
And watch the smoke spire upward?
Or were November clouds like breakers rolling,
And gulls delirious in their mad attempts
To ride the storm and scream it into shreds?

Who knows? But whether under storm or sun,
The land stood lonely then as now, driving
Its beauty in upon him; he heard its vast
Austerity proclaim of life and death.
... And cursed. Fiercely he shut its beauty out
And turned his back on revelation. For still
The dumb and sterile wind came flaking in,
Breaking its drops of silence on his brain,
And splattered faces that his eyes were clutching.
He saw the hired man behind the plow
Go stumbling up the furrows to the knoll,
Where rain obscured the coronet of buds
And left it swimming in a mist of green.
... the sun on King Street in the afternoon,
The dust, the store-fronts blistering in the heat,
The mesh of spokes with spokes, the limbs and faces.
Of friends perhaps. But not familiar most
Or gay. Some soured, some thick and ginned and pocked,
Some lined with debts and flop-house nights; yet all
Familiar as humanity itself.
... nine o'clock before the dance. Flowers
And shoe polish. Castors squealing nervously,
And curtains slit to watch the first arrival
Caught in the street-lamp's gold embrace.
Then through the drift of wind came laughter breaking;
He heard it ripple up above the roar.
And fitful for a moment in the lamplight
Brightening, obliterate the next in wind,
A face.

JOHN DONNE, POET AND DIVINE

BY HENRY ALEXANDER

IN describing John Donne as a poet and divine, one underestimates the versatility of this extraordinary man. He seems to have displayed his great talents in at least two other fields, as a soldier and a gallant, or to put it in the ornate language of the period, he served not only Jehovah and the Muses, but also Venus and Mars. Few men of any age have touched life at so many points. One can think of great Elizabethans like Sidney or Raleigh who were brave soldiers and men of affairs and also noble poets; the Cavalier lyrists with their prowess both in love and war; Herrick, an ecclesiastic and, at least in his poetry, an amorist—but none of them can quite equal the motley career of Donne, who apparently starts life as a rather riotous law-student, and, after a romantic elopement and a subsequent incarceration in the Fleet prison, ends in an atmosphere of sanctity as Dean of St. Paul's, preaching sermons which drew tears to the eyes of his listeners and meditating on sin and death and the grave in a way that gave him the right to preempt the adjective which his distinguished twentieth century successor at St. Paul's so cheerfully bore. Of the three gloomy deans, Donne, Swift and Inge, Donne in some respects was the gloomiest.

This brief description may suggest hypocrisy, but no serious student of Donne would make this charge. His life and character are all of a piece; his change of heart is genuine; even in his earliest love-poetry there is an occasional note of impassioned earnestness, perhaps somewhat perverted, which prepares us for his later serious writings. His entire life's work is pervaded by a spirit of sincerity and an untiring search for spiritual truth.

There is still much obscurity about Donne's early life; most of the information has come to us from his friend Izaak Walton. He was brought up as a Catholic, but turned in later life to the dominant branch of the Church. We find him at Oxford at the age of eleven, a youthful age for university undergraduates even in those days. According to Izaak Walton, he seems to have imbibed all that Oxford could teach him by the age of fourteen and then proceeded to Cambridge. The evidence for this sojourn at Cambridge is very doubtful, though it is accepted by most later biographers. He did not graduate at either university, but much later, after he had achieved fame as a preacher and religious writer, he was given degrees by both. Donne then proceeded to London as a law student at Lincoln's Inn and, if we are to judge by his poems, evidently led a somewhat irregular life. Jack D., as he was called at this time, was reputed to be "not dissolute but very neat, a great visitor of ladies, a great frequenter of plays, a great writer of conceited verses".

During this period Donne produced much of his early poetry, which clearly reflects the nonchalance of extreme youth and which departs completely from the prevailing fashions in verse. The most striking difference between the typical love-poetry of the Elizabethan age and this work is the new note of realism that now appears, a realism that in both thought and language shows an almost startling contrast with the Elizabethans. They had inherited to a great extent the Petrarchan tradition, though Shakespeare in his sonnets shows signs of breaking away into a new treatment of human passion. Now, instead of the mellifluous imagery of the typical Elizabethan poets, we find in Donne a harsher, almost crude, strength; instead of unquestioning belief we find torturing doubt; instead of the glorification of constancy in love we find an almost perverse desire for change and fickleness; instead of a spontaneous outburst of simple song we find poetry tinged

with a sceptical mysticism. In many respects there is a distinct parallel between this poetry and that of the present day and it is not surprising to find that some of the leading apostles of modernism in literature are strong admirers of Donne and that their work is influenced by him. This early love-poetry of Donne is found in a collection called *Songs and Sonnets*, which undoubtedly contains his most characteristic and original work. It was not published until 1633, two years after Donne's death, so that the dates and the circumstances under which any single poem was composed present a very difficult problem. The purely secular and often cynical tone clearly indicates that the poems belong to the early period of his life, but even within this group the sentiment is by no means uniform and it is tempting to trace a gradual progress from the sheer delight in physical pleasure shown in his extreme youth to a deepening of the emotions caused by his one vital and serious love-affair. A very typical example of this verse is *The Indifferent*. What a change this is from the Elizabethan protestations of constancy in love in spite of all sufferings and rejections! With all the impudence of insurgent youth Donne proclaims that he can love anyone—the only condition is that the object of his affection should not insist on constancy. The first stanza gives an adequate idea of the poem.

I can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves lonesesse best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries,
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true.

And this from a future Dean of St. Paul's!

There is a striking note of modernity in the attitude towards love reflected in this poem—instead of the voice of

Donne in the Puritan Period it might almost be Aldous Huxley or Noel Coward in the Cocktail Age. And it was an attitude that obviously influenced succeeding writers of the seventeenth century; this frivolous and light-hearted treatment of the emotion of love is familiar to us in the works of Lovelace and Suckling and others in the group of Cavalier lyrists.

This brief specimen will also serve to illustrate one of the best-known features of Donne's style, a feature that also influenced—often unfortunately—many other seventeenth century writers. This is the use of "conceits", rather strained and far-fetched images, which became a habit of the group of poets that Dryden and later Johnson described by the name of the "metaphysical" school. Characteristic examples are seen in the description of the two types of femininity as "her who still weepes with spungie eyes" and "her who is dry corke", that is, in our less picturesque modern idiom, the tearful and the tough. Normally sponges and corks have few poetical associations, but this does not deter an innovator like Donne from pressing them into the service of his muse. Again what a contrast with the beautiful language of the Elizabethans, whose typical images are the moon for her constancy, the sun for his radiance, and the rich and gorgeous colours of flowers and precious stones. We have come down to earth with a jolt, and although the note of realism is rather a shock, it was essential if poetry was once more to regain contact with vital human experience.

To this quality of the so-called "metaphysical" poets on the formal side should be added an inner character which distinguishes Donne and his followers. They are not metaphysical in the broad sense; they make no systematic attempt to solve the riddle of the universe in the light of contemporary or earlier knowledge, but they try to penetrate the inner recesses of the human mind and soul, generally through the avenue of love. One might say, indeed, if it is not a contradiction in terms,

that they have an almost intellectual approach to the emotion of love. As Dryden puts it in speaking of Donne: "He affects the metaphysics not only in his satires but in his amorous verses where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy when he should engage them with the softnesses of love." It is just those "speculations of philosophy" that are the most precious portions of Donne's love-poems. Starting from a conventional situation, he proceeds, by means of his original treatment and language, to flash a new light on human passion and emotion, to relate it with something infinite and precious, to suggest, as it were, the spiritual overtones of a physical experience. If he had been able to do this without bringing in that other aspect of the metaphysical school, the rather strained "conceits", he would have been one of our very greatest love-poets. As it is, in those poems where his "wit", as the eighteenth century would call it, is held in check, he takes a very high rank.

A turning-point arrived in Donne's life when, after this early hectic period of youthful gallantry, he fell seriously in love; from then on he is a changed man and his poems reflect this change. He experiences real emotion—first love, then religion—in fact, as in medieval literature, the two are closely intermingled. For a number of years, Donne had been secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Seal and Lord Chancellor of England, and while living in that great man's home had fallen in love with his niece, Anne More. They married secretly when Donne was twenty-seven and Anne only sixteen, and incurred the anger of an enraged father, who promptly separated the lovers, had Donne dismissed from his post, and even went so far as to get the young bridegroom and his two friends who had helped him arrange the marriage, thrown into prison. This had a great germinal effect on Donne's genius—it was probably the first time that he had

encountered a real spiritual crisis. And it naturally had important repercussions on his poetry; the light-hearted and cynical attitude of his earlier verse gives way to a note of profound emotion—love is no longer a thing to be toyed with, but a guiding spirit, a compass in the wilderness, the central fact in the poet's life. But the note of reality still persists—it becomes even greater as his experience deepens. It is probably to this period of stress and strain that we must assign what is perhaps the most remarkable love-poem that Donne ever wrote, with an opening line that would be blasphemous if it were not so obviously a heartfelt and sincere utterance which, like so many of Donne's impassioned phrases, shocks the reader because of the naked and almost brutal revelation of human emotion. *The Canonization* opens with this startling line:

For Godsake hold your tongue and let me love!

This is not directed to his wife Anne, but probably against the irate parents and carping lawyers who are keeping them apart. The second stanza, though rather too full of extravagant conceits for modern taste, shows a vivid outpouring of the poet's scorn.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plagueie Bill?
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

Even here there is perhaps a suspicion of a *tour de force*, but many of the other poems show a depth of feeling which one cannot resist, a lightning flash of imagination that reflects a genuine emotional experience. What haunting magic there is, for instance, in the opening of the poem called *Love's Deity*:

I long to talke with some old lovers ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was born.

Having lost his official post as a result of his romantic but impolitic marriage, and with the burden of a wife and continually increasing family to support, Donne spent several anxious years. He had good friends, however, who came to his rescue. One of his greatest benefactors was Sir Robert Drury, who gave him and his family an apartment in his large mansion in Drury Lane and helped him to pursue his studies, which were now changing from law to theology. This fortunate connection came about in a rather curious manner. In 1610 Sir Robert's favourite daughter Elizabeth had died at the age of fifteen. The sorrowing father asked Donne to write an epitaph. Donne, who mentions in one of his letters that he had never seen Elizabeth Drury, immediately proceeded to write a long elegy on her death. Her father was so touched that he became Donne's patron at this difficult period. A year later, Donne wrote a much longer poem entitled *An Anatomie of the World*, with the sub-title, "wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the frailty of this whole world is represented". Like Milton in *Lycidas* or Shelley in *Adonais* he uses the death of Mistress Elizabeth as a text on which to pin his reflections on mortality and his general philosophy. On the second anniversary an even longer poem was produced, and at the end of the first poem he had announced his intention of commemorating Miss Drury by a poem each year as long as he lived. Happily his friends restrained him. The two poems are, however, of great value as showing the philosophical outlook of Donne at a time when he was obviously turning from materialism to a contemplation of the things of the spirit. They contain passages of much greater depth than anything he had written before and also beautiful descriptive lines. The general subject is, of course, that of mortality, the transiency and evanescence

of worldly joy and beauty, a typical medieval theme, but treated, as usual, in an arresting and original manner. There is an almost Shakespearean richness of texture in such a passage as the following:

... her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her body thought;
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailles who crawle upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer, than whil'st wee beare our brittle shell.

And all these brave words are written about a stranger—Donne is simply carried away by the passing of so much youth and beauty.

For some time now Donne had lived a happy married life, though continually oppressed by material troubles. His previous career and his early poems would not suggest that he was a good matrimonial risk, but he seems to have been an affectionate husband. His grief when his wife died in 1617 was profound. He turns to religion as a consolation, as can be seen from the opening lines of the sonnet he wrote on this occasion.

Since she whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.

By this time Donne had entered the Church. He had hesitated for many years, but in 1615, at the request of King James, he was persuaded to take holy orders. One of his first offices was that of Reader in Divinity to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, where he had to preach twice every Sunday during term. There is perhaps a touch of irony in the spectacle of Donne, in his later years, preaching—generally on the subject of sin—to the bearded elders and students of the institution which was the scene of his irresponsible youth. After waiting patiently for several years he was at length appointed by

King James to the Deanery of St. Paul's Cathedral. During this latter part of his life he achieved great fame both as a preacher and as a writer of religious verse. His sermons were delivered to the court at Whitehall, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, at St. Dunstan's, and often in the open-air pulpit at Paul's Cross. The sermons delivered from this pulpit were official pronouncements by the most distinguished English preachers, and were events of great importance in London life. One is amazed at the amount of preaching that Donne managed to do. The 180 sermons of his that have come down to us fill about 3,000 pages. It looks as if he often well exceeded the hour that was the normal time for a sermon in those days and that was indicated clearly by the hour-glass in front of the preacher. The best account of the manner and effect of Donne's preaching has been handed down by Izaak Walton. In a very characteristic passage of his life of Donne he describes him as

preaching the word so, as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he labored to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others, by a sacred art and courtship, to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a virtue so as to make it be beloved, even by those that loved it not, and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The two subjects that recur continually in Donne's sermons are death and sin. His vivid imagination played round these vital themes and illumined them with penetrating insight and poetic imagery. In a century which was rich in great preachers he stands out as one of the greatest. He points forward to the eloquent and ornate prose of Milton and Sir Thomas Browne—those sublime and majestic organ-notes that we hear in *Areopagitica* or *Urn-Burial*.

At this stage of Donne's life he is composing religious poetry as well as prose. Here too, as in his love-poems, he produces work which has a great influence on his successors during the seventeenth century—the important group of religious poets among whom Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw are prominent. His striking and unconventional imagery and the mysticism of much of his verse find echoes in this group and point forward even to a later mystic like Blake. Again we get those magnificent fugue-like phrases, such as *Death, be not proud*, one of his best-known religious sonnets, in which he flouts the power of death over mankind, an idea that has often been expressed but seldom more dramatically than in this poem.

And now Donne's life has come full circle. Rich in honours and dignities and with an ever-growing influence he enjoys the last busy years of an active career, preaching almost to the day of his death. The cynicism and the doubts of his youth have vanished; he has achieved that spiritual equilibrium which, in the noble words of Bacon, enables "a man's mind to move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth". His emotions are still powerful, but they are directed to spiritual ends. The psycho-analyst would probably suggest "sublimation"; there is no doubt that a similar process, though not so extreme, is very common at the present day and perhaps accounts for Donne's popularity with many modern readers. Of the final period of Donne's life there is little to say; until the year 1631 he continued as an industrious and inspiring preacher. He died in harness; he rose from a sick bed, pale and emaciated, to preach a Lenten sermon before King Charles, his last message to his flock, usually called Donne's funeral sermon or *Death's Duel*, a final eloquent, vivid and somewhat grim picture of death and the after-life. Before he died he had the sinister idea of being painted in his shroud, a symbol of the idea of mortality with which he had so

often thrilled his hearers. From this painting a monument was made which can still be seen in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, a permanent memorial to its most famous dean.

And as Donne lay dying in a stately and ceremonious fashion, his mind might well have travelled backwards and dwelt on the pageant of his rich and arievd life. First, in his period of greatness and prosperity; a picture of a solemn group—the king, his family, and the assembled courtiers—kneeling at Whitehall as he pronounces a benediction, or a rapt audience of London burghers listening wide-eyed to his thundering denunciation of sin from the open-air pulpit of Paul's Cross; then back to his period of wretchedness—Donne languishing in the prison of the Fleet, his mind filled with the ecstasy of his passion for Anne, living once more in his imagination the rapturous moments of his courtship and elopement; then back to the time of his gilded youth—the roistering law-student stealing home at dawn through the misty lanes of London, perhaps with a jealous husband at his heels, or the soldier at Cadiz gazing from the deck of my Lord Essex' flagship on the stately galleons of Spain; then—last picture of all—an eleven-year-old boy amid the dreaming spires and ivied walls of Oxford facing with childish wonder the brave new world of the Renaissance. Truly a perplexing and mysterious human personality, a motley figure in a motley age.

PARLIAMENT IN POLAND

BY GEORGE ADAMKIEWICZ

IN a recent article in the *Queen's Quarterly* Professor Zimmern gives a very able definition of the aims of policy as lying beyond the immediate scope of policies as such and involving—in an idealistic sense—the improvement of the body politic and a betterment of human relations in general. This definition can be applied also to constitutional law, because all constitutions adopted both before and since the war are in their essence an expression of national effort to attain the highest possible degree of perfection in public affairs. It follows that constitutions by their very nature develop along individualistic lines, that is to say, they evolve in accordance with conditions governing the life of each individual nation; they are adapted to the body politic, just as a suit of clothes fits the physical body. It would therefore be as futile to compare the merits of one constitution with those of another, as to endeavour to transplant political institutions, especially those founded on custom, from one country to another.

The Constitution of the Kingdom of Poland before the partitions was built up on customs and traditions similar in some respects to those on which the English Constitution is based. Like the latter it aimed at increasing the liberties of the subject at the expense of the Crown, which alike in England and in Poland was originally absolute. But whereas in England a limit was found for the rights and liberties of the individual, in Poland the privileges of the ruling class, the gentry or “szlachta”, were unduly expanded in the course of time so as to diminish the prerogatives of the Crown to a minimum. The result was a weakening of the Executive to

such an extent that towards the end of the eighteenth century the strong governments of the partitioning Powers could without effort supplant the Polish administration by their own authorities and impose their will on the Polish population which for so long had been unaccustomed to any strong authority of its own.

After the world war constitutional development in the resuscitated Polish State started from the point at which it had been interrupted by the partitions. The rule of the gentry, however, had in the meantime been modified by the rise of a large number of political groups—thirty-two in all—each striving to attain its own particular ends without due consideration for the interest of Poland as a whole. This system of parties and party alliances was legally sanctioned by the Constitution of 1921, which in point of fact set up not a parliamentary government, but a government by Parliament. The successive cabinets, even the President of the Republic himself, were by this Constitution destined to become impotent tools of short-lived party coalitions. In these combinations the Electorate as such has no voice, since the members of Parliament were elected from pre-fixed party lists drawn up in the interests of party and imposed on the Electorate by demagogic election tactics, supported by a proportional ballot, which had nothing to do with the wishes of the population as a whole. A simple vote of non-confidence on the part of a casual majority in the Diet or “Sejm” could force any government to resign. It is this system which has been branded in modern Polish literature by the epithet of “sejmokracja”, which might be rendered in English by the word “parliamentocracy”, as opposed to democracy in its real sense.

This state of affairs led up to the *coup d'état* of May, 1926, in which the leading part was played by Marshal Pilsudski, who was not only the founder of the new Polish State but also the originator of its political ideals. He and

those who fought with him for Poland have been steadily working to eradicate the evils of public life, and the fruit of their labours is the new Constitution of the 23rd April, 1935, the last public act to be signed by Marshal Pilsudski before his death.

In his literary testament Pilsudski has pointed out the principal defect of the former Constitution. He says "A division of labour is necessary in order to avoid the present practice by which the members of the legislative bodies, the executive and the head of the State are continually stepping on each other's toes. Each of these three elements of the State should have complete freedom of action within their respective spheres." The new Constitution endeavours to solve this problem not only in theory, but in practice.

The legislative bodies, the Sejm and the Senate, have been placed in a position to fulfil their primordial function, that of enacting laws, in a manner both efficient and free from political bias. The democratic principle of universal representation has been maintained, since it has been recognized that laws, to be practical, should be evolved by an adequate number of legislators elected from all classes of the community, of which Parliament should be a replica. This principle has been further enhanced by retaining the bi-cameral system to ensure that laws should not be enacted too rapidly or too easily and should be discussed from different angles by two separate bodies. Article 53 of the Constitution decrees "that bills adopted by the Sejm shall be submitted to the Senate for consideration and that a resolution of the Senate accepting or amending a bill shall be considered as passed, unless the Sejm rejects it by a three-fifths majority". Laws once enacted by Parliament are binding on the Executive, as laid down in article 27 which says "that regulations issued by the Council of Ministers or a Minister cannot be contrary to legislative enactments".

True, the President of the Republic may issue decrees with the force of law. But he can do so only on the strength of statutes authorizing him in this respect, or during a recess of Parliament in cases of emergency and on condition that such decrees shall not involve any amendments of the Constitution nor entail any additional charges on the finances of the State. They are always subject to amendment or suspension by a legislative act of Parliament.

The Sejm furthermore has the right of controlling the activities of the Government. It can submit interpellations, demand the resignation of the Cabinet or of a Minister, or hold the Cabinet or a Minister constitutionally responsible before the Tribunal of State.

But one drastic change has been made in the competence of Parliament. The Sejm can no longer overthrow the Government by a simple majority of votes. A concurrent vote of non-confidence by both Houses is required in order to effect a change of Government. It is here that the Polish Constitution differs essentially from others, which as a rule accept a vote of non-confidence on the part of a single legislative body, usually the Lower Chamber, as sufficient to enforce the resignation of the Cabinet.

The object of this reform is obvious: the Sejm will no longer be able to interfere in the affairs of Government by bringing pressure to bear on the Cabinet under the menace of ousting it from office. Changes of Government will no longer be the outcome of a struggle for power amongst contending parties. Criticism of governmental activities by Parliament will in future be relegated to the sphere of dispassionate discussion based on the merits of the case alone. On the other hand votes of non-confidence or motions demanding that the Cabinet or a Minister be placed under the jurisdiction of the Tribunal of State, if supported conjointly by the Sejm and Senate, will have the moral force of valid accusations and the President of the Republic will be bound to act accordingly.

From a formal point of view this constitutional innovation has been justified on the following grounds: If any bill of minor importance, such as an act concerning fisheries or an amendment to the customs tariff, must pass through both Houses of Parliament, the same practice should likewise obtain with regard to decisions of such far-reaching importance as those involving a change of government.

In the light of these facts the paramount importance of the rôle assigned to the Senate becomes manifest. This body has become one of the principal safeguards of the parliamentary system in Poland. Marshal Pilsudski himself was opposed to any form of dictatorship and has expressed this in the following words: "Poland must be a parliamentary country, she cannot be an exception to the rule, like Italy or Russia. Government must be responsible to Parliament." Henceforward the Senate will be called upon to prove, if necessary, that there is no room for irresponsible governments in Poland and on the other hand it will be in a position to frustrate any attempt on the part of the Sejm to take the reins of government into its own hands. The Senate will thus stand as a sentry on two cross-roads, the one leading to the left towards social revolution, the other to the right towards reactionary absolutism. The issues involved are obviously of the greatest significance for the maintenance of political stability not only in Poland but in Eastern Europe as a whole.

The Constitution has furthermore paved the way for strong governments in Poland. The essential function of government, as Marshal Pilsudski puts it, consists in "taking the right decision at the right time". He adds: "In order to act, it must have something to answer for." In other words the Government should be independent and unhampered by pledges given to irresponsible parties. Otherwise the outcome will be what has recently been described by a Canadian statesman as "a government which cannot govern, cannot put its

programmes into effect, but is obliged to see to this or that group in order to remain in power”.

Independence of the Government is guaranteed by the new Constitution not only by the fact that its responsibility to Parliament has been modified in the sense referred to above, but also by the provision that certain official acts, affecting the supreme interests of the State, e.g. the right of appointing or dismissing Ministers, are subjected to the decision of the President of the Republic alone, who in these matters does not need the countersignature of a member of the Cabinet.

The position assigned to the President of the Republic is very different from that held by the Head of State in other countries. He is not a constitutional monarch, nor the *princeps legibus solutus* of the Roman Empire, neither is he the head of the executive like the President of the United States, nor a prime-minister who has been absolved from constitutional responsibility as is the President in some South American republics. He is neither a dictator nor a mere figurehead. Although he does not govern, he nevertheless exercises powers which are essentially of far greater significance than normal acts of government. He is the supreme arbiter who has the task of harmonizing the activities of the various branches of government and of finding a solution of all difficulties which may hamper the working of the machinery of State. Questions of emergency, decisions of war or peace, the appointment of the chief officers of State and of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the right of dissolving Parliament before the end of its term, the exercise of judicial pardon—all these are functions which, in the conception of the Polish legislators, require the decision of one man and should not be dependent on the discretion of a collective body. A heavy load of responsibility has thus been placed on the shoulders of the President, who in the terms of the Constitution is answerable “to God and History” alone.

The election laws by abolishing the system of party lists and proportional ballot have restored the primal right of the electorate to select those candidates who are considered most worthy of public confidence. In accordance with this aim, the whole country has been divided into a hundred and four electoral districts and the task of drawing up lists of candidates has, in each district, been entrusted to select bodies of men and women who have already had experience in public affairs, consisting of delegates of self-governing bodies and institutions, representatives of the principal professions, educational establishments and so on. Those two candidates, in each district, obtaining the highest number of votes—but not less than ten thousand—are elected to the Sejm, which thus consists of two hundred and eight members.

The elections to the Senate are carried out in two stages. The country is divided into districts, each of which elects one delegate to the electoral assemblies of the voyevodships or provinces; these then elect the appropriate number of Senators apportioned to each voyevodship on the basis of lists of candidates established by special commissions elected by the participants in each Electoral Assembly. Eligibility for the Senate is determined by certain qualifications, founded on merit, education or general trustworthiness as expressed by the public office held by the candidate. The number of Senators is ninety-six. One-third of this number is appointed by the President.

An Electoral Body, composed of seventy-five members of the Sejm and Senate, elects the President. Should the retiring President make use of his right to name his successor, a referendum must decide which of the two candidates is to become President.

The result of the general elections held in Poland on the 8th September last has shown the satisfactory working of the new election laws. The most prominent candidates have been

elected and it is a significant fact that national minorities have obtained an adequate number of seats in both Houses of Parliament. There have been nineteen Ukrainians, four Jews and one White Russian elected to the Sejm, and two Ukrainians to the Senate.

The main characteristics of the Constitution which has been elaborated throughout under the personal guidance of the late Marshal Pilsudski can be summarized as follows: It is neither a revolutionary nor a reactionary scheme, but a fundamental law of eminently practical scope, destined to put into effect the best principles of modern democratic institutions, whilst at the same time eliminating those defects which have become apparent in the course of time. Its highest function will consist in substituting for the personal authority of the late Marshal, which cannot be replaced, a legal system within the framework of which the citizens will work together harmoniously for the good of the whole.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Earth has put by her happy fruitfulness,
 Her apple-gathering mothers and children: they
 Laugh soft no more from ladders. Tense all day,
 Thin-leaved, her branches bowed with spiritual stress;
 And now, at nightfall, winds in stormier press,
 Sounding like cleansing sand, sift, sift away
 Through bone-dry hedges and the plots once gay
 With fleshy dahlias bursting from their dress.
 "Prepare ye the way of the saints," all night a cry
 Shrills in the street, the wilderness of stone,
 Where houses crouch, duck ears, and tauten hips;
 So near to miracle seems the breaking sky
 That any moment now the leaves gale-blown
 May burn like spirits in Apocalypse.

A TREE AND ITS FRUIT

BY J. H. PUTMAN

WE are now six years distant from the collapse of 1929; six years of depression and as yet we see only minute signs of improvement. We have food, raw materials and millions of fertile acres untilled, yet hundreds of thousands are kept from starvation by public and private charity. With few exceptions farm produce is cheap. The Gaspé fishermen are hungry and their children almost naked because there is no market for their catch, yet in Canadian cities those who would eat fish must pay eight to twenty cents a pound. The farmer must pay for nails, boots, clothing, harness and machinery nearly double what he paid six years ago, when wheat was one dollar a bushel.

Our present desperate situation is not an accident. Economic laws are immutable and as constant in operation as the laws of gravity. Some of our evils are from world-wide causes and require world-wide action for their correction. The Great War left us with a crushing burden of debt and committed us to the payment of millions in pensions to the deserving and other millions to the undeserving. And the Great War led to increasing the erection of international trade barriers that threaten to drive commerce from the seven seas. But our worst evils we have brought upon ourselves. We have deliberately built a house that now threatens to topple over and crush us beneath its ruins. We have tried to fight against natural law. We have defied geography and every known law of commerce. We have been grossly extravagant and have contracted public and private debts to buy luxuries at high prices that must now be paid for in labour and goods equivalent to twice the value of our purchases. We have built more miles of railway in proportion to our population than

any other people in the world. We have more miles of expensive permanent pavement in proportion to population than any other people in the world. Little of either railway or roadway is paid for and the annual charges for interest, deficits and sinking funds payable in foreign countries forms a burden that hangs like a millstone about our necks. Add to this the debts of Canadian towns and cities contracted during the last ten years to build schools, sewers, sidewalks, pavements, hospitals, water systems, hydro plants and other public undertakings, and we have a burden which bends the taxpayer's back almost double. And when to all of this we add the cost of our federal, provincial and municipal governments, with their tens of thousands of paid legislators and public servants, we have a total which staggers the imagination. We are literally groaning under an accumulation of debts, and our chief concern, day in and day out, is how we shall pay our many taxes.

To add to our difficulties we have travelled a fast pace along the road of socialistic paternalism. We have government railways, government hydro plants, old-age pensions, universal free education, municipal hospitals free for the poor, municipal nursing service, free dental clinics, mothers' allowances, workmen's compensations, free apprentice-training and many other forms of social co-operation which, desirable and even necessary as some of them may be, all add to the tax bill. We have all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of such a socialism as was conceived by the philosophers, Plato, More and Bacon, or the more modern and intolerant socialism of Karl Marx. We are too flabby and sentimental to say, "work or starve". We encourage the lazy to loaf and tax the thrifty to fill their bellies.

I have said that our major ills are of our own making. More accurately they are evils partly made by us and partly inherited from our fathers. We did not plunge into our

present plight over night. The bolt of black despair was not shot from a blue sky. November, 1929, was not the beginning or even the most significant date of our economic debacle. We were not marching along the road to prosperity and approaching the millenium when by an untoward accident we lost our way and fell into a miry pit. We had been travelling the wrong road for nearly two generations, sometimes for longer or shorter intervals partially avoiding its most serious pitfalls, but on the whole pursuing a course that inevitably led us to disaster.

Our pioneer forefathers in the four Provinces forming the original Canadian Confederation pictured a Canada for their children and grandchildren where British institutions would become established on a foundation even broader and more liberal than across the ocean; where justice would hold an even scale between man and man; where neither great riches nor pinching poverty would be conspicuous; where honest labour would receive its just reward. We started as a pastoral people with valuable deep sea and inland fisheries and a hinterland known to be rich in timber and believed to hold in store great mineral wealth.

Immediately preceding Confederation came the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, the abrogation of which brought to a close a period of unparalleled prosperity for Canadian farmers. Eggs, butter, pork, beef, calves, poultry, hides, leather, wool, lumber, fish, fish oil and grain had for eleven years found a natural and profitable market in the industrial centres of New England and the middle West. Throughout large areas in southern Ontario and Quebec American buyers came to the farmers' doors and carried away the produce in wagons. Maritime fishermen landed their catch in their own boats in Boston and other New England ports, while Maritime farmers sent potatoes and apples over the same route. Nor was trade with Great Britain unimportant. St. Lawrence

and Atlantic ports were busy, loading lumber and timber for Liverpool. Cattle, wheat, barley and apples also helped to complete many cargoes, while every year scores of wooden ships were built in Atlantic ports for international trade.

Manufacturing, although limited in volume, was in a healthy condition. Industries naturally suited to our environment were being established. Grist-mills, tanneries, lumber mills, wagon shops, boot and shoe factories, brick works, foundries for casting ploughs, stoves, agricultural machinery and other articles, were doing a thriving business. The manufacture of coarse woollens was increasing year by year.

Following Canadian Confederation the prosperity which had resulted from the Reciprocity Treaty and from the American Civil War gradually declined. Canadian products were in less demand in the United States and must now pay the same duty as the products of other foreign nations. Canadian farmers were slow to change their plan of production to suit the British market and, besides, many products formerly marketed in the United States would not bear ocean transportation. To add to the farmers' difficulties, there was a world-wide financial depression which became acute in 1878.

Up to this time no political party in Canada had advocated a protective tariff designed to keep out foreign goods. On many articles entering Canada the duty levied was only five per cent. Sir John A. Macdonald, turned out of office in 1872, came forward in 1878 with a proposal to foster Canadian industries, employ Canadian workmen and build up a Canadian market for farm produce. His plan was to increase materially the duty on manufactured goods thus raising more money to meet the growing cost of government and at the same time give an advantage to Canadian factories. He was always careful to explain that this higher tariff would be needed for only a limited period until Canadian industries were on their feet and able to look after themselves. Further, he argued

that this increased tariff would not increase the price of manufactured goods to the consumer because the competition among Canadian manufacturers would be so keen that prices would be maintained at their former levels. Protection was to build up new industries; these industries would employ more men; these men would need homes, clothing and food; everybody would benefit, especially the farmer who would secure home markets for such products as would not bear an ocean voyage.

However honourable may have been Macdonald's motives, it is doubtful if the mind of man ever conceived a more diabolical plot to hoodwink and humbug the great masses of human beings. It is easy to show the inherent weakness in a scheme where harvest follows close upon seed time. It is very difficult to show the weaknesses in a scheme whose worst results naturally appear a generation or two after its authors are in their graves. It is easy to fight and defeat an evil that is wholly evil and appears to be what it really is; it is difficult to fight an evil which by its very nature appears to confer tangible benefits upon so many of those or upon the children of those whom it ultimately destroys. Protection did increase employment in Canadian cities and towns following its adoption in 1878. These towns and cities increased their population and created an increased demand for farm products. But the more the octopus grew, the greater became its appetite. A tariff of twenty per cent became twenty-five per cent and then thirty per cent and forty per cent, and now we have sixty per cent, seventy-five per cent and even one hundred per cent.

A few farmers close to industrial centres shared in some measure the prosperity of the bounty-fed manufacturers, but the great mass of Canadian farmers, remote from markets, were worse off than before. They must still sell their wheat, barley, wool, hides, cattle and hogs at prices fixed in Liverpool and London and must pay tithes to the Canadian manufacturers on cotton, woollens, hardware, clothing, furniture, machin-

ery, harness, wall paper, coffins, tinware, fencing material—practically every article they purchased. Lumbermen, miners and fishermen were in the same boat. They must sell at world prices; they must buy supplies at the highest price that the benevolent tariff could fix and hold against foreign competition.

Thousands of farmers' sons and daughters left their homes to crowd into cities and towns as factory hands. They soon became victims of an artificially-stimulated industrial system. They found that the high cost of rent, food, clothing and furniture ate up the wages that seemed so attractive when they left the farms and villages, and that they had no more real comfort nor any higher standard of the essentials of living than their cousins on farms. But they could not turn back, and when elections came they trooped to the polls to vote at the bidding of their smug, well-groomed, tax-fed masters, who told them that a still higher protection would mean higher wages and more work. Protection is like a fish hook, easy to get in, but hard to get out.

Many of the world's great cities owe their growth and importance to their geographical location. Nature placed them where men must congregate to make, gather and distribute goods. But tariffs, such as we have in Canada and the United States, force the growth of towns and cities that would otherwise remain hamlets and villages. Man prospers most when he works with nature. A tariff is always working against nature. Tariffs deceived him into thinking that water will run uphill just as easily as downhill. No outstanding economist believes in tariffs as we have them to-day. We have reached the stage where thousands of people feel it is unpatriotic to buy foreign goods and our government, egged on by its masters, Canadian manufacturers, is spending public money to propagate this evil and unchristian doctrine. Civilization began when two neighbouring cave-dwellers exchanged live

coals for fresh meat and the gospel preached by Christ will have a chance of being realized only when all barriers to international trade are swept away. Every economist knows that imported goods are paid for by exports, and that the Canadian farmer who buys tea from Japan, not in theory only, but in reality trades his wheat for tea, and that when he buys English woollens, he just as surely trades for them wheat, or beef, or cheese. Only the ignorant insular-minded man talks about manufacturing the article ourselves and thereby keeping our money at home. We do not pay our foreign debts in money, but in produce. True we might buy from Japan or India and make payment by selling our goods in Britain or in Germany, but in the long run we buy from abroad by selling abroad.

Canadian mills turn out good homespun, high class woollen blankets and some serviceable grades of cloth for clothing. They cannot produce tweeds or worsteds of high quality that are well dyed and will keep their shape when made into suits. One lone member of the Canadian House of Commons boasts that he wears tweeds spun and woven by his wife. The Prime Ministers of Canada, their fellows who hold Cabinet posts, the millionaires of Montreal and Toronto, the owners of woollen mills, the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the bank presidents and all the apostles of high protection are going about wearing suits and overcoats made from cloth woven in Yorkshire or Scotland. Turn their hats upside down and you will find that they have been made in Britain, Italy, or the United States. Examine their gloves and you will find them from Britain or France. They can afford the high cost of imported clothing. The poor in Canada must pay tribute and wear cheap Canadian goods so that the well-to-do and the rich may wear the finer goods imported from abroad. The common folk in Canada, men, women and children, are paying double for cotton and woollen clothing what they would pay if there were no import duties, and many Canadian boys

and girls have actually suffered from cold because of our high tariff on clothing. It might be mathematically demonstrated that we could afford to maintain in idleness, on a pension of \$1,000 a year, every man and woman working in a Canadian cotton or woollen factory, in an automobile plant, or in an oil refinery, if the customs duty were abolished and an excise tax of 10% collected on all these articles sold. We tax millions of people on the common necessities of life to provide work at low wages for a few thousand people.

But the most disastrous effects of a protective tariff are moral and spiritual. It tends to make people of all shades of political thought look for government favours instead of relying upon themselves. It destroys individual initiative. It gradually builds up in the minds of the young the idea that a government is a benevolent institution with unlimited resources and that the more they can get as their share the better. Instead of inculcating in our young the idea of sacrifice, or service for country, we insensibly give the idea that their country is a fairy godmother with rich gifts and blessings for those powerful enough and persistent enough to claim them. One group of manufacturers secures a favour. A second group demands a similar favour. One group makes a contribution to political funds. Other groups do likewise, and little by little the idea takes root that protection for an industry is bought and paid for like potatoes and cabbages. The electors are not free agents, casting their votes for or against a policy that is for the ultimate benefit or injury of the whole country. They vote for what in their limited outlook will be of immediate material advantage to them or to their employers.

But no possible manipulation of tariffs can assist the Canadian farmer and all those dependent upon him for employment and livelihood. And when we consider the economic importance of this farmer, his importance as a consumer as well as a producer, when we consider how his calling is basic

to the prosperity of every other Canadian industry, when we consider that he is like a balance-wheel to our economic and social life, when we consider how he is tied to home and soil and is the very antithesis of unrest and revolution—when we consider all these things, we marvel that governments should have two opinions as to how he should be treated. One would naturally think that his prosperity would be the first care of every government. And so it would be if a government's first care were the real and permanent interests of all its citizens. But governments are prone to hear and conciliate those who shout loudest and a hundred manufacturers, bankers and merchants can make more noise and make it sooner than a million farmers who lack organization and quickly moving channels of communication.

The recent mass buying investigation and the political career of the Hon. H. H. Stevens throws an interesting side-light on our Canadian tariff. In 1911, when Mr. Stevens had an opportunity to strike a blow for the Canadian farmers, fishermen, lumbermen and miners, for whom he now professes such deep concern, he stood shoulder to shoulder with Sir Joseph Flavelle and the other eleven fair-weather Liberals to block Canadian products from their natural market. Ever since that time he has consistently voted to raise the tariff and increase the cost of the necessities of life which the mass of Canadians must buy. He printed and distributed at the taxpayers' expense the Buyers' Creed in an attempt to capitalize our patriotism in favour of the Canadian manufacturer. He now discovers that chain stores, pork packers, and manufacturers of furniture pay low wages. Did he not know, even when he first entered Parliament, that with few exceptions all manufacturers, and indeed all employers of labour, buy it at the lowest possible rates? Did he not know, when fighting the elections of 1930, that over a long period of years Canadian farmers and fishermen had been working for starvation wages,

and later did he think of those primary producers when he voted to increase the cost of their living? Has it ever occurred to him to find out why married men in chain stores are willing to work for \$10 or \$12 a week, and women and girls for \$7.00? If the Canadian economic policy since 1911 had made life on the soil more tolerable; if tens of thousands of those now idle in our cities had been cultivating our waste land, raising their own food, gathering their own fuel, building their own homes, and living in modest independence, is it likely that chain stores or furniture factories could secure workers at starvation wages? Minimum wages for workers in industry are probably desirable and even necessary. But no possible political thimble-rigging can secure a minimum wage for the farmer and the farmer's wife, nor for the fisherman, or miner, or lumberman. These primary producers must take what the open markets of the world will give them for their toil. If the things they must buy are also given them at open-market world prices, they dare not complain. But we have so completely overturned this elementary law of prosperity that our balance of population is upset. Our only hope is for some statesman who can plan an economic policy which will ultimately restore a proper balance between our urban and our rural population. When that is done, wages in towns and cities will adjust themselves, and unless that is done, all investigations by Royal Commissions of all kinds of sumptuary laws regulating wages will only scratch the surface of a festering sore. Raising wages will not give work to the thousands who are now idle. Shorter hours of labour will not create more work. Raising prices to consumers will injure many and benefit only a few. Useful employment for all is the only permanent cure for our ills.

Our Canadian protection tree planted in 1878 as a seedling of American Republican origin has grown to a tremendous size until its branches almost shut out the sun of international

trade and its roots penetrate deep into the sub-soil of our social and political life. It has been watered with the toil of two generations of primary producers. It has blossomed profusely at almost every general election since its planting. It has borne a few golden apples high up among its branches that could be picked only from long ladders in the possession of a favoured few. Its main crop has been pitifully small, gnarled and bitter to taste. Its prunings have been too few. Mr. Fielding made an attempt and the results were good, but his pruning-hook gradually became dull. Mr. Robb made a few gashes among the rank growth of suckers and even this gave some relief and stimulated trade. Mr. Dunning planned a pruning that promised well, but the hook was snatched from his hand. The late government, instead of pruning, spent its energy on expensive fertilizers applied to the roots of the tree. The result was a few more apples of gold, bigger than any ever grown before, but the main crop was smaller, gnarlier and more bitter in the mouth than any ever eaten before. These apples have quite turned the stomachs of those who ate. Perhaps the way is now prepared for a spiritual heir of that doughty knight, Sir Richard Cartwright, who would, had he been able, have laid a sharp axe to the root of the tree.

The recent election has given a Liberal Government a mandate for tariff reform. If the new Government will take the long view of a national policy and plan first for the welfare of primary producers, the sun will shine again on Canada. If the Government temporizes and trims its sails to catch every passing breeze, the electors will be ready in 1940 to listen to new prophets of quack political philosophies.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU—MORALIST AND REFORMER

BY W. M. CONACHER

ROUSSEAU is an immortal who wears well for the problems which occupied him are with us still. He first blew the trumpet of democracy and also provided socialism with some of its choicest texts. In the matter of faith he was also the first of the modernists and to him was meted out his own prescription for heretics — that they should be escorted to the borders of the country. He is called the father of Romanticism, which Irving Babbitt seems to consider his chief offence, but surely the *fine fleur* of Romanticism is that noble cabbage rose which we now label Victorianism. He too gave us the key of the fields, urging a return to the simple life. He was the apostle of a new education and his ideals have come nearest to realization in the little red schoolhouse, where Miss Watson nurtured the young ideas of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. For good or ill he has cast his shadow wide across the nineteenth century; among those who have sat at his feet are Kant and Goethe, Robespierre and Robbie Burns, Ruskin and Tolstoi, Lincoln and Whitman, Victor Hugo and Karl Marx.

Every generation interprets him again and it is not surprising that two recent criticisms* are so different that they do not seem to be dealing with the same man. Professor Hendel looks on Rousseau as a great moral teacher and considers him to be essentially a Platonist. He shows great

**Rousseau, Moralism*, by Professor Hendel (Macmillan).

Three Reformers, Luther, Descartes and Rousseau, by Jacques Maritain (Sheed & Ward).

ingenuity in tracing much of his dogma and dicta to Plato, but is less successful in demonstrating Rousseau's actual acquaintance with the original. No doubt Jean-Jacques took Lami for his mentor and Lami recommended the study of Plato, but Rousseau's own account of his studies at Chambéry evokes the picture of a student handicapped and uneven in his work, a mind of genius no doubt, but with the equipment and in part the judgement of a half-educated school boy. Certainly there is a gap between the Rousseau raw from the country and the Rousseau who held his own in the circle of the Encyclopædists, but this gap may well have been filled up by that veneer of culture which, according to Taine, was the essence of eighteenth century classicism, and above all by that power of assimilation which is the special property of genius. To build up his ideas he plunders all minds which are sympathetic or merely useful, whether Plato or Plutarch, Montaigne or Hobbes, Locke or Pascal, and even Robinson Crusoe! But always he is the brilliant amateur rather than the continuer of any school.

Perhaps it is because he recognizes that a moralist should preferably be moral, that Mr. Hendel passes so lightly over many of Rousseau's faults, and even accepts Rousseau's own rather arrogant justification of these faults.

Quite different is Jacques Maritain's treatment of Rousseau, reformer. The axe is laid at the root of the tree and it is a formidable weapon he employs. He finds fault impartially with Jean-Jacques' philosophy, his reasoning and his character. His doctrine of natural goodness is founded on a faulty definition of nature. When he proclaims his own natural goodness and airily states that though he might be 'guilty' he was never wicked, Rousseau diminishes Christianity because he eliminates the need of grace. Equally it is a poor substitute for the doctrine of original sin to lay the blame of one's offences on society. Rousseau, says Maritain, is incap-

able of reform because he is totally devoid of will, and lives only in a world of illusion and dreams, only attaining to 'a mimicry of sanctity' at a moment when under the stress of malady and persecution 'the moorings of sanity had parted'.

This comes near enough to Dr. Johnson's uncompromising verdict. "He was a scoundrel, sir, who deserved to be, as he was, chased out of society."

One is inclined to ask whether there is not a *via media* between these two views and whether Rousseau's significance does not lie elsewhere. Is his influence on religion after all of so much importance, and is it necessarily all to the bad? If so one would expect M. Maritain some day to deal as faithfully with Châteaubriand as he has done with Rousseau, and Châteaubriand, the Oxford Movement, Newman—is it not all part of the same drift? When he is dealing with politics or education it is his fruitful ideas, his great sayings which have had more influence than any system which he tries to work out. Indeed systematic thought is where he is weakest, as he confesses himself. His peculiar quality lies in this, that although he begins by taking part in the abstract discussions so dear to the eighteenth century, he changes the character of those discussions because he substitutes for the abstract man a fable of man; he puts his profession of faith in the mouth of an individual and finally he personifies in himself all the victims of the social injustice of the age. He is a poor reasoner though endowed with plenty of common sense, but though his arguments are often sophistry, he has that faculty of 'enthusiasm' the lack of which made the eighteenth century so dead and so dull. To blame him for the excesses of the Revolution, as is so often done, and at the same time to give him no credit for the wider horizon of the nineteenth century is simply monstrous.

Rather surprisingly M. Maritain says that a psychoanalysis of Rousseau would be invaluable. Any such operation

would surely reveal that the dice were loaded against him from the very first. Even Arnould said of Phèdre that she was *'une âme à qui la grace manquait'*.

Let us see how near Rousseau is to that state. First for his parentage. His father made a marriage, necessarily hasty, with a sister-in-law and a few years after departed to be Watchmaker to the Seraglio of the Grand Turk. What a calling! He returned, fathered Rousseau, whose mother died shortly after, and the infant was brought up by Tante Suzon. The father's contribution was to read romances with the child till cock-crow. Hence a spoiled child with nerves shattered from the start. Hence the world of illusion in which he lived. Then the truculent father got himself banished from Geneva. He left his children in their relatives' care but took with him their mother's wedding portion. What a parent! Yet Rousseau always condoned his father's conduct. As with the father of Le Petit Chose failings were swallowed up in the feeling expressed by *Ah, c'était un homme*. There Jean-Jacques is then with the aunts and Uncle Bernard and Pastor Lambercier in that presbytery with the portraits of all the Popes. There he has his first experience of injustice, of sensuality, his first book learning and his first taste of the toil of daily labour which this idling apprentice speedily renounced.

And here a word must be said of the scene in which this child of nature was reared, for it is indeed an earthly paradise. Imagine a large diamond ace laid on its side, its southern point being the Mont Blanc. Its north-west faces the Juras, the north-east the beginnings of the Oberland. From east to west stretches for sixty miles the sickle of Lac Léman, issuing from the wide gorge of the Rhone valley. South of the eastern end of the lake the mountains frown darkly behind Meillerie, but their morning crests are relieved by the silvery glitter of the sun on ice and snow. At the western end of the lake the mountains have fallen back to the middle distance, giving

place to pastures, vineyards, orchards, gardens, where vegetation is ripe and luscious as in a green house. Broad is the lake, mirroring the deep blue of the sky. As you climb the slope toward the Juras, higher and higher over against you towers the Mont Blanc, in the evening a deep ruddy copper dome. This was the playground of the youthful Jean-Jacques. Small wonder that in this Eden he forgot the primal curse, the need of toil with the sweat of the brow. This was the landscape where was nurtured the faith expressed in the Profession of the Vicaire Savoyard. This was the lake across which the frenzied St. Preux looked at the white wall where lay his lost love. Here Jean-Jacques drank in the love of nature which he gave as a new gift to aftertime.

Everybody knows how Rousseau broke his apprenticeship and, a merry vagabond, took to the open road. In these wander years he is a Gil Blas of real life. He becomes converted to Catholicism to gain a piece of bread. He is sheltered by the easy-going Mme. de Warens, who whatever her faults deserved her title of "Maman" for she mothered him and gave him his chance in life. He was continually taking jobs and losing them, *toujours un lacquais*, he says bitterly, but like Gil Blas he learnt that to be *lacquais* might be the *entrée* to a career, as tutor, secretary or steward. He was often shown real kindness, he abused it and missed his chances, returning always to the haven with Maman. When he found that he had been supplanted in her favour, he set to work at his books and laid the solid base to his education.

Then furnished with introductions and with a musical invention he hoped to exploit, he came to Paris to seek his fortune. His introductions are useful, but he does not make the best use of his openings, witness his post with the Minister to Venice. A Jesuit who is interested in him bids him cultivate the ladies. He is gauche and clumsy, he mistakes Parisian courtesy for a conquest. He is mortified when asked to supper

to find that it is in the kitchen. He calls three times a week on one *grande dame*. He is over-polite and over-blunt. Yet he gets some kind of a footing. He is recognized as a man of parts and he has also *ses beaux yeux*. It is the age when an *aristocratie désœuvrée* has made a hobby of culture, and aristocratic doors open easily to him. Indeed the kindness that Rousseau so often experienced suggests either a very attractive personality or that society was wronged in the scathing attacks which he makes upon it.

It is Diderot who commissions him to write articles for the *Encyclopædia*, on Music and Political Economy! He frequents the society of the philosophers, dines with the *coterie holbachienne*, with whom he afterwards has his famous quarrel. It is at this time that he forms his liaison, which lasts a lifetime, with a servant girl, Thérèse Levasseur. Her mother and family sponge on him. Though he never loves Thérèse, she ministers to his appetites and needs—he is often ailing and in need of a nurse. She even attains a sort of respectability, and Rousseau eventually married her ‘in the sight of God and two honest witnesses’. Partly to maintain her respectability—one wonders he does not say to preserve her virtue—Rousseau, so he tells us, sent her five children to the foundling hospital. To-day there are various theories about the truth or falsehood of this fact, about the physical possibility of the parentage, about the existence of the children. Was it a deception of Thérèse or a delusion of Jean-Jaques? The only authority is Rousseau himself who says he told it to several people. Some of these were afterward his bitter enemies and, if they knew it, would have used it against him. It did come out but only as a rumour until Rousseau told of it in the *Confessions*. (His previous references to it were veiled.) Certainly Rousseau finally believed it and repented of it with bitter tears. He later gave as the reason that ‘the rich had so much flour on their faces that the poor lacked bread’.

So far there has not been so much of the moralist and 'reform' has been rather talked of than put into practice. He has become more studious, more serious, and he says he no longer steals.

On the whole he has shown himself to be rather the young man of talent who comes to the capital, conscious of his gifts and of the terrible struggle to the heights. He has become a denizen of Grub Street, nursing in his breast projects which take long years to accomplish. Like La Fontaine he has solicited and secured patrons. He has also thrown away or neglected more chances than fall to the lot of most men in his position, conscious perhaps that his hour has not yet struck.

Then at last that hour came when he sent in a negative answer to the question set in a competition instituted by the University of Dijon, 'Have the sciences and the arts been beneficial or not to the human race?'

He tells us of the strange excitement that came on him when he read of the proposed Concours. It is often said that his successful essay decided his whole after attitude, fixing him in a pose he never got rid of. Lanson says all his other writings are but variations of this theme. This is neither quite true nor quite fair. The question as he read it was 'Has progress improved man?' and progress was tested then by its last and most splendid product, that brilliant French society which would not do justice to Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The essay gave him an opportunity to air his grievance; it gave scope to his power of self-expression. All that he subsequently writes has an echo of it and he always writes best when his writing is personal. His immense egotism animates his indictment of society and it is here that comes in that remarkable faculty, that man in the abstract ceases to be abstract and becomes personal. So in his novel *St. Preux* is not only himself, he is not only the first romantic hero, he is also the type of the whole race of the underdog, pawing in vain at the closed gates of society.

On these themes Rousseau speaks with an accent hitherto unknown, with a new force and power, because so many echo his words in their hearts. Even to-day his words live. "The first man who enclosed a field and said 'This is mine' and then found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of society. How many crimes that man would have spared the human race who tore down the fence and said to his fellow-men 'Don't believe him. You are lost when once you forget that the soil belongs to no one and its fruits are for all.'" Can the case for socialism, or apple-stealing, be stated more dramatically?

He became famous in a bound. Everybody wished to know him. His opera was given before the Court. He might have been presented to the King, but he was not shaved! He refused all offers to enter society, to put his neck in the yoke. He succumbed, however, at last in spite of himself. In Paris he had pined and been sick. Mme d'Epinay, a *fausse grand'dame*, built him a retreat on her estate some leagues from Paris. He hesitated, stipulated, accepted and was lost. Having received favours, he must pay for them. The bear must dance at command. He chafed at it, and at last was rude, ungrateful even, and the lady turned him out. He had made enemies who never forgave him.

But this sojourn at the Hermitage contained another episode of even greater significance to him. His departure from Paris had been marked by what one biographer calls a period of erotomania. He was now forty-seven—the great climacteric. He was haunted by visions of nymphs and sylphs. Perhaps as an "escape" he began to compose a novel, a love idyll between himself and the unknown goddess. In the midst of this the goddess arrived, Mme. d'Houdetot, a cousin of Mme. d'Epinay, sprightly, amiable, cross-eyed, a coquette and already provided with a lover to whom she was faithful, but willing to take long rambles through the woods with Rousseau,

to listen to his torrent of infatuated eloquence, to let him pour his tears over her hand. It was Rousseau's one real love, as fatuous as futile, but it gave reality to *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. The lover finally intervened. There were mutual expressions of esteem, great talk of innocence, and Rousseau, going back to his novel in the serener atmosphere of Mont-Louis, gave it a virtuous twist which has made it unique. In his novel the lovers are parted by a stern parent. Julie, penitent at her mother's death, which her own conduct has brought about, married at her father's dictate. St. Preux befriended by an English Milord Bompston—he lives up to his name—goes around the world with Anson. On his return he is summoned by Julie—it is her husband's desire—to live under their roof and be the tutor of her children. He will learn virtue by facing facts, by a life of diligence amid living examples of virtue and innocence. St. Preux consents and the experiment is justified. Once on the lake in a boat the lovers' feelings are sorely strained, but virtue triumphs in the end. Julie dies in the odour of sanctity, leaving her love to St. Preux, her affection to her husband.

Rousseau read this story to Thérèse and her mother who said at intervals, "*Monsieur tout cela est très beau.*" We do not know what Thérèse said but she was fairly active behind the scenes when the Houdetot episode was on. He copied one version on superfine paper for Mme. de Houdetot, who paid him for it. He also read it to the Duchess of Luxembourg, to whose neighbourhood he had now emigrated.

It was here under the Luxembourg park wall that he had his most fruitful years, the years that produced not only his novel but *Emile* and the *Social Contract*. He made his conditions with the Luxembourg family. He read to the Duchess in the morning. He only visited them in the evening when there was no company. The Duke treated him in a simple and kindly way. Rousseau shed tears at the thought of it. Indeed

this democrat at times entertained very distinguished company, Thérèse giving them strawberries and cream in the garden. To redress the balance he used to sup with the miller Pilon.

Then the scene suddenly darkened. The *Emile* was condemned and Jean-Jacques had to fly. It was condemned not only in France but in Switzerland, and Rousseau went on his English journey. Here his mind broke down. Hume, his host, was suspected of treachery. He came back to France his mind steadily darkening, obsessed by the fear of a universal persecution. He was in reality quite safe. He botanized in the environs of Paris, copied music for his living. At last he consented to take a shelter offered him by a kindly Marquis, and there, eight years after his return from England, the end came from a lesion of the brain. "Lift me up," he said to Thérèse. "Open the window that I may see the green. Why do you weep? I have always prayed that I may die thus. Look, the sky is clear and radiant. Heaven is opening before me and God awaits me there." Thus with characteristic piety, and one might add complacency, Jean-Jacques died.

While M. Maritain has dealt out all round condemnation, for Professor Hendel Jean-Jacques is, if not a saint, at least a worthy. Some of the spots that stain his robe have already been indicated. I would suggest that in spite of M. Maritain's reflections, Rousseau still made an all important contribution to thought and progress. For the latter he can have no part in advancing the Kingdom of God because he has no part in that kingdom. His heresies show that he is marching in the wrong direction. The condemnation of his heresies, both in sacred and secular matters, is general enough. From all quarters, from Morley to Brunetière his flaws are unerringly exposed. But something still remains and one might have expected in M. Maritain's treatment of his subject a little more *largueur*, one might almost say a little more charity.

If one makes an attempt at an appraisal of the thought and purpose, the words and deeds of Rousseau—though space is lacking here for any examination of his works—two points emerge. The first is that while essentially a man of his time, he was also a man who stepped out ahead of his time. His contribution as a systematic thinker whether in education or religion or politics is always faulty and imperfect, and yet he both brings new ideas and a new viewpoint and approach to whatever he touches. The *Emile* is riddled with inconsistencies and absurdities, and yet contains the germ of invaluable truth. The *Profession of Faith* no apologist of Christianity would look at for a moment, and yet in a world of the dreariest materialism the great prophet of the day professes himself a believer, although the evasiveness of his words make it doubtful if he can be called a Christian. The *Social Contract* breaks down more and more as Jean-Jacques tried to elaborate it. At the end it needs to be rewritten in the light of what the author has now learned of his subject. And yet it lives by its original ideas cast in phrases that wave like banners. The ‘sovereignty of the people’, what does it matter if that sovereignty has no real title-deeds, when it is the sole condition that a people free and adult will accept? ‘Man was born free, and he is everywhere in chains’. Who at any time before was able to express a whole political theory in one burning phrase?

The second point is his reintroduction into literature of what Pascal calls the detestable ‘*Moi*’, and here the one important thing is the degree of his sincerity. Here Taine has a luminous phrase when he says that Rousseau ‘*prenait ses résolutions pour des actes et le rôle qu’il se donnait pour le caractère qu’il croyait avoir.*’ Though this is quite true, yet in his writings, where the individual wishes to deceive, the artist redresses the balance and we know him in spite of himself. How to account for this dual identity. In France Rousseau was the first pure creative force for well nigh a century and

the creative force does not quite know how to expend itself. He concerns himself with the abstract discussions of the day—religion, education, politics—and his performances, as at the Lausanne concert, are not perfect and often genius has to seek to cover up professional deficiencies. But as at the Lausanne fiasco there was, so he says, one air which charmed all hearts, so there is one motif in his writings which gives harmony and conviction to the whole. It is when he brings himself into the picture, when he sees the problem through the spectrum of his own nature. When he speaks of his imagination, as he does in referring to those lost leaves of the *Confessions*, he means rather the complete sympathy which gave life to his descriptions and experiences of the past, but in the ensemble the great work of his imagination is where he isolates and detaches that part of himself and presents it as the representative man. It is in *L'Inégalité* that this first comes out. Are we to say that the bondage was not bitter, are we to say that the world is not hard? It is in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* that in a parable, a fiction, we have his most piercing cry. For all its absurdity and prurience it is as potent as Burns' *A man's a man for a' that*.

It is when he comes to his apologia, his confessions, that he seeks to identify himself with the victim of oppression, to justify himself by imputing his sins to society and make his character fit his selected rôle, and it is here that the strain is apparent. That he is not quite satisfied is clear from the sequel *Jean-Jacques jugé par lui-même*.

There is the material here for a great spiritual autobiography and such indeed are the *Confessions*. But here again comes in the clash of his dual nature, the artist and the individual. "You shall see here," he tells his readers, "the truth told more fully than it was ever told before. At the end who can say I was a better man than Jean-Jacques?" But who is the man that makes this confident boast? A man who does

not know himself. A man in whom there has always been a conflict between the real and the imaginary. A man who has been exposed to sickness and strain and has been saddled with a conscience never quite clear. He might, he says, have settled down to a quiet life as a village craftsman, have married a country girl and been happy and 'virtuous'. But the urge was irresistible to be himself and he broke under the strain. He is the victim of the artistic temperament which means finally that in the struggle between the individual and the artist the mind or genius can only develop at the expense of the character. There is not enough vitality to go round and the artist triumphs at the expense of the man.

This is why you have in his confessions what might be called hypocrisy, but which is really self-dramatization, the pose which the artist imposes on the individual which yet he betrays in the written word. A feature of this is the reform which takes so long to materialize, symbolical of which again is the boasted independence, so long a pose, which can only be maintained on condition of Thérèse receiving presents at the back door. Even in his dealings with Lord Keith there is still a touch of this. The same inconsistency overflows into his novel. St. Preux may be a hero, but he starts off as an utter cad. Yet Lord Bompston of glorious memory, though he must have been conscious of the cad, befriended and was sorry for St. Preux. So Rousseau too wins our sympathy. We see in him a type we know so well, something of La Fontaine or Goldsmith, how much more of Burns! We read the *Confessions* and are conscious first of a spoiled and irresponsible child. We are amazed how much he carried these qualities on into manhood. We wince at some foulness or some falsehood so glibly told. As we read we realize that youth has slipped away, that Jean-Jacques, though he has never grown up, is no longer young, that he is constantly ailing, that hypochondria and a want of mental balance are

beginning to reveal themselves, that though many in all walks of life love him and show him kindness he talks constantly of his enemies, that the word 'virtue' is almost an obsession for he knows it is something he has lost, and for all his talk of virtue there move beside him two ugly figures he will never shake off. We come to the last phase when he is worn out with the strain of creative effort, with persecution and disease—it is now he says that children shun the old because they are so ugly. We read the pages of his last apologia, with its patches of sunset glory showing out amid the ominous black clouds of a mind that is plunging into darkness, and at the end it is impossible not to judge him with all the charity we possess.

"Who is a saint if my husband is not?" said Thérèse. Saint indeed he is not, but rather sinner who all along has kicked against the pricks, but how in his own heart he has read the hearts of men! What power that changed all the after current of events and of thought! Supposing that we ask if there is one righteous man whom he has helped to form? What if that man be Tolstoi, who revered him, and said that he too knew all the temptations and errors of Jean-Jacques!

THE CASE FOR THE ALABAMA

BY R. I. LOVELL

THE Confederate States ship *Alabama*, known at the time more modestly as the 290, set out from the Mersey, ostensibly for a trial run, on 1st August, 1862; and sailed into the stormy seas of Anglo-American controversy. A small wooden screw-steamer, about 1,000 tons, she was, for those days, unusually fast when using her engines in pursuit of an enemy. And before she was sunk by the U. S. S. *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg, 19th June, 1864, she had destroyed ninety-six American vessels. For the damage thus done by her, and certain other cruisers of minor importance, a tribunal of international arbitration at Geneva in September, 1872, condemned the British government to pay \$15,500,000.

This verdict gave the United States only about one-third of their "direct claims" for damage done. But it failed to please British electors; and Gladstone, the statesman chiefly responsible, was replaced by Disraeli in February, 1874. To Gladstone, however, three millions seemed well worth paying for the removal of American enmity—to say nothing of the danger of American *Alabamas* in future British wars.

Before the arbitration it was clearly on the cards that the United States might seize a good opportunity to invade Canada: a possibility which had something to do with the achievement of Federation in 1867. To meet the American menace, Lord Palmerston, in the summer of 1865, had arranged an Anglo-French naval demonstration in the Channel: a "preliminary defensive alliance". Lord Clarendon, however, a milder man, did not accept Napoleon III's proposal for an Anglo-French alliance "in case of hostilities provoked by the United States". But he did envisage the possibility of

Canada's being seized "as a material guarantee for a payment of the Alabama affair"; and, if Canada resisted, England must defend her as a point of "honour". Lords Stanley and Derby were likewise preoccupied; and, in Queen Victoria's *Letters* there is evidence that the non-intervention policy of the Derby-Disraeli ministry in the Austro-German War and in Luxembourg affair of 1867, was based in part on fear of American action if England became involved in a European war. This fear also helped to delay British insistence on the independence of Belgium until Gladstone was forced by the publication of the Benedetti treaty to make his treaties of 1870 with France and Prussia two weeks after their war had begun. It seems clear, moreover, that, but for the Anglo-American settlement of 1872, Lord Beaconsfield could never have undertaken the spirited near-eastern policy which secured him "peace with honour" at the Congress of Berlin.

Now the only politic attitude for an Englishman to take on the *Alabama* settlement is that which was taken by Sir Edward Grey in 1913, when he showed Ambassador Page the cancelled cheque for the three millions, framed and hung, as a warning, on the wall of a room in the Foreign Office. Since the turn of the century Anglo-American relations had been excellent. Owing to Page and Grey (and, as we now know, Lansing), they stood the strain of the years 1914-1917; and they might not have done but for the settlement of 1872. None the less, it is not quite clear to the impartial student that the Alabama verdict, however expedient it may have been, was absolutely just. It is here submitted that it was at least doubtful.

In the first place, it has already been shown, by Professor E. D. Adams of Stanford and other American scholars, that the alleged "veiled hostility" of Palmerston's government towards the North was at least grossly exaggerated. Their proclamation of neutrality on 13th May, 1861, with its alleged

premature recognition of Confederate belligerency, was preceded by Secretary Seward's description of the rebellion as "Civil War"; and the view that it gave the South a fillip without which they would have soon surrendered is unhistorical. As to the *Trent* incident, in November, it is now universally admitted that the United States—(or rather Captain Wilkes, who acted without instructions in seizing Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Confederate commissioners, on a British mail-ship proceeding from one neutral port to another)—had not a legal leg to stand on. It is less well known, but perhaps more significant, that Palmerston sought to prevent an incident from arising. And, finally, whereas the recognition of Confederate independence, suggested by him, Gladstone and Lord John Russell in September, 1862, was a much more serious matter, it was scarcely an overt act. For the suggestion was overruled by the cabinet after Antietam; a French offer of joint intervention, received on 30th October, was turned down; and following the proclamation of emancipation (which made the existence of slavery a war-issue) public opinion in England made support of the South impossible. But the case of the *Alabama*, and the other vessels built in England, was a different matter. And there is a case for the *Alabama* which is also worth submitting at the bar of history.

The ship, which was built by the Lairds of Birkenhead for and under the supervision of a Confederate agent, was allowed to sail owing, ultimately, to the failure of the British Foreign Secretary, Lord John Russell, to act in time on representations from the American Minister, Charles Francis Adams. Adams's first plea, put in on 23rd June, five weeks in advance, was rejected on the advice of the Law Officers of the Crown. But on 21st and 23rd July the Minister produced further evidence, backed by the opinion of Counsel, that the 290 was about to commit a breach of the British Foreign Enlistment Act. The papers were now submitted to the

Queen's Advocate, Sir John Harding; and action delayed owing to Harding's suffering a sudden nervous breakdown. Lord Russell then took further legal advice; and, under further pressure from Adams, finally sent orders by telegraph to stop the ship. His orders were not executed before she had escaped beyond the three mile limit.

The delay, however caused, cost the British taxpayer three million pounds; and this because it involved either a breach of the British Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819 to the advantage of the Confederate States, or a breach of International Law. The case for the *Alabama* must be considered under both heads.

Sir William Harcourt, then probably the leading British authority friendly to the North, declared the first count true, though the idea that the *Alabama* had committed a breach of International Law was "nonsense". Lord John Russell apparently disagreed, when he wrote that the case was "a scandal and reproach to British law", implying, apparently, that the Act was so badly drawn as to permit the ship to sail through it. Presumably he meant that the intent of the legislators of 1819 was frustrated by their words, which did not permit him to carry out the obligations of neutrality. Admitting his responsibility, he did not admit that he was at fault in the matter. However that may be, it seems clear that according to British law as interpreted by the highest authority, Russell had no legal authority to act as he attempted to act too late. The decision was given by the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in April, 1863, in the case of the *Alexandra*, which was acquitted after government did arrest her. Condemnation under the Act, it was ruled, required proof that the ship was both "furnished, fitted out, *armed*, and equipped" within British jurisdiction, and "intended to commit hostilities against a foreign government". And the *Alexandra*, like the *Alabama*, was not armed in the sense of carrying arms. It is, of course, arguable that the latter ship was constructively armed by her

speed alone. Apparently Russell argued along this line when, in 1864, he prevented the sailing of the Laird "rams" which were built in Liverpool to break the Federal blockade of the Southern ports. The Laird "rams", presumably, were considered to be armed by the mere shape of their bows, even if they did not carry a single cutlass. But for these rather far-fetched arguments there is no judicial authority; in fact the British government was finally forced to purchase the Laird "rams" at the expense of the taxpayer.

It may be objected that the *Alexandra* judgment, and its use here retrospectively to justify the *Alabama*, is special pleading on a technical point. Not at all. Intent is always difficult to prove legally; and it would be equally difficult to prove that the *Alabama* was in fact furnished, fitted out, or equipped to destroy northern ships when she left Liverpool. In his book, the Confederate agent responsible for her, Captain Bulloch, states that he sought legal advice, and took every care not to violate the British act. His or the Lairds' offence was not the arming and fitting out of the *Alabama* in British territory, but the mere building of her. But was this illegal—was it any more unneutral in spirit than the manufacture in England of the thousands of rifles which, with their ammunition, were sent to the North during the Civil War, but not to the South, because the North had the stronger navy? If pressed, the Lairds would doubtless have answered that they built the *Alabama* to sell, in complete indifference as to what use her buyers subsequently made of her. And while the crew of the *Alabama* were mostly British subjects, so, for that matter, were the many Irishmen who fought in the G.A.R.—some of them, doubtless, using rifles and ammunition made in England. In peace time, it is notorious to-day, war-ships as well as war-weapons are built and exported as a matter of course by manufacturers in countries equipped to produce them. And the legal assumption (often falsified in fact, no doubt) is that munition-makers have no responsibility for the

wars which create the market for their wares; even if (as has happened on occasion) the weapons they make are used against their own countrymen. If they are legally acquitted of all responsibility—and even assisted to collect royalties—there seems no good reason why unproved intent, conspiracy, responsibility or hostility should be imputed to the Lairds.

As to the International Law of the *Alabama* affair, nothing was proved, judicially or otherwise, by the Geneva arbitration. For, in 1872, the case was judged not according to the International Law prevailing at the time it arose. It was judged by the famous “three rules” created *ad hoc*. These rules the two Powers agreed to regard as binding between them; they also agreed to recommend their adoption to other Powers, though they were not in fact adopted. They declared, *inter alia*, that a neutral government was bound to use “due diligence” to prevent the arming, fitting out or equipping in its jurisdiction of any vessel which, it had *reasonable ground to believe*, intended to carry on war, such vessel having been *specially adapted, in whole or in part*, to warlike use. Clearly these phrases covered the *Alabama*, as the British realized in advance; they had already expressed regret, whatever the circumstances, for the departure of the vessel. And the arbitration really turned upon the interpretation of the words “due diligence” (and inferentially “reasonable ground to believe”) used in the three rules. The British contended that “due diligence” could not be expected to exceed that used by civilized states in matters concerning their own or their citizens’ security. But the tribunal (which had three Latins—an Italian, a Swiss, and a Brazilian—as well as the British and American members) apparently decided otherwise. The standard they apparently adopted was that claimed by the United States: diligence commensurate with the nature of the emergency, or with the magnitude of the results of neglect.

Now without impeaching the tribunal’s judgment, the impartial student of history may give more weight than its

members did both to the Whig complexion of Palmerston's cabinet, and to the fact that the destruction wrought by the *Alabama* was much greater than had been expected in 1862. It was due to this, obviously, that the British government, first, stopped the *Alexandra* and then accepted the three rules of 1872. But this acceptance is irrelevant to the question whether those rules, or their substance, were or were not International Law ten years previously.

That question the writer has never seen answered. He is not prepared, or qualified, to answer it. But he submits an analogy which may be relevant. International Law, it is suggested, was no more prepared in 1862 to cope with the screw-steamship *Alabama* than it was prepared, in 1914, to cope with the submarine; both being essentially new departures in shipbuilding. The law in 1914, or 1917, when the United States declared war on the Germans ostensibly to defend it, was roughly as follows: merchant ships, neutral or belligerent, must be stopped, searched, and, if suspected of carrying contraband, escorted to port for condemnation by a Prize Court. They could be sunk only for resisting such process. But, in practice, submarines were unable to follow it, since belligerent merchantmen would ram or otherwise sink the submarines. Hence the submarines sank without warning; and there is no question that the loss of American lives on belligerent ships like the *Lusitania* and the *Sussex*, the former carrying contraband, contributed heavily to the American declaration of war.

Since 1917 International Law in the premises has not, to the writer's knowledge, been changed. Nor has the submarine been abolished. In any future war it will, without doubt, be used as it was used by the Germans in 1917, to sink enemy ships, at least, without warning. But now, in 1935, the United States by law and Presidential proclamation withdraws its protection from American citizens travelling on the ships of a belligerent. This means either that the International Law

vindicated in 1917 has been changed since, or that the United States now neglects its duty to enforce this law. And it can not be denied that the belligerent stronger at sea will suffer, since its ships will lose passengers and freight, as American ships lost both after 1862. Many of them were transferred to British registry, owing to the *Alabama*, the losses incidentally being included in the "indirect claims". The analogy must not be pressed too far; it is not exact, and it is almost paradoxical. But it does at least indicate that International Law may be changed by the action or inaction of an individual state. Laws cease to be laws when they are not enforced consistently; enforcement depends upon circumstances; non-enforcement indicates non-existence.

As to the Geneva arbitration, few people to-day would quarrel with Morley's verdict that it was the most notable victory in the nineteenth century of the noble art of preventive diplomacy. The fine imposed on Great Britain was, as Gladstone wrote, dust in the balance compared with the moral value of the example set. The fact, if as here implied it was a fact, that in accepting the three rules at Geneva, England was condemning herself *ex post facto* in order to change as well as define International Law in her own interest, does not stultify her example. But unfortunately in doing this she invited the revival in the American case of charges of "veiled hostility" which the verdict seemed to substantiate, despite its limitations. True, American historians have gone far to acquit England of "veiled hostility" to the North, as they are learning to acquit their Southern brethren of treason and rebellion. Criminal negligence may be a less serious charge. Perhaps, as Lord Russell contended, it affected the national honour of the defendant. In any case, it is here submitted, the charge is at least not proven. In the interests of truth and justice, and of Anglo-American understanding no less, it seems worth while to reconsider the case for the *Alabama* for what that case may be worth.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

I

THE FEDERAL ELECTION: MR. KING

The expected happened on Monday, October 14th, when four of the six millions of voters of Canada registered their franchises and gave an unequivocal mandate to the Liberal party in the government of the country for the next five years. Indeed, never in our history have the people spoken with so peremptory an accent. Those who expound public movements in terms of military jargon outdid themselves in their desire to make a sanguinary war out of what may be regarded as a council of the nation met to determine a sane method of conducting its affairs. According to them the campaign was conducted with vigour, at times with ruthlessness; there were frontal attacks, flank movements; forces marched on to victory or went down to defeat; leaders formed a well organized front, or else retreated before determined attack.

At any rate when the smoke of battle had cleared and the contestants had consolidated their positions, it was found that Mr. King had an immense majority of members of the House of Commons pledged to uphold his standard. The triumph and the defeat were nation-wide. The provinces were for once almost in agreement.

At the present moment the standing of the various parties is: Liberals, 177; Conservatives, 39; Social Credit, 17; other parties, including four with one member each, 12; total, 245.

This gives Mr. King and the Liberal party an unprecedented predominance over all those who might wish to dispute their decrees. Mr. King may well be proud of the almost absolute power the people of Canada have placed in his hands;

none the less must he feel the magnitude of his responsibility to them. Nay, even be appalled by it, competent as he is to bear it, by reason of his long, arduous experience of public service, his faithful performance of his duties as a member of parliament and his two former terms in the premiership. It is not too much to say that he is the symbol of the fervent hope of us all after these six endless hopeless years of distress.

The main thing that stands out in the result of the recent polling is the check that has been put upon those who wished to make a raid upon the savings of the people, of those who attacked our banking system, our institutions whose aim is to inculcate thrift, our methods of carrying on business; those who assailed orderly organized government; and those who were unduly solicitous for the welfare of the unthrifty, the incompetent, and the antisocial. The event may be regarded as a strong condemnation of extravagance in the extension of public services; of the growing trend towards paternalism and the decided advance in the direction of socialism.

Canada is and must be a land of capitalists. Woe to him who has made no provision for the rigour of our winter, so deadly, yet so salutary, so conducive of industry. The term capitalist includes the farmer who has conserved and used his one precious commodity, manure; his wife who has added if only one hen to her flock, the school teacher with his life insurance policy, or, perhaps, her life insurance policy, the clerk who has achieved his dream of a car, or the labourer at long last with the facilities for listening in. The big business men, as well as the small merchants, the banker and the baker, are all playing the same game, not the game of beggar my neighbour, but of living at peace with him in a spirit of severe but amicable rivalry.

The overturn of the conservative government was due, not so much to the discontent of the half-million of the unemployed, but rather to the instinct of self-preservation in the

rest of the population, more than twenty times that number, who were forever footing the bill. This solid nucleus of industry and thrift became more and more perplexed, even appalled by the steadily increasing increase of our public debt. In the ten years, 1923-1933, the debenture debts of the provinces increased by 650 millions or 96 per cent, even greater than the relative increase for the Dominion which increased its borrowings by 417 millions.

In 1928 the Dominion taxes were 12 per cent of the national income, the expenditure 14.2 per cent. In 1933 the taxes had risen to 20 per cent and the expenditure to 31 per cent of the national income. Up to the end of 1914 an average of 10 millions a year represented the Dominion borrowings; in the last six years this has risen spectacularly to the startling average of 120 millions a year. The incubus of the railway deficits and the grants for unemployment relief were responsible mainly for this vast increase in public debt, which must lead inevitably, in the judgement of the electorate, to national bankruptcy, and a condition of servitude intolerable to a proud and self-reliant people.

But Canada really has vast national resources, exaggerated as they have been by our hopeful orators and writers. She has resources no less valuable in the industry and self-reliance of her people. It has been plainly demonstrated in the polling of last month that there are only a few of us who sincerely think that good times can be restored by the spending of public money, or by the bad magic of unlimited credit, rather than by the beneficent alchemy of hard work and individual self help: which alone can transform the crudity and drudgery of labour into the bright gold of satisfied aspirations.

It would be as great a folly to include in our natural resources the gold and silver and other minerals assumed to be hidden in the ground, as to boast of the uncaught codfish in the seas surrounding our coasts, or the wild geese flying in the

air above our territory, or even the potential potatoes or imaginary wheat or problematical fuel implicit in our soil. Too much boast has already been made of these. But let a few figures of actual achievement be noted. Regard the 4,700,000 depositors of money in the chartered banks with an aggregate of more than 2,500 millions of dollars; note the 50,000 shareholders with an average of less than 30 shares each, or consider savings deposits in chartered banks of 1,372 millions, in Post Office Savings of 23 millions, in trust and loan companies of 24 millions, to say nothing of nearly 67 millions in the Montreal City and District Savings Bank. There were 530 millions worth of bonds sold in Canada in 1934. Then there are 6,551 millions of life insurance in force, the number of policies amounting to 60 per cent of the population. It is true, nevertheless, that whereas in 1929 loans were made up to 41 per cent of the cash value of these policies, this figure had risen in 1932 to 59 per cent. Yet here is a safe reservoir whose level rises and falls according as times are good or bad. It would be a pity if this reserve should be drawn off for the payment of oppressive taxes, or in useless public expenditure. The margin is a narrow one between comfort and misery. All in all, Canada may be said to occupy a favourable place in the recovery which is now definitely established. Prosperity is no longer round the corner as it was so dolefully reiterated during the past five years. It is at our doors. For there is now no doubt that business activity is slowly but steadily increasing; there is a spirit of hope animating all minds afresh; our youth are beginning to dream dreams of a not far distant state of economic security, with possibilities of founding homes for themselves and taking their place in the complex, colourful fabric of our social life.

Those who may desire to inform themselves more intimately of Mr. King's life and work and personality would do well to read the recent biography by Professor Rogers,

formerly of Queen's University, now Hon. Norman Rogers, Minister of Labour in the new cabinet. The book gives a fair and full account of the life of the Prime Minister, his early struggles, his progress, his devotion to the public service, his defeats and successes. There it would seem as if the author were endowed with the gift of prophesy no less than animated with a whole-hearted devotion to the ideals of his chief. For the rest, the daily and the periodical press have not failed to make all who read familiar with the main facts of Mr. King's career. There we see him clearly, going on in his unhurried, persistent, patient way, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, almost as if he were the visible symbol of a geological or even cosmic force, to his present elevation, as if he believed in the star of his destiny, and followed its guidance with full faith and confidence. His ambition was never failing. Now that he has achieved his goal, he will create new goals for himself, which, one may rightly surmise, will be more and more unrelated to his personal fortunes and more and more concerned with the welfare of his fellow-countrymen.

Indeed his power for good or ill, great as it is, must be confined within definite and somewhat narrow limits. For Canada is a country of most heterogeneous composition and of most varied interests, and the wonder is, not that the unnatural union of the provinces works so well, but that it endures at all. This condition requires delicate yet resolute statesmanship. If Mr. King in his campaign made any promises at all to prevail against the various fine new heavens and new earths of every one of his opponents, they were promises of economy and recovery rather than of reform. Yet his first act was to issue a loan of 75 millions, adding three millions a year to the national expenditure. The loan was in three days thrice over-subscribed and Mr. Dunning's apology was everywhere applauded. His next act, the spectacular treaty with the United States, languishing in cold obstruction

since the Liberal debacle in 1911, brought only half-hearted opposition from the potato growers and fishermen of the Maritime provinces, the pulpwood industry of Quebec, the manufacturers of Quebec and Ontario, and the timber interests of British Columbia. The alleviation of from five to ten per cent in customs duties seems to pursue a middle way between the economic and cultural domination of the United States, and the exigencies and benefits of the British preference. Yet it will no doubt be a salutary lesson to what is called big business to induce them to draw in their horns, and to our industries, fostered for half a century, that the act of weaning, though grievous for the moment, may yet be beneficial, and may bring its own compensation in the fact of some competition with the rest of the world.

Now the rest of the acts that Mr. King may do, are they not written in the hidden chronicles of the future? His promised conferences with the provincial governments may prove to be a unifying influence in Canadian polity; his enquiry into the causes and the alleviation of unemployment will doubtless effect a saving in public relief which is at present well-nigh unbearable, and whatever action he may decide to take in that gravest of all our many exigent problems, the problem of our railway deficits, will be looked for by the whole country with the most breathless anxiety. No one doubts that this Herculean labour will be undertaken by Mr. King and his vigorous young associates with all the skill and wisdom at their command, and he will earn our sincere gratitude if in the next five years he shall have made even a beginning in the liquidation of this ever more benumbing incubus.

It is by no chance turn of the wheel of fortune that the Liberal party, led by Mr. King through many reverses, now occupies its position of supremacy. The event is due to long years of planning, to a realization of the needs of the country, to vigorous organization in every constituency down to the

minutest detail. As was forecast already in these pages three months ago the result was already foreordained. On the contrary, Mr. Bennett's record of five years was so good that he appeared to need no organization, and now there is a new King in Canada.

It is always pleasant and sometimes profitable to observe the efforts of any man's lifetime crowned with success, and one is apt to speculate upon the qualities of mind which contributed to that success. Mr. King's devotion to his cause, his patience, his industry, his singleness of purpose have already been noted here; but one may never ignore his engaging qualities, his charm of manner, and his power to draw, if not all men, yet a sufficient majority of them to him. Those who know him speak of his boyishness, his alertness of mind, his willingness to listen, and to keep the ball of conversation rolling. His susceptibility to noble emotion, his love of literature and art, and above all his loyalty to his relatives and friends are well known. It is hard to observe in him any of that ruthlessness so common in men who have had to make their way against all but insuperable obstacles. He has not seldom been underestimated by his opponents, and often not correctly appreciated even by his friends who might mistake courtesy for smoothness, intelligence for cleverness, or good nature for insincerity.

Secure in his knowledge of the world and of his own resources, strengthened by his reverses, wearing his 61 years with all his debonair charm of thirty years ago, he is certain to appreciate the intractable qualities of the human being, and the Canadian in particular and will place a mild restraint on any young reformers among his associates and guide the nation with an imperceptible rein. In a sense he will model himself upon King Log rather than upon King Stork.

A. M.

II

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

The British general election resulted, as was anticipated, in a majority for the "National" Government. The majority was, indeed, larger than had been predicted. In part this may have been due to a popular swing back to the support of the government, but in greater part it was due to the division of votes in particular constituencies, for, while the government majority in the House of Commons is large, its popular majority was comparatively slight. The government clearly has a verdict to go forward, but it is confronted with an opposition of larger numbers and greater talent.

A Labour victory was not anticipated by anyone; indeed, among the Labour party themselves it was not wanted. It is there admitted that at present the party lacks experienced leadership and men of Cabinet calibre. The party organizers are content to wait for another election and to use the interval in building up the quality of their representation. It is recognized in the party, also, that there is a real lack of agreement on policy. It is generally agreed that the next Labour Government must not attempt, as did the Labour Government in 1929, to be more orthodox than the most orthodox Conservative, except in the matter of expending public funds. Up to the present the only clear-cut Labour policy is the blunt Socialist proposals of Sir Stafford Cripps, which the majority of the party are unwilling to accept.

The election marks the end of the great Liberal party. Sir Herbert Samuel was defeated and his following almost wiped out. It is apparent that in the mind of the English electorate there is no room for a third party between the Left and the Right.

It is assumed that in a system of parliamentary government a general election furnishes a mandate for the successful party to carry out its programme. But in this, as in many cases, it is extremely difficult to decide for what programme the National Government has been given a mandate. There were before the electorate three outstanding issues, the government's programme for economic recovery, its policy of rearmament, and its League of Nations policy. Electoral results do not make it clear which of these policies has been endorsed.

Certainly during the past year the government's economic programme has been under serious fire. Admittedly business conditions within Britain have greatly improved and the country as a whole has returned to a degree of prosperity equalling that of 1929. The prosperity of 1929 was, however, a very modest instalment of economic welfare; government policies were subjected to strong attack because the recovery which had taken place had been confined in large part to the South and Midlands of England. In that area, due particularly to the strength of the building boom and the improvement in the motorcar industries, business activity had assumed the proportions of speculative boom. In other parts of the country, however, no great impression had been made on the stubborn mass of unemployment. In South Wales, on the Tyne, in Cumberland, in Scotland, and in Lancashire, industries still remain depressed. Not only opposition critics, but the younger members of the Conservative party, asserted vehemently that on this problem the government had no policy at all. When Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons that the government's policy on unemployment was to continue as it has been doing, it was Mr. Boothby, one of the abler of the young Conservative members, who replied that the government was "in a perfect trance of self-satisfaction and complacency". It was only as the election drew nearer that

Mr. Chamberlain was moved by criticism to assent to some increase in expenditures on public works. A scheme of government aid in the electrification of railways was begun in the London area and some promise given that other suitable schemes would be considered. Public discussion on this problem led one to believe that, while the government was unlikely to be defeated, yet on its economic policy alone it was likely to encounter greatly reduced majorities.

But the economic programme was overshadowed as the election drew near by issues in the field of foreign affairs. Amazed and shocked by the rapidity and extent of German rearmament, the government committed itself to extensive programmes of naval and air rearmament. Adroitly it was able to argue that a programme of rearmament and support of the League of Nations had a logical unity, since the League could only function effectively if its supporters were strong. Continental observers will probably note a characteristically British situation in which the government, criticized from the Left because of its reluctance to make expenditure for improving employment and assaulted from the Right for its failure to maintain British defences, is able to bring Right and Left together by a policy of rearmament and, through the naval part of the programme, confer particular benefits upon Tyneside, one of the worst of the depressed areas. Had Disraeli been responsible for the feat, he would have been convicted of duplicity, but Mr. Baldwin is above suspicion.

Undoubtedly the government added to its strength by the policy which it has pursued in support of the League of Nations. The opposition could not object to the policy, but were restricted to insisting that had the government adopted at the beginning of the year the policy at which it arrived only late in the summer, the most serious phases of the present situation could have been avoided. They pointed out, quite rightly, that the government which was represented at the

Stresa Conference had quite a different policy from that of the government of October.

It is quite true that a sharp change in the policy of the British government occurred in April. Having accepted up to that time the French view of the League of Nations as the institution maintaining the Treaty of Versailles, the government became aware of a strong section of public opinion in Britain favourable to the active support of the League as an institution for the maintenance of peace. The peace ballot, which the government had despised and opposed at the end of 1934, was not without its effect. In the main, however, the government itself and public opinion recoiled sharply from the position it had taken in joining the League condemnation of Germany's repudiation of the arms clauses of the Treaty. No sooner had the act been done than British opinion concluded that it was logical and legal but not sensible. The signing of the Anglo-German naval treaty a few weeks later completely astounded and dismayed the French and the Italians and, legally, it was a direct contradiction of the declarations at Stresa, but to the British public it appealed as a commonsense support of peace rather than of the treaty, and that section of the government which was advocating British leadership in the League received an important accession of strength.

In the Italian-Ethiopian dispute the British government again found itself able to rely on the support of quite opposing wings of public opinion. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are strange bedfellows, but Mr. Churchill liked the show of naval strength in the Mediterranean and the prompt action to protect the traditional imperial positions, and Mr. Eden gained strength in his fight to achieve League action.

The supporters of the government, which is now, with the defeat of Mr. MacDonald, a Conservative government, are a curious medley, and it is with the greatest interest that the

progress of its policies will be watched. If its Left Wing can make its influence felt, the more active economic policy and the strong support of the League of Nations will be pushed forward, while if the Right Wing can dominate the government will compromise with Italy; having secured its imperial interests, it will endeavour to save the face of the League and will concentrate on its policy of rearmament.

W. A. M.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

MUSIC

FASHION AND FEUD

Music Ho! A Study of Music in Decline. By Constant Lambert.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

Charles Villiers Stanford. By Harry Plunket Greene. Toronto:
Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.00.

Mr. Lambert has written a really bright book. He has a great advantage over most writers on musical subjects: he is as well informed in literature and art as in his own field, and so writes understandingly of creative effort as a whole in its relation to the spirit of modern times; his style is telling; he is witty; he has the gift of going to the heart of his subject without technical terms; he never wails for things as they ought to be, he simply tells us in good, lively prose what they are. He takes up in turn the influence of pre-war pioneers, notably Debussy, the post-war cult of *pastiche*, the relation of nationalism and music, and the effects of mechanical diffusion. Concluding with a survey of the future of music, he opines that the idiom of Sibelius is the most fruitful for further development. The design of the book is to show that modern tendencies have led composers into an *impasse*, and to suggest a way out.

Many readers who perhaps will not follow the close argument throughout, will yet be delighted with the stimulating ideas to be found almost on every page. Some will be surprised to learn that the peak of modernity in music is past, that Schönberg's *Erwartung*, finished in 1909, marks the furthest advance so far in method. Not the least valuable passages in the book are those that define the aims of modern composers, and the effects they produce. The average man, listening to music in the current idiom, should give up "all attempt to follow it as form", and would do well to relapse "into a purely passive state in which the strange colours and rhythms were allowed to make a direct appeal to his nerves". "Impressionist music provides a parallel to impressionist painting in its emphasis on atmosphere and colour, and its comparative neglect of construction and formal balance." There is a skilfully drawn comparison between the sailors' choruses in Wagner's *Tristan* and Debussy's *Pelléas* and *Mélisande*. Wagner's music does not appeal to the ear alone, but is filled with emotional and intellectual implications, and has an organic function in the structure of the opera. Not so Debussy's. His music is not an "emotional argument". "The sound does not provoke an intel-

lectual reaction like a bell calling us to church or a hooter calling us to work. It impinges on our sense like an image in a dream." Music to-day does not aim at the large design; it "has become a matter of 'sonorities', and anyone who can produce a brightly coloured brick of unusual shape is henceforth hailed as an architect."

The chapter entitled "Abstraction in Music" is of very great interest. Mr. Lambert protests against the view that the great music of the eighteenth century was abstract. "Emotional and romantic expression in music is not a late and decadent excrescence, but a natural tradition, that only became temporarily eclipsed in a few minor eighteenth-century works." Apart from this historical question, his whole discussion of abstraction is most illuminating. The section on nationalism and music is fully as valuable. There is a deep cleavage between the cultivated music of the intelligentsia and the natural expression of the people. The struggle between form and nationalism is symbolized "by the contrast between the sonata and the fugue on the one hand, types of aristocratic, international and intellectual expression, and the folk song and folk dance on the other, types of popular, national and instinctive expression". The "arty" cult of folk song is scornfully dismissed as "unbearably precious and unbearably hearty". Nationality in music is probably a thing of the past: we are all so much alike, and individualism is so much on the wane. The chapter on the spirit of jazz has an ingenious proof that modern dance music is directly descended from the hymns of John Bacchus Dykes and his followers, by way of the "juicy" harmony they popularized. There is also an amusing contrast between the jaunty popular song of pre-war days and the modern song, in which "it is taken for granted that one is poor, unsuccessful, and either sex-starved or unable to hold the affections of such partner as one may have had the luck to pick up. Even when the singer says that he has a woman crazy about him he hastens to point out that her attitude is clearly eccentric". There is a valuable section on the appalling popularity of music. It would be a mistake to infer that this is a flippant book. One should thank Heaven for a readable book on music, that is capable and scholarly as well. The reviewer may be forgiven for trying to break down the well-deserved prejudice against works on musical subjects. Too many of them are either cranky or pusillanimous. This one comes as a refreshing relief.

Mr. Greene, pupil and colleague of Stanford at the Royal College of Music, and an eminent singer, writes with affectionate understanding. It is the kind of memoir that might be expected from such a man. It smacks of the green room and the rehearsal platform. It takes us behind the scenes at concerts and festivals,

introduces us to great figures like Joachim, Parry, Elgar, Grove and Holst, and reveals some secrets of the Royal College. The reader (rather agreeably) catches a glimpse of jealousies and feuds. In his innocence he cannot always be sure what they are all about, nor why Stanford now and then stands in need of vindication. But as it turns out, neither were the principals themselves very sure why they were quarrelling. At any rate, Mr. Greene does not give the secret away. The book is not, of course, a biography. It is too much the work of a busy public man for that. In a busy way, we are introduced to Stanford the 'character'; we rarely see Stanford the man. He is described as being "first and last a family man", but we are much too busy with the next rehearsal ever to see him at home. The book is personal but not intimate. Mr. Greene, naturally, is very much at home in his chapter on the songs of Stanford. He writes well of them, and illustrates aptly. He makes us wish he could go one better—and sing them for us.

H. L. TRACY.

* * * * *

BIOGRAPHY

SAINT JOAN

Joan of Arc. By Milton Waldman. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1935. Pp. 331. \$4.00.

A new life of the Maid needs the justification of new treatment. This volume follows too closely the argument of Lang's *Maid of France* to claim that description. The author has collected carefully and arranged fairly neatly all that the ordinary sources tell us of Joan. He quite rightly deals fairly fully with the Trial, but here his conclusions seem open to doubt. Cauchon was a man of force and will but not of much finesse or acumen. (He would never have made d'Estivet prosecutor if he had been.) Nor was he acting on his own. He was a Bishop on the run, a member of the Council of the realm, the agent of Bedford—how else would he have been able to promise a prince's ransom as the price of the Maid. The Trial was a political trial masquerading as an ecclesiastical trial. As it was on the straight issue there was not an adequate majority of Assessors willing to condemn Joan, until they had the opinion of the University to relieve them of the responsibility.

Finally it might be said that to give a real estimate of the Maid you need to be some sort of a Christian. Even Shaw pretends to be such for the occasion. From internal evidence one would say Mr. Waldman was not. Thus some comprehension of what 'an established church' means would enable him to orientate himself more accurately.

These churchmen, including Cauchon, are Erastian to the core and even qua churchmen they are Conciliar in their views. They are ready to keep the Pope out of the question, and on the inspiration of Joan only the Pope could pronounce. Mr. Waldman speaks as if this matter could be settled at the Trial. The experts at the rehabilitation said otherwise, and Calixtus in authorizing the Re-trial declared that the Court had exceeded their powers.

W. M. CONACHER.

* * * * *

A GREAT NOVA SCOTIAN

Joseph Howe: A Study in Achievement and Frustration. By James A. Roy. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. xv+347. Illustrations. \$3.50.

Joseph Howe's is still a name to conjure with in Nova Scotia, and indeed his memory deserves to live for all Canadians. Journalist son of a loyalist printer, he became an advocate of reform and its most courageous and popular champion in securing Responsible Government for Nova Scotia. He rose to be provincial premier; he held imperial office as fisheries commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty; he sat eventually in the Dominion cabinet; and ended his career as lieutenant-governor of his native province. But like many a British North American of his day, he was troubled in spirit by the difficulty of reconciling diverse loyalties. Nova Scotia came first in his affections, but its welfare was for him indissolubly imperial. He dreamt largely of a transcontinental nationality, but when its realization approached he dreaded the cost to his province and the impairment of its British connection. Conscious of great abilities, and with an early reputation for remarkable achievement, he yet felt himself increasingly cramped and thwarted by the limitations of his colonial environment, and his greatest ambitions remained unsatisfied.

The time had come to subordinate the story of Howe's public career to an attempt to solve the riddle of the man. For that riddle has no small significance for Canadians who would understand their country and its complex mind. Professor Roy has succeeded in such an attempt. His thorough study of the first-hand evidence in Howe's own voluminous papers and other contemporary material, combined with his unbiased yet sympathetic approach, has enabled him to write a compact volume in which Howe the man stands clearly revealed. Readers who know Howe have here the means of knowing him better. Those not acquainted with him will find in this life their best introduction. Careful documentation and a detailed bibliography of "Howeiana" increase the student's obligation to the author.

REGINALD G. TROTTER.

HISTORY

PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY

Thomas More. By R. W. Chambers, Quain Professor of English in University College, London. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. 1935. Pp. 416. \$3.50.

The Lyfe of Sir Thomas Moore, Knyghte. By William Roper. Edited by Elsie Vaughan Hitchcock, Fellow of University College, London. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1935. Pp. li+142. \$3.00.

John Fisher and Thomas More: Two English Saints. By Richard Lawrence Smith. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1935. Pp. 308. \$1.75.

Queen Elizabeth and her Subjects. By A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and G. B. Harrison, Reader in English Literature in the University of London. Illustrated. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1935. Pp. 139. \$1.50.

The Great Tudors. Edited by Katherine Garvin. Toronto: Reginald Saunders. 1935. Pp. 658. \$3.50.

Edmund Campion. By Evelyn Waugh. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1935. Pp. 225. \$2.50.

The opening line of Henry VIII's madrigal may well provide a title for a review of these recent additions to the historical literature on the Tudor period, for all the books are companionable though laden with deep cargoes of learning.

The four hundredth anniversary of Thomas More's martyrdom has been marked by several excellent biographies but by none more impressive than that of Professor Chambers. His book is the fruit (all too rare in these days of feverish publication) of thirty years of research, and its wisdom and quiet prose make it at once an adornment to London scholarship and a contribution to the language. The fascination of their subject has seldom enabled the generations of scholars who have been attracted by it either to divest themselves of prejudice against the principles that More stood for, or to answer the dark riddle of the apparent antithesis between his professions and his acts. To many the enlightenment of *Utopia* could hardly be reconciled with the obscurantism that they seemed to discern in his public conduct, and even our greater historians, ready to adopt one who at first sight seemed to evince many of the characteristics of a nineteenth-century liberal, had reluctantly to discard him for remaining on closer scrutiny, obstinately a Catholic of the sixteenth century. Even the Catholic Acton damned More on an assumption from *Utopia*, but as Acton admitted, not one of More's fifteen biographers had worked from manuscripts. Professor Chambers is convincing because he has, and the bafflement of those who have

loved More without being able fully to understand him should now be dispelled. For Professor Chambers argues, with eminent success, the consistency of More's life no less than the sanctity now recognized by his Church.

In exposing the limitations of so many previous estimates, Professor Chambers has done a work of inestimable value; the genius of More shines through his pages, revealed in its courageous advocacy of unity in Christendom, and in its resistance to the encroachment of the State upon the privacy of the spirit. As a study in the conflicting allegiances that are among the eternal problems of man's political experience the book is especially significant, and as an object lesson in historical method it should be prescribed for every aspiring student. As literature it belongs to Everyman.

Since scholarship is so largely a matter of co-operation, Professor Chambers acknowledges an obligation which we may be happy to share and to admit with him that "the tireless labours of Dr. Hitchcock upon the manuscripts of More's *Lives* ought to be recorded here". Students of More will already have appreciated her edition of Harpsfield (Oxford University Press, 1932) and be prepared to welcome *The Lyfe written by William Roper, Esquire, whiche married Margreat, daughter of the sayed Thomas More*, and now edited by Dr. Hitchcock from thirteen manuscripts, with collations and an elaborate *apparatus criticus*. While the historical worth of Roper may have been overestimated, its literary merit has long been recognized as outstanding. Professor Chambers praises it as "probably the most perfect little biography in the English language". Yet sadly enough Roper never, apparently, wrote anything else, the quality of his *Life of More* being artless and incidental to his purpose of preserving the memory of his father-in-law some twenty years after his death. Writing the memoir was thus an act of piety on the part of one who by marrying the peerless Margaret, More's eldest daughter, "was contynually resident in his house by the space of xvj yeares and more". Such an experience could hardly have produced anything other than great literature. The *Life* did not appear in print until as late as 1626. A definitive edition, therefore, based upon the extant manuscripts, materially increases our debt both to the Early English Text Society, for whom the book is published, and to its editor. Her meticulous labours suggest a devotion scarcely less pious than Roper's, for the Saint whose fame she so fittingly commemorates.

For those who wish to read the lives both of More and his fellow-sufferer and saint, John Fisher, within the covers of a single volume, there is Mr. Richard Lawrence Smith's book, addressed to Catholics but also to be read by others for toleration's

sake and for writing which has the freshness of a water-colour. It is the English original of the official Italian life presented to the Pope, cardinals and other dignitaries attending the canonization, and is primarily an essay in sanctity. As history it is well founded upon authorities like the two books reviewed above and upon Father Bridgett's *Life* which, as Professor Chambers gracefully acknowledges, can never be superseded. Referring to the happy coincidence of the Royal Jubilee and the Canonization, and to the King's testimony to the loyalty of his Catholic subjects, the author rejoices in the honour that will be done these two great Englishmen wherever their mother-tongue is spoken, "They—who have come to the splendours of a heavenly crown—deign to return in honour of that earthly crown which they always honoured, insisting that there never could be and never can be more faithful subjects than those who prefer death to the violation of their conscience." Mr. Smith's book will aid materially in the diffusion of their fame.

Messieurs Rowse and Harrison's lectures have the British Broadcasting Corporation as their distinguished godparent. Originally designed for the intelligent listener, these sketches of representative Elizabethans are now offered to the slightly more energetic reader. Mr. Rowse's exuberance is admirably in keeping with the spirit of the age, even though it may sometimes betray him into such dismissals as "the vast non-productive interest of the Church", or "the restrictions imposed by the mediaeval international order upon English national energies". And it is a pity that popular exposition should be considered by an academic person as requiring the use of such companionable vernacular as "give-politics-the-hell-of-a-kick-in-the-pants simpleton" (*sic*). It would be ungracious, however, to insist on minor blemishes in Mr. Rowse's essays and in so successful a collaboration. For where the attractive chapters on the Queen, Burghley, Essex, Raleigh and Cardinal Allen cease, Dr. Harrison engagingly resumes with Sidney and Marlowe and a charming juxtaposition of court ladies and actors from Shakespeare's stage. Their portraiture is enhanced by Mr. Rowse's filling in of the background. The verve and youthfulness of Elizabeth's Englishmen, he believes, are qualities hardly characteristic of the nation grown old. His own prose belies his pessimism. He has one paragraph that should interest all teachers of history and I may be forgiven for quoting it at length:

"It is, perhaps, in listening to the music of their time—a motet of Byrd, or a madrigal, or just an air for the voice—that one seems to catch for a brief moment the quintessence of their spirit, to listen to their very hearts. Then one realizes the emptiness of the formal structure within which men live their lives, the constitu-

tions, dynasties, conventions, laws (if such a distinction can be made), and that it is the desire of the individual heart for some certainty, the reaching out after some secure hope beyond this life, men's dreams and desires and their despair, which is the stuff of their lives. One hears it unmistakably, one is for a moment in tune with it in the strange harmonies, that idiom of a vanished world, more remote now than the stars (for it can never be recovered), which yet speaks to us in the frail, fragile, imperishable structure of music and tells us that these were men who loved and hoped and died, even as we."

If the truth of these sentences were sufficiently appreciated by educational authorities, the most enlightened of them might be prevailed upon to supply that indispensable aid to the teaching of history—the gramophone.

The more ambitious symposium on *The Great Tudors*, edited and introduced by Katherine Garvin, would most easily be reviewed (as, I believe, is sometimes the practice) in terms of the publisher's dust-cover. This arresting example of the art announces that the book has been Recommended by the Book Society and offers quantity and an earnest of some quality for your money by exhibiting the names of forty Tudors biographed by as many scholars, actors, travellers, sailors (if I may proffer a compliment to Dr. J. A. Williamson), poets and other writers. To have so many potted biographies assembled together in one place should appeal to the labour-saving student, while the rarer sort will find in many of these epitomes the stuff of learning. But in reading them he will be trespassing, however profitably, on what was intended to be the property of the layman. To do justice to the editor's admirable selection would be to write forty reviews, but Professor Pollard compressing a life's work into five thousand words on Henry VIII, his fell and mighty opposite, Mr. Belloc, angelically didactic on Burghley, Professor C. H. Williams on Henry VIII, displaying the scholarly promise that recently won him the Chair of History at King's College, London, Professor Newton characteristically authoritative on Drake, and Dr. Williamson scrupulous and restrained on Grenville, may be cited as among the best of many happy associations of writer and subject. Perhaps I should forbear to say anything about Professor Chambers' brilliant essay on More for fear that readers may neglect his book. The unreadable contributions are very few and so, happily, are such errors as appear in the account (on page 213) of the torture of Bainham.

Those who prefer a taxi to an omnibus (and incidentally fewer horrible deaths) are offered a solitary martyr by Mr. Waugh, whose modest disclaimer both to scholarship and originality impairs neither the literary quality of his work nor the pains which he

has taken to ensure the accuracy of his facts as based on previous authorities and recent corrections. A definitive biography of Edmund Campion, that hero of the Catholic revival, scholar, Jesuit, and victim of the political necessities of Elizabeth's government, has yet to be written, but before it appears Mr. Waugh's revival of his fame will fulfil the need that has been felt since Simpson's *Life* went out of print.

W. E. C. HARRISON.

* * * * *

STUART ENGLAND

- Strafford, 1593-1641.* By C. V. Wedgwood. Toronto: Jonathan Cape. Pp. 366. Illustrations. \$4.50.
- Cromwell.* By Hilaire Belloc. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co., Ltd. Pp. 356. Illustrations and maps. \$4.00.
- Index to Periodicals, etc., and Addenda, Corrigenda and Delenda to Bibliography of Oliver Cromwell.* By Wilbur C. Abbott. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.
- Financial and Commercial Policy under the Cromwellian Protectorate.* By M. P. Ashley. (Oxford Historical Series). Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. viii+190. \$3.25.
- Richard Cromwell Protector of England.* By R. W. Ramsey. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. Pp. xv+239. \$3.50.
- The Later Stuarts, 1660-1714.* By G. N. Clark. (*The Oxford History of England*, Vol. X) Toronto: Oxford University Press. Pp. xx+463. Maps. \$3.75.
- The Letters, Speeches and Declarations of Charles II.* Edited by Arthur Bryant. Toronto: Cassell and Company, Ltd. Pp. xii+354. \$3.50.
- A Bibliography of British History (1700-1715); Volume I, 1700-1707.* By William Thomas Morgan. (*Indiana University Studies*) Bloomington: Indiana University. Pp. xvii+524. \$4.00.

The dramatic qualities in the history of seventeenth century England are exercising a growing attraction for historians and biographers, perhaps partly because the present generation is increasingly reminded by current events of the continuing vitality of issues that involve questions of arbitrary government and civil rights. One of the most interesting recent biographies reflecting great issues of Stuart times and presenting sympathetically yet with scholarly honesty one of their outstanding figures is Miss Wedgwood's *Strafford*. It will alike interest the general reader and reward the more serious student. The author has studied her materials thoroughly, pondered them long, and then told her tale in a style quick-moving and suggestive. She presents clear analyses of ideas as well as situations and in pointed phrases characterizes numerous figures so as to make them personalities

rather than names to the reader. No one reading the volume dispassionately will continue to accept Macaulay's prejudiced and too facile view of Strafford as an unscrupulous apostate. Yet Miss Wedgwood, while she makes one respect as well as understand the man's motives, by no means defends the wisdom of his policies or methods. Strafford was wise in seeing the necessity of a government that should be adaptable to the needs of the time, but he chose to adapt it by means which, the English temper being what it was, could achieve only temporary success and must be followed by deep and tragic failure. He was a great public servant with an unusual measure of devotion to the cause of good government conducted for the good of the governed, but his unyielding severity towards selfish interests that stood in his way made him powerful enemies, while he failed to appreciate the strength of the English movement for a stronger parliament and larger civil rights for the individual. The forces which he roused against his influence, coupled with the attitudes that he failed to comprehend, were in the end too much for him, though when he was gone the people discovered that he had been by no means the inseparable cause of their ills.

Cromwell remains the most intriguing figure of the century for the biographer. Although the immense mass of Cromwelliana had been pretty thoroughly sifted by the beginning of this century and we possess several excellent biographies dating from that time (particularly those of Gardiner, Morley, and Firth) which combine objective scholarship with adequate and attractive presentation, the subject still lures skilled writers. The recent life by Canada's new Governor-General has already been reviewed in this *Quarterly*. Almost as widely known already is that by Hilaire Belloc. This author makes a great to-do about the shortcomings of other lives of Oliver Cromwell, of which, he says, "there are dozens too many, the earlier batch a mass of slander, the later a mass of panygeric—all of them myth". His "object here is to seek reality; to discover what Cromwell was within; the nature of the man's motives, the quality of his actions as witnesses to the moral truth about himself". He emphasizes his own impartiality by insisting that Cromwell was neither hypocritical nor ambitious, as has been so often charged, going on to contend that his career was marked by cruelty and "unrivalled duplicity". As a matter of fact Mr. Belloc's well-known predilections in the matter of the Stuarts get the better of him. For example, he argues that for well over a year before the King's death Cromwell was the centre of a plot to bring it about. Though such a theory was common among the early hostile critics of Cromwell, it has not been accepted by historians since the mass of contemporary evidence became fully available. It goes without saying that Mr. Belloc finds himself very much at home in dealing with military cam-

paigns, but the volume as a whole will probably add more to his reputation as an arresting advocate than as an historian. The reader who wishes a well-rounded view of Cromwell should at least supplement this work by such lives as those mentioned above.

Of interest to all students of Cromwell and his period is the announcement that to the invaluable *Bibliography of Oliver Cromwell* by Professor Wilbur C. Abbott of Harvard University (reviewed in this *Quarterly*, Spring, 1934) there has been issued a useful addition (free to owners of the volume on application to the Harvard University Press), comprising an "Index to Periodicals of Societies, Series, etc." appearing in the *Bibliography*, together with certain "Addenda, Corrigenda and Delenda". The addenda bring the work up to date, even including four publications of 1934.

Dr. Ashley's concise but comprehensive study of financial and commercial policy under the Cromwellian Protectorate, based on a thesis submitted for the degree of D.Phil. at Oxford, treats its subject as an integral part of the stream of English history, making it clear that in many respects the developments under Oliver grew out of the preceding period and in important ways laid the foundations of Restoration policies and methods of administration. For example, it is before the Restoration that one must look for those changes in taxation which spelled the real break-up of the medieval financial system, the formal abandonment of which under Charles II merely legalized an accomplished fact. While the Long Parliament had been solvent, the Dutch war depleted the Government's resources and Cromwell faced as Protector a growing problem of public debt. His difficulties with his parliaments were in large measure financial. Despite his efforts to trim expenditure his budgets were higher than those of either Charles I or Charles II. His attempts to make war bring revenue failed. His growing deficits undoubtedly weakened the Protectorate, not because they were inordinately large, which they were not by comparison with those of either France or the Netherlands, but because political uncertainty prevented his borrowing "except on very definite security and at short term rates"—in other words he was unable to create funded debt such as was to be so well established before the end of the century. In its constitutional aspects "Cromwell's financial policy is a striking illustration of the continuity of history". Changes in methods of taxation, together with growing governmental expenditures, drove both him and his son "by sheer want of money to summon parliaments. From the Protectorate onwards parliamentary control over taxation became a reality. To rule without parliament was to rule without money. And thus Charles II was driven into the arms of Louis XIV".

Upon policies both domestic and foreign the great merchants, particularly in London, whose financial resources had done so

much to determine the outcome of the Civil War, exercised considerable influence, but this was not direct and was by no means homogeneous. In fact fiscal and naval considerations often outweighed with the Government the interests of commercial groups. Similarly Puritan economic ideas had to give way on occasion to interests of state. While Puritan advocacy of the abolition of trading monopolies and the restraint of private luxury were "to a large extent made effective", the Protectorate Government almost certainly "believed that foreign commerce was most effectively managed by companies" and strengthened their hands at many points. Yet probably in effect there was "under Cromwell a period of freer trade than at any other time during the century". The famous Navigation Act of 1651, intended to take the shipping of English goods from the Dutch, was advocated by several of the great trading companies but opposed by other powerful commercial interests. It was enforced in Europe, except in the Baltic trade whence naval stores were too badly needed, but not very effectively in America where colonial trade was in too large a measure dependent upon Dutch carriers. Dr. Ashley thinks that despite the difficulties of government finance there was on the whole a marked improvement of trade during Oliver's protectorate, and ascribes the depression of 1659-60 principally to the political uncertainties occasioned by the death of Oliver and the weakness of his son.

Richard Cromwell, his father's successor as protector, was one upon whom greatness was thrust. The recent biographer of his abler and younger brother Henry has now pieced together from contemporary sources the story of his life, rurally obscure in youth, and, after his fall from brief and precarious power, passed in exile for twenty years and for thirty-two more in quiet semi-incognito in England. Mr. Ramsey does not attempt protracted or profound analysis of the fall of the protectorate, but sets forth objectively Richard's dignified if ineffective relation to public events, drawing largely upon correspondence that passed between the principal actors in the political drama and upon contemporary news-letters. Richard must be credited with estimating justly his own political abilities and even more with insisting that he would have no blood spilt for him. Much of the volume is devoted to his obscure years, upon which fresh light is thrown from manuscript sources, including the "Household Accompt Book" of Mrs. Rachel Pengelly in whose home he was for many years a paying guest. Here are revealed many intimate aspects of his later life and the fortunes of his family.

Professor G. N. Clark of Oxford has written the first volume to appear in the fourteen-volumed *Oxford History of England* which is being prepared under his editorship. The series marks a pleasant and profitable departure from the fashion of the past

in such publications, which usually devoted too little attention to other than strictly political matters. In the present volume well over one-fourth of the four hundred pages of text is given to economic and social, cultural and intellectual phases of the life of the period, and these are integrated with the political narrative with considerable success. The period dealt with, from the Restoration to the death of Queen Anne, lends itself to such an attempt. Its revolutionary quality permeated not only constitutional developments in the direction of parliamentary government and civil rights but intellectual achievements as well, while the home repercussions of colonial activity involved not only marked changes in commercial organization and social life but realignments in external relations of the first importance. Mr. Clark has set a high standard for his series, in readability as well as in wide and sound scholarship. The bibliography, which is helpfully critical as well as discriminatingly selective, is admirably calculated for the purposes of the series.

Mr. Bryant is already well known as a fruitful student of the Restoration. In the present volume he has attempted by careful selection from Charles II's letters, speeches, and declarations, and by the interpolation of brief explanatory remarks, to present "a balanced and unbroken story of Charles's life and reign". He has succeeded pleasantly, and if the volume may seem scrappy to the reader lacking a polite knowledge of the historical background of the period, to the reader with such a background it will certainly afford enlargement of detail and enlivening personal interest. The unfortunate effects of princely and idle exile on character make one wonder that when he gained the throne Charles showed so much sagacity and pertinacity as marked his royal career. The volume will appeal to those who argue that Charles as king was both diligent and able. Professor Clark admits he was the latter, but diligent only spasmodically.

The interest and significance of the years when Anne was Queen are to-day more appreciated than in the past. Professor Morgan is one of the authorities on the reign, and he is now keeping "a promise made fourteen years ago in his *English Political Parties and Leaders in the Reign of Queen Anne*, to publish a 'comprehensive bibliography of the reign of Queen Anne'." His search for material has been as wide as it has been thorough. "With a few exceptions, all the more important libraries and archival collections have been drawn upon in America, and in central and western Europe." The present volume deals with bibliographical aids and with pamphlets and memoirs published from before 1700 through 1707. Later volumes will cover pamphlets and memoirs 1708-1716, source materials 1717 and later, correspondence including autobiographies, diaries and journals, periodical material, plays and other dramatic works, secondary works, unpublished manu-

scripts, the whole to conclude with a comprehensive index to authors and titles. Truly it is a comprehensive project which, if carried out with anything like the care shown in the preparation of this first volume, will place all students of those critical years under deep and lasting obligation to Professor Morgan.

REGINALD G. TROTTER.

* * * * *

THE GROWTH OF LAW

Civilization and the Growth of Law. By W. A. Robson. Toronto: Macmillan Co. 1935. Pp. 354. \$3.75.

It is the thesis of this study in the history of law, by the Reader in Administrative Law in the University of London, that the development of civilization and the growth of law, which is fundamental in the social structure, has been conditioned by the varying conceptions which men have held as to the nature of the universe. Part I on the "Origins of Law" describes "what human life was like during the long ages when the belief was held in one form or another that both human existence and the physical universe were alike subject to unpredictable interferences on the part of magical and supernatural forces and various divine powers against whose omnipotence all opposition was in vain". Law then reflected these views. Trial by ordeal, for instance, was a deliberate attempt to force supernatural powers to interfere during the ordeal for the protection of the innocent, thus making the detection of guilt sure. The second part gives a "life-history of the idea of natural law." The many different conceptions of law are surveyed and the emergence of reason as the basis alike of jural and scientific law described. There is an especially illuminating account of the eighteenth century conception of the state of nature and its legal implications.

The development of mathematics, and especially the Newtonian mechanics, in the seventeenth century had profound effects on law and politics. Hume believed that "Politics may be reduced to a Science" and the American Constitution embodied a complicated system of checks and balances designed to preserve social equilibrium—a remarkable example of physics in politics. Popular misunderstandings of the work of the classical economists early in the nineteenth century produced a conception of inexorable and unchanging laws in economics and politics which provided the basis for an exaggerated and inhuman attitude of *laissez-faire* which the evolutionary conceptions introduced by Darwin were twisted for a time to support despite their fundamental opposition to the whole mechanical view of nature, physical and human.

In the final section of the book on the "Nature of Law", Mr. Robson describes the profound effect on modern conceptions of

law which is being wrought by the emancipation of physical science from the mechanistic view. The realization of discontinuity in nature, the reinterpretation of physical laws as tendencies true only on the average and, above all, the realization that the laws of science are products of the human mind suited to serve human needs just as are laws passed by legislatures, opens the road to human freedom. "Man is at last coming to realize that the troubles and misfortunes which afflict him are for the most part due to human causes rather than divine or supernatural visitations and therefore curable by human intelligence and human will." In this emancipation changing views of the nature of the world and the laws which govern it has been fundamental.

The power of ancient conceptions has been vividly illustrated recently in the destruction of the N.R.A. by the United States Supreme Court. Canadians may have occasion shortly to see the power of static conceptions of the nature of the Constitution. If the view so ably worked out in this book is valid, however, social progress will not long be thwarted by a conception of the nature of law and of political institutions which is no longer in accord with modern views of the nature of the world and man.

F. A. KNOX.

* * * * *

THE WEST INDIES

The European Nations in the West Indies, 1493-1688. By A. P. Newton, Rhodes Professor of Imperial History in the University of London. (The Pioneer Histories.) Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. xviii+357. Maps. \$5.25.

The Life of Sir Henry Morgan, with an Account of the English Settlement of the Island of Jamaica (1655-1688). By Brig.-General E. A. Cruikshank, LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.R.Hist.S. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Pp. xi+448. Maps and Illustrations. \$5.00.

Aside from noticing the early Spanish discoveries, most students of North American history, and particularly students of Canadian history, habitually ignore the Caribbean area. Yet the history of North America as a phase of the expansion of Europe is truncated without it. In the eyes of European statesmen and commercial magnates alike, it looked vastly more important than the northern mainland in the earlier period of imperial rivalries. Indeed, not even excepting the lands around the Indian Ocean, the lands encircling the Caribbean Sea were for a long time the principal extra-European theatre of persistent conflicts among European interests. The treasure to be extracted from the colonial world that Spain claimed as her monopoly was a constant lure.

The strategic importance of the islands and adjacent mainland in relation to the Atlantic and the Americas combined with their tropical productiveness to prolong their prominence in European eyes. It was not for nothing that after Wolfe's victory at Quebec English statesmen weighed Canada against Guadalupe with some hesitation.

Professor Newton brings out the unity of Caribbean history, which has hitherto been mainly told as the history of this or that separate island or mainland region. By approaching it from the international point of view, the author is in a position to make clear the parallelisms in the domestic history of the several communities, in the development of national policies in Europe with respect to them, and in the relation of developments in the whole area to world events both in the bearing of these upon Caribbean history and the repercussions of the latter upon Europe. The continuity of the whole story in its relations to general history is also made apparent throughout the two centuries following the discovery of the islands. Successive challenges to Spanish monopoly by the French, the English, and the Dutch, marked the first century and a half. Then in the latter part of the seventeenth century France and England, after ousting the Dutch from the general carrying trade, entered on the long imperial duel which lasted till Trafalgar and Waterloo. For most of the two centuries prior to 1688 what happened in the Caribbean was outside the range of the international law that ran in European waters. But by the close of the period European powers had abandoned the doctrine that "There is no peace beyond the line." Spain gave up her contention that the waters of the West Indies were *mare clausum*, and her claim that mere discovery gave permanent title, admitting the validity of territorial titles acquired by other powers in the West Indies by effective occupation.

The West African slave trade comes into the story as do the piratical sympathies and smuggling proclivities of New England. European events provide a background of motives and colonial questions are frequently found to have been settled by the course of events in Europe. "But," as the author remarks, West Indian history "is no mere appendix to European history, for upon that history at certain junctures it has played a compelling part."

The Buccaneers come into the story because they were at times the instruments, legal or extra-legal, of European policy, chiefly English and French in turn, and because in time their suppression had to be taken in hand in the interests of the stable and amicable relations that proved necessary in the end for the development of secure communities and prosperous trade. It is interesting that after English authorities in the islands turned against piracy it still found a base in Carolina, and support from

New Englanders who at the same time were elaborating a system of smuggling to evade the Navigation Acts.

No reader of history who wishes to see the relations between Europe and the Americas in true perspective, or indeed the story of the lands on either side of the Atlantic, can afford to miss this volume.

General Cruikshank deals with part of the same theme, combining a careful account of the English settlement of Jamaica with the life of the most picturesque West Indian figure of his day. In dealing with Sir Henry Morgan, reputed buccaneer and colonial administrator, the author has gone behind the traditional account given in the popular but semi-fictitious *History of the Buccaneers* erroneously attributed to Esquemelin and has explored contemporary evidence both official and unofficial, with the result that Morgan appears in much more respectable colours than popular tradition has dressed him in. His story remains lurid enough, but his career certainly belongs to the realm of imperial policy rather than to the annals of outlawed piracy in which the Esquemelin tradition so largely placed it. Morgan received honour as well as gubernatorial office from the crown, and won his suits against the English publishers of Esquemelin, but their apologies have been omitted from later editions of that repository of tales of atrocity and it has remained for General Cruikshank's assiduous research to present a fairer view of Morgan and his work and a careful survey of the literature concerning the buccaneers. The book combines interesting narrative with thorough documentation. It becomes at once the standard work on its subject.

REGINALD G. TROTTER.

* * * * *

THEOLOGY

THE POST-WAR CHAOS

Religion and the Modern State. By Christopher Dawson. London: Sheed & Ward.

Freedom and the Spirit. By Nicolas Berdyaev. London: Geoffrey Bles. 12s. 6d.

Anglicanism. Compiled by Paul Elmer More and Frank Leslie Cross. London: S.P.C.K. 21s.

There is much to be said for being alive at the present time, but whether to be young is heaven I cannot say. Every age is a time of transition and crisis but even so there seem to be major turning-points of history, of one of which we are spectators and in some manner participants.

Some twenty years ago a war was fought to make the world safe for democracy. Democracy unfortunately was one of the chief casualties, and the fine democratic principle of the self-determina-

tion of nations, so eloquently sponsored from the White House, has fanned the flame of ardent nationalisms and aided the discomfiture alike of democracy and of "pauser reason".

What is the inner meaning of Communism and Fascism? What is it that gives them their appeal? What element of permanence inheres in them? Are we to expect that democratic ways of government will maintain themselves in the English-speaking world? Is Christianity and, in particular, is Protestantism essentially bound up with democratic political institutions? And what has the Christian Church to say to the all-embracing claims of the totalitarian State? We have to thank Mr. Christopher Dawson for a most stimulating and penetrating analysis of the present situation and for indicating lines of thought for the Christian Church.

"We find masses of well-meaning people who have never even begun to think announcing their intention of never ceasing from mental strife till they have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. We must, however, recognize that this determination to build Jerusalem, at once and on the spot, is the very force which is responsible for the intolerance and violence of the new political order. There are, it is quite true, a number of different Jerusalems: there is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple, there is Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews, and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs: but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem, still less that city which the Apostle saw 'descending out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband'. All these New Jerusalems are earthly cities established by the will and power of man." The fundamental error that underlies these philanthropic efforts is "the ignoring of Original Sin and its consequences, or rather the identification of the Fall with some defective political or economic arrangement. If we could destroy the Capitalist system or the power of the bankers or that of the Jews, everything in the garden would be lovely". The Christian religion does not require any particular political or economic order, but it "is at once the revelation of the inadequacy of human knowledge and human civilization and the communication of the Divine life by which alone human nature can be healed and restored".

Has a single nation ever learnt any deep spiritual lesson through victory and prosperity? It might antecedently be expected that the nations which suffered most through the war would have most to teach the world. Hence we may turn with hope that is not disappointed to Dr. Berdyaev's *Freedom and the Spirit*. The author suffered under the Tsarist régime and became professor of philosophy under the Soviets. Later he was converted to Christianity and is now a refugee in Paris. This is the first of his larger works to appear in English. The book is not easy, partly because Russian mentality is different from ours, partly because the back-

ground of the book is Russian and European, not Anglo-Saxon, and partly because Dr. Berdyaev confesses himself a Gnostic, that is, a rather superior person, though, happily, not quite so superior as Basilides and Valentinus. His theme is the freedom of the Spirit, the autonomy of the spiritual life.

The word 'freedom', he says, "possesses two different meanings, for by 'freedom' is understood either that initial and irrational liberty which is prior to good and evil and determines their choice, or else that intelligent freedom which is our final liberty in truth and goodness. . . . Freedom cannot be the result of constraint even were this constraint divine. . . . Salvation cannot be achieved without man's freedom, for it is his freedom in Truth and in God. . . . How, in a word, can freedom be separated from the evil it brings in its train except by the destruction of freedom itself? To this universal problem there is no solution save in the coming of Christ".

What is the relation between the freedom of the Spirit and the dogmatic content of the Christian faith? "Logic is not the same thing as the Logos. Between these two there is a great gulf fixed and a radical discontinuity. It is impossible to imprison the infinite in the finite, and the divine in the natural. . . . We know God as in a mirror, in an obscure, that is to say, a symbolic fashion. A definitive knowledge of God, a vision of Him face to face, belongs to another sphere, to the mystical life in God. Rationalism, where the knowledge of God is concerned, refuses to admit that this mirror is obscured; for it believes that rational concepts are capable of reflecting the real essence of God's Nature and of comprehending the Divine Being. The negative theology of the Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite is opposed to this doctrine. The greatest religious thinkers adhere to the truth enunciated by Nicholas of Cusa who saw in divinity the *coincidentia oppositorum*. The identity of contraries is an antinomy for the rational faculty. Our human reason is not adapted to a form of reality in which contraries are compatible with one another. . . . All the dogmas of Christianity giving expression to the facts and events of spiritual experience have a supra-logical and supra-rational character and are above the law of identity and contradiction". This is but a taste of a book of singular power, freshness and insight.

The seventeenth century not less than our own was a time of chaos and construction. It had this great advantage over the twentieth that its chief figures seemed without effort to express their convictions in the noblest prose. This anthology of seventeenth century Anglicanism will therefore delight the man of letters more perhaps than the theologian. It could hardly be denied that the particular type of Anglicanism represented by the two compilers has influenced the selection of the material. This was inevitable. Only wide knowledge and careful scrutiny can

decide how far the compilation is the presentation of a case and how far a true picture of the Church of England in that age, but let not a *caveat* unduly qualify an enthusiastic welcome.

NATHANIEL MICKLEM.

* * * * *

SCIENCE

THE SCIENTIST LEAVES HIS LABORATORY

The Frustration of Science. By Sir Daniel Hall, J. G. Crowther, J. D. Bernal, V. H. Mottram, Enid Charles, P. A. Gorer, and P. M. S. Blackett, with foreword by F. Soddy. London: George Allen & Unwin; Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$1.00.

The peace of the scientist is being disturbed. For years he stayed in his laboratory content to experiment and amply rewarded by the fruit of his labours. Unaffected by the clash of opposing political opinions, he worked to unravel the secrets of Nature. If he gave a thought to politics, it was to pity misguided partisans and to thank God he was not as other men. The Great War, it is true, gave him a severe jolt, for he saw many of his discoveries utilized in the destruction of his fellow-men. But wars are the exception, not the rule, and after the conflict he returned to the laboratory to carry on as before. It was not for long that he was left undisturbed. The economic situation in the world about him has compelled his attention. Scientific investigators have increased production, made available a wealth of knowledge of inestimable value to mankind, and yet poverty and unemployment stalk the land. The scientist has been forced to step out of his laboratory and ask the meaning of it all.

In *The Frustration of Science* seven scientists, working in different fields, have something to say about the matter. One or two representative opinions may be noted. Advances in medical research are frustrated because, with present conditions, it is difficult to make the new knowledge available for the practitioner. On the other hand, whereas the state (Great Britain) allows "the commercial exploitation in the form of patent foods and medicines, of medical research", it "refuses to organize itself to ensure" proper food, clothing and shelter for all its members. Again, the application of science to industry is frustrated because the use of new and improved materials is restricted or prohibited by vested interests which control goods now in use, or by the inability of the state to cope with the dislocation brought about by the substitution of the new for the old.

As is to be expected, the existing economic system comes in for many raps. Indeed the lack of proper organization to utilize the results of scientific investigation for the welfare of mankind

is blamed by more than one of the authors on the defects of Capitalism. "For the sake of preserving the present economic system we continue to use primitive methods," is a theme elaborated by J. D. Bernal. Professor Blackett, an outstanding physicist, concludes the book with a challenge to scientists to choose between the present system of "planned and restrictive capitalism", which in his opinion leads to Fascism, to "restriction of output, a lowering of the standard of life of the working classes, and a renunciation of scientific progress", and complete socialism, which "will want all the science it can get to produce the greatest possible wealth".

J. K. ROBERTSON.

* * * *

LITERATURE

CANADIAN POETRY

- Our Canadian Literature: Representative Verse in English and French.* Chosen by Bliss Carman and Lorne Pierce. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1935. Pp. xxii+361. \$3.00.
- The Green Cloister. Later Poems.* By Duncan Campbell Scott. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1935. Pp. 96. \$1.50.
- The Titanic.* By E. J. Pratt. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1935. Pp. 42. \$1.50.
- The Complete Poems of Francis Sherman.* Edited, with a Memoir, by Lorne Pierce. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1935. Pp. ix+178. \$3.00.
- Verendrye.* By A. M. Stephen. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1935. Pp. x+66.
- Lilies and Leopards.* By Annie Charlotte Dalton. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1935. Pp. x+68. \$2.00.
- Selected Poems.* By Arthur S. Bourinot. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1935. Pp. 90. \$2.00.
- Landfall.* By Cecil Francis Lloyd. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1935. Pp. xi+47. \$1.50.

Of the many anthologies of Canadian verse none is critically satisfactory. The editorial policy has been—perhaps has had to be—too tolerant and hospitable. The best collection published before the turn of the century—Theodore Harding Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse*—contains 344 poems selected from the works of 135 writers. Dr. Rand once said in effect that he chose to be lenient. The present collection, although its level is appreciably higher, includes nearly as many titles—317 in all (232 English poems and 85 French), representing 116 authors (88 English and 28 French). Are there really to be found in the entire range of Canadian literature fifty or even forty poets whose best work deserves or would be likely to achieve representation in a

future critical anthology concerned only with the criteria of universality and style? The late Bliss Carman, however, like his predecessors, preferred a comprehensive collection, and Dr. Lorne Pierce, who has edited and completed Carman's work, has satisfied his colleague's known wishes, has included some additional poems in English, and has chosen the verses for the French section. He has worked loyally and long at a difficult task and is justified in regarding the book as "the best selection of Canadian verse available". It improves the standard and provides a landmark for editors to come, and it is also of real value to the general reader as a record and a promise.

John Masefield finds in Duncan Campbell Scott's poetry "a wide variety . . . a range of technical skill, of subject and of sensitiveness". As is well known, the poet-laureate read *The Piper of Arll* in his boyhood, and it remains his favourite. "I love it still as I did then." And Marjorie Pickthall thought that Dr. Scott "has done some of the best Canadian poetry—purely and naturally so—that ever has been done". This new volume more than justifies such appreciation. Dr. Scott has long known—and felt—what it means to be a poet, and the fineness of his fibre is reflected in the austere charm (austere in the Arnoldian sense) and the generally firm character of his work. Whatever degree of insight the reader-collaborator can bring to the perusal of these later poems, they will reward with continuing vistas and implications of beauty, whether in the pure lyrics, the narratives of Indian habit and experience, the delicately etched landscapes, or the adventures of mind and spirit in search of truth. As an intellectual poet Dr. Scott explores difficult country with courage and fidelity, and subdues his material to his art with grace and power. And his work is vertebrate. It has structure, and it has thighs and thews to sustain and carry it. Such lovely poems as *Chiostro Verde*, *Compline*, *Reality*, *On Ragleth Hill*, *Como*, *Enigma*, *A Fancy*, *The Bells* and *Twilight* win and hold one not only by the invitation of their style, but by the subtle interrelations of their thought. Dr. Scott knows well that it is the poet's chief function

To gather Delight with the core of Beauty
And the seed of Truth.

Here are some examples, among many, of his harmonious control of mood and music:

Under the roof of the cloister
A few frescoes are clinging
Made by Paolo Uccello,—
Once they were clear and mellow,
Now they have fallen away
To a dull green-gray,
What has not fallen will fall.

Air-tremors flow or idle
Under the ilex shade
Bearing the rustle of sheep-bells
From the far olive glade.

No leaves are full upon the woods,
Only a dream of leaves.

The graves are in the moonlight
Clustered on the hill,
The shadows of the headstones
Move with the moon's will.

Professor Pratt's vivid narrative poem is true to fact and to fancy—"one fact the more". Nearly sixty years before the tragedy of the *Titanic* Browning had in some sense touched it in three striking lines:

Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?

In Canadian Arctic poetry we have Sir Charles G. D. Roberts's weighty monologue, *The Iceberg*, and Professor Pratt's preliminary descriptive sketches, *The Sea-Cathedral* and *The Ice-Floes*. The story of the *Titanic* is a theme for stirring verse and for a poet so well able to stir as E. J. Pratt. He has had first-hand experience of the sea and of ships; he has closely studied the records; and, most important of all, he is endowed with a finely imaginative sympathy which the years have deepened and disciplined.

The movement is episodic and panoramic because by that means the inner continuity of the story (and especially its irony) can best be disclosed. We see the glacial fashioning of the iceberg and its apparently casual yet destined drift. We watch the building and the launching of the *Titanic* at Belfast and her departure from Southampton on her maiden voyage. We find ourselves aboard, overhearing the give-and-take of passengers' talk on deck, at the laden dining-tables and in a cabin during the progress of a poker game (this last, although zestfully presented and dramatically important, develops some surplusage that, in the interest of balance and proportion, could perhaps be spared); we enter the wireless room and review the messages; we walk the bridge with Captain Smith.

The irony of Joseph Conrad's prose essays on the event is matched by our poet's cumulative implications of irony—the blare and acclaim attending the birth of the *Titanic* as against the desolation of the last scene; the *hubris* of men, with their trust in mere

matter and mechanism, their liking for mass and ornateness, as against the swift, stark fate that cancelled all. That philosophic poet, Thomas Hardy, first struck the high ironical note of the event in *The Convergence of the Twain*, but Professor Pratt achieves a correspondingly impressive result through more directly dramatic means. He makes the most of each incident selected to build up the total impression, including the *Titanic's* curt reception of the *Californian's* warnings, although he does not fully reveal the reasons for the failure of the *Californian* to come to the rescue—reasons that would again illustrate the persistent *motif*. His irony avoids cynicism, and remains purely poetic and dramatic in quality. Its expression is modern, but it is the more universal for this modernity. Nor does the poet ignore the personal nobility of many who were able to defeat circumstance though it slew them. If further revision might overcome an occasional lapse in technique, the poetic fabric as a whole is skillfully woven. The tale becomes more nervously compact as it proceeds, and is even more tensely directed as the wounded vessel settles to her doom, the too few and but partly filled lifeboats pull away, the bandsmen gallantly play their violins, and the *Carpathia* and other speeding saviours speed in vain. Like many of the more eloquent passages, the conclusion is moving and memorable. The solitudes resume their silence, still dominated by that insentient "gray shape with the palaeolithic face" which, "ringed by its icy broods", remains "the master of the longitudes".

It was a pious deed to make available for the first time the full poetic work of Francis Sherman (1871-1926). Like Edmund Clarence Stedman, Sherman was a banker by profession and a man of letters by preference. He led a busy life in New Brunswick and Cuba, was sensitive to the values of nature and art, had military experience in the Great War, read widely, bore his share of personal suffering, and produced some memorable and some mediocre verse. The internal evidence shows that the poets who most influenced him were William Morris (in memory of whom he wrote the fine sequence of six sonnets called *In Memorabilia Mortis*), Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Tennyson and Lanier. Although his craftsmanship is usually worthy, he wrote some strained and imitative verse that does not reflect an authentic impulse. In too many poems he is unduly repetitive and parenthetical, and his music rarely reaches a fortunate finale. He was a graceful sonneteer, as in *On the Hillside*, *The House of Content*, *The House of Change*, *At Advent Time*, and *The Last Storm*. His most finished work is found in such lyrics as *The Path* and *At Twilight* and in portions of *A Prelude* and *An Acadian Easter*. Dr. Lorne Pierce has written the accompanying memoir, and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts supplies an additional appreciation.

There are many stirring tales of heroism and adventure in our Canadian story waiting for imaginative treatment in prose or verse. Mr. Stephen has selected Verendrye's long search for the Western Sea during the first half of the eighteenth century as a subject congenial to his muse, and follows his hero's fortunes through five episodes. While his work shows a real feeling for Canadian landscapes and waterways, it has hardly enough dramatic vigour to meet the high moments of his theme and, as a narrative, it tends to drag and enfeeble itself. Heroic in tone, it is far from heroic in scale, and it puts much more emphasis on the dreams and emotions of Verendrye than upon his deeds. It is neither ample enough nor objective enough to be described as epical. The execution is inadequate because the writer has not really mastered and fused his material and because he is too often content with a ready rhetoric and a dubious prosody.

The tone of Mrs. Dalton's *Lilies and Leopards* is earnest, its vocabulary is ample, and its programme ambitious, but the work shows more energy than power, more rhetoric than grace. As in *a Prelude*—the chief contribution—achieves at rare moments something of the authentic note, but the effort as a whole is marred by the hammered over-elaboration. When the writer is at her simplest—as in *Lycosa the Spider* and the first part of *To the Young Man Jesus*—she is at her best.

Mr. Bourinot is a sympathetic interpreter of the child spirit and includes in his new volume some verses in this kind from *Ottawa Lyrics*. His work in other fields is equally sincere in intention, but, with few exceptions, less successful in realizing its intention.

Landfall is an unpretentious collection of short poems that reveal an inquiring mind and a kindly humanity. Sometimes a striking phrase appears, but the writer has hardly heeded the dictum that "truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself", save perhaps in the two sonnets called *Truth* and *The Poet*.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

* * * * *

ETUDE CRITIQUE

Edith Wharton. Etude Critique, par E. K. Brown. Paris: Librairie E. Droz. 1935. Pp. 348.

On peut se demander si un artiste, même vers le terme de sa carrière et au crépuscule de son existence, considère comme un compliment les travaux académiques dont le sujet porte sur son œuvre. Voici la seconde thèse sur celle de Mrs. Edith Wharton: évidemment le résultat d'années de recherches et de réflexions

L'auteur indique qu'à deux reprises déjà, il a eu l'occasion de publier des articles, tant de bibliographie que de critique à propos de son étude. Son long essai est évidemment un livre de bonne foi, et par là ne manque pas à séduire.

Deux parties: la première, l'exposé, semble la mieux venue. Les romans de Mrs. Wharton ne sont pas simples à raconter et M. Brown se tire à honneur de ses résumés. Aux Contes, Romans et Vers, à la Critique et aux Récits de Voyages, il attribue des louanges, ou bien en marque l'insuccès avec un souci de goût et d'élégance. Rien n'est si fade qu'un compliment sans réserves. Le ton des siennes est d'un tact parfaitement courtois, et ses jugements exacts et fins: ex. p. 133, à propos du roman 'The Reef': "... ce qu'il ya de plus remarquable dans ce livre, c'est qu'il nous laisse comprendre que Darrow et Anna passeront ainsi des années à essayer de détruire le souvenir de Sophy, et que ces années seront complètement perdues".

La partie purement critique contient des passages plus vagues. Cela tient peut-être à ce que l'esthétique de son auteur est parfois trop compliquée pour rester vraiment humaine. M. Brown n'est jamais si heureux que lorsqu'il peut appliquer son analyse à des groupes de faits et les illuminer d'une conclusion inattendue et juste (p. 270: la fin du paragraphe sur le "Paris de l'Etranger"). Le danger est qu'il se laisse aller aussi à des généralisations qui semblent trop larges (p. 198, les "incarnations" des personnages des romans de Mrs. Wharton). Mais il se relève et remet les choses au point d'un mouvement rapide et sûr: on aime cette bonne critique qui marque les défauts avec une sympathique fermeté.

Les passages sur le style et la langue (influence des sons, valeur des dialogues) témoignent d'une méthode solide et bien moderne. Si l'on ajoute enfin que ce livre est écrit en français fort correct par un érudit de langue anglaise, on se prend à regretter que le sujet n'en soit pas plus grand, et on espère qu'un jour M. Brown donnera toute sa mesure.

MARCEL TIROL.

* * * * *

THE DRAMA

BERNARD SHAW AND EUGENE O'NEILL

Nine Plays by Bernard Shaw, with Prefaces and Notes. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada; New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1935. Pp. xxvi+1147. \$4.00.

Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1935. Pp. xiv+242. \$2.25.

The nine plays in the Shaw collection include *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Arms and the Man*, *Candida*,

Saint Joan, Man and Superman, Fanny's First Play, Androcles and the Lion and *The Devil's Disciple*. The original prefaces and notes are reprinted, but in two instances there are supplementary paragraphs written for this new edition. Shaw regards himself as a world dramatist "simply because they play me . . . everywhere, from London to Japan, both ways round, and at all the intermediate stations. It is a question not of merit, but of raw fact". But he has further explained to his biographer, Archibald Henderson, that "the greatness of a dramatist is not a space dimension, but a time dimension. How do you know where I shall stand as a dramatist when I have been as long dead as Euripides? Yet that is the only test". Shaw has little interest in plot in itself. "My procedure is to imagine characters and let them rip; but . . . the real process is very obscure; for the result always shows that there has been *something behind* all the time of which I was not conscious, though it turns out to be the real motive of the whole creation."

In this Shaw is at one with O'Neill, who informs his critic, Richard Dana Skinner, that "an author is not always conscious of the deeper implications of his writings while he is actually at work on them, and perhaps never becomes fully aware of all he has revealed". Socrates, no doubt, would have approved these concessions. Mr. Skinner proceeds to compare Shaw and Ibsen with O'Neill to the detriment of the Europeans, neither of whom, he thinks, has had "the poet's gift of reaching to the emotional and moral inwardness of life without any relation to specific events, or times, or people. O'Neill has that gift in abundance". This dictum is not likely to satisfy readers of *Brand, Peer Gynt, Emperor and Galilean*, or *Saint Joan*. He proceeds to exalt the poetic and parabolic intention in O'Neill and to explore the "inner continuity" of his work considered as a whole. The argument, however, is forced and laboured, and not seldom quarrels with its own premisses and deductions. Certainly, some of O'Neill's plays are valuable as providing a virile reaction against the trivial and effeminate in the American drama of his earlier days, and also as illustrations of the merits of racy dialogue and skill in developing a quickly moving series of theatrical 'moments'; but his work seems often marred by the relative futility of too many of its symbol-characters and by a wavering of the focus that suggests neither steady growth as a thinker nor adequate self-control as an artist. Perhaps the best thing that can be said of O'Neill's plays is that they usually have *power*, and the best quality of Mr. Skinner's rather florid exposition is that it recognizes gradations in that power.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

SCIENCE

PLANTS IN BLUNDERLAND

Everyday Botany. By L. J. F. Brimble. London and Toronto: Macmillan & Co.. Pp. viii+589. \$2.50.

Food, clothing, shelter, heat, power, beauty and materials of infinite diversity are provided by plants. As living things their study has thrown light on the nature of man. A readable, accurate, general account of plants in relation to our everyday life should therefore be welcomed. Unfortunately this volume has none of these qualities. In style it is aggravating and in arrangement bizarre and confusing to the beginner, while several large fields of practical importance are neglected. Genetics is badly and inadequately treated. Fifty-six erroneous statements were counted in the text, some of them serious and many quite inexcusable, *e.g.*, bean cotyledons "always remain with the seed below the soil" (p. 447). Too many scientific names are misspelled—"Tarraxacum". The bark of trees does not "peal" off (p. 42). A list of botanists contains the names of only two Americans, and one of these is Burbank who is praised extravagantly! A bit of choice information is found in the reference to Canada as one of "our colonies".

Worst of all, the attitude displayed throughout is unscientific. To say that a plant has a certain need is bad enough, but to continue that *therefore* it has a certain structure or function to meet that need may be everyday reasoning but it is not botany. Yet such statements appear on almost every page. That the author has some inkling of the opinions of biologists about the causal factors of evolution is indicated in Chap. XXIV, although here the mutation theory is wrongly ascribed to Mendel among others.

On the other hand, some sections are quite well treated, notably that on ecology. Much information about plants of economic importance is given, with something about fungus diseases and field husbandry. The illustrations and laboratory directions are quite good. Many questions from examinations are included. There is an index.

A review such as this needs a representative quotation: "During the winter [the plant] undergoes a period of comparative rest. . . . It just carries on the minimum work necessary in order to live, just as we do when we are sleeping. Therefore during the winter the living plant requires the minimum amount of food. In fact, it usually manages to store enough food to carry it over the winter; so there is no necessity to continue manufacturing food. For this reason the food factories are temporarily abolished and thus the familiar leaf-fall of autumn takes place" (p. 203).

R. O. EARL.

PHILOSOPHY

TWO PHILOSOPHERS

The Two Sources of Morality and Religion. By Henri Bergson. Translated by R. Ashley Audra and Cloudesley Brereton with the assistance of W. Horsfall Carter. Toronto: Macmillans in Canada. 1935. Pp. 275. \$3.00.

Mind, Self, and Society. By George H. Mead. Edited, with Introduction, by Charles W. Morris. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1934. Pp. 392. \$5.00.

Bergson's *Creative Evolution* was published in 1907. It was easily the most influential philosophical work that had yet appeared in the twentieth century. Its evolutionary optimism made it peculiarly attractive to a world whose faith in progress had not yet been tested by the Great War or the Great Depression. It seems a pity that this present work was not issued during the same romantic decade. It voices the philosophy of the enthusiastic humanitarian: the emancipated spirit, which claims to transcend particularized attachments and rise to a love for all humanity.

Bergson's earlier dualism of matter and spirit now yields the contrast of the "closed" and "open" societies. The "closed" society is the compact, exclusive, self-centred group. Customs, institutions, and public observances form the characters of its members. Their loyalty to the group is uncritical, and immediate. They conform to the group's demands as ants and bees conform to their assigned rôle in their respective societies not by free choice, but by "instinct". This is the source of primitive morality and mythical religion: both "static", corresponding to the closed society whose solidarity they preserve. But men, unlike ants and bees, have minds. They can think themselves into selfishness and doubt. What shall save society from the disintegrative influence of reason? —The intuition of privileged souls: prophets, mystics, men of genius. Intuition, we know from Bergson's previous writings, is a remarkable faculty. It is a direct expression of the *élan vital*, vastly superior in its creative powers to analytic, critical reason. The intuition of the mystic is his "participation in the divine essence". (p. 227). It is, therefore, love for all created things, love for humanity as such, instead of love for particular clans and nations. This is the source of the higher morality and dynamic religion, both based on the personal emotion of love, communicable only by personal contagion. The book ends with a messianic hope for a hero, a mystic genius, a great privileged soul, a deliverer: "Let a mystic genius but appear, he will draw after him a humanity, already vastly grown in body, and whose soul he has transfigured. He will yearn to make of it a new species, or rather deliver it from the necessity of being a species. . ." (p. 269).

It would be hard to imagine a more striking contrast than that between Bergson and Mead. Bergson is world-famous. Mead was practically unknown to the general public at the time of his death four years ago. Only a small circle of students and fellow-technicians had felt the impact of this "seminal mind of the very first order", as Dewey and Whitehead have described him. Bergson is an accomplished writer. His prose fluent, "dynamic", a bit rhetorical, but stocked with brilliant metaphors, makes him one of the most readable of philosophers. Mead's style is just the opposite; the less said about it, the better. *Mind, Self, and Society* was not left as a complete manuscript. It has been pieced together from stenographic lecture-notes and unfinished manuscripts. Professor Morris has done an excellent job as editor, and this book is, on the whole, more readable than Mead's previous publications. But this is not saying a great deal. Bergson's thinking is in the best French tradition of "clear and distinct ideas". This, together with his attractive style, accounts for the popularity of his last work, which has already gone through more than twelve editions in France. Mead's philosophy is anything but obviously lucid. It is very hard to close the book, and block out the system in one's mind in a few clear-cut contrasts. Yet, for all that, I feel convinced that anyone who will take the trouble to study Mead's work will find it at least as rewarding as that of Bergson.

Pragmatism is often misrepresented as an irrationalist philosophy. It is accused of reducing thought to the status of an instrument, and thus robbing it of its dignity. Mead's volume is the best refutation of this charge. He appears here as a rationalist, in the best sense of the word. He has full faith in human intelligence, and will not turn from it to any supra-rational substitutes, such as Bergson's "intuition". His book is a patient effort to understand what reason is, how it arises in social experience, how it contributes to the formation of social selves, and how it can be used to define the goal of social change.

Rationality, he holds, is the type of social behaviour in which the individual responds to his own acts as others respond to him. Language is the root-mechanism which makes this possible. A bee plays her rôle in the hive, but has no way of representing to herself the similar or different rôles of all the other bees in the hive. That is why bees have neither minds nor selves in any strict sense; and, incidentally, why the hive is a "static" society. Bees have no way of grasping the social reflections of their acts and of their individuality; and no way of understanding their society, noting defects, and suggesting improvements. This is precisely what human beings can do. Take a simple situation: a boy playing baseball. He can and must respond to the ball's position on the field as others will. He must say to himself: What will the fielder do? Will he throw the ball, or hold it? Where will the base-man

catch it, if it is thrown to him? His own action is determined by his ability to reconstruct the attitudes of others on the field in terms of words. The better he can reconstruct these attitudes, the more intelligently he will play the game.

Think of society as an enlarged and complicated version of the ball-game. A rational society, according to Mead, is one which gives each member the highest opportunity to play the game intelligently; to mould his own activity by an equal appreciation of the activity of all the rest. Castes and class-divisions break up this rational co-operation. They build barriers between man and man which makes it impossible for one to enter into the experience of another, and assume the other's attitude to the same social stimuli. The moral that one can draw from this is very different from Bergson's counsel: Expect little from the coming of mystic heroes, and everything from the removal of those walls of class-privilege which make democracy and peace so problematic in our day.

GREGORY VLASTOS.

* * * * *

ECONOMICS

AN IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT

Employment Research: An Introduction to the McGill Programme of Research in the Social Sciences. By Leonard C. Marsh. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

Inspired and fortified by a five year grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, McGill University in 1931 embarked upon an ambitious programme of social research under the general guidance of a specially constituted Research Council and with Professor L. C. Marsh as director.

This introductory volume describes the choice of "employment and unemployment" as the first problem to be tackled, indicates the numerous strands of research which are being undertaken and the manner in which they will be woven together, and reveals the co-operative nature of the enterprise. For the research is a concerted effort by all departments whose work has a bearing upon man in his social relations and these are interpreted to include economics and political science, sociology, psychology, education, law, engineering and public health.

The second and more important function of this volume is to present the background into which the individual projects of research must be fitted and which will give a unity to the whole. This it does by means of a series of studies, predominantly statistical in technique, of the population of Canada (and selected regions, principally the city of Montreal), the labour market, the labour supply and the demand for labour. These topics are treated

with a lucidity and grasp which augur well for the more specialized studies which are being conducted simultaneously and whose publication will be awaited with interest.

More than anything else this book convinces the reader of the appalling lack in Canada (at least up to the time when the McGill researches were instituted) of any factual basis for the formulation of legislative policies with regard to the problems of unemployment. He is left aghast at the temerity of a parliament which is prepared, for example, to institute a national system of unemployment insurance for the Dominion of Canada in almost complete ignorance of the facts of unemployment. The book in other words is a tacit but impressive plea (based on the gospel of Julian Huxley) for the application of the methods of science to the art of government, and for the recognition of a social science as distinct from but embracing the separate sciences of economics, politics, psychology, etc. The ultimate efficacy of the plea will depend in large measure on the skill exhibited in presenting and correlating the specialized projects of research which constitute the programme as a whole and which include such heads as Occupational Abilities and Aptitudes, Employment in the Railway, and The Legal Status of the Wage Earners (in Quebec).

R. G. H. SMAILS.

* * * * *

OUR RAILWAYS

Statistics of Steam Railways of Canada for the year ended December 31, 1933. By the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Ottawa: The King's Printer. 50c.

Railway Nationalization in Canada. The Problem of the Canadian National Railways. By Leslie T. Fournier. Toronto: Macmillans. \$3.50.

The *Statistics of Steam Railways* are not commonly recommended as light reading for the casually interested, but the 1933 volume may possess an historical significance. It is the last which will show the statistics for 1928 unless the form of future volumes is altered. We tend to look back upon 1928 as if it were something unprecedented; in fact it was not. In its deviation from the figures for preceding years it represented only a normal cyclical peak. The really striking phenomenon is the depth and duration of the ensuing depression. Railway gross earnings in 1928 were 13.7 per cent above the average for the seven years 1923-29; for 1933, 44.5 per cent below that average. That is a change deeper and more prolonged than anything met with since the railway statistics were first collected in 1875.

It is the misfortune of Mr. Fournier's book that it is not only deficient in its failure to realize the extent to which that decline

in traffic has complicated the problem, but also that he persistently refuses to recognize the extent to which Canadian economic development has been made to conform to the political ambitions of the country. The opening sentences give as good a clue to the limitations of the book as any possibly could. "The direct cause of the burdensome railway situation in Canada is the over-investment in railway facilities resulting originally from unwise methods of government aid. The indirect cause was the World War which brought to a close a decade of remarkable expansion of Canadian industry and trade." (p. 1.) The book continues on the same level. Mr. Fournier never does develop any interest in the reasons why Canadians should have been ready to give railway aid so generously and never seems to realize that the rate of expansion of industry and trade had already begun to slacken before the war broke out. The last twenty years of railway history have represented, first, an attempt to perpetuate the expansion, which in the pre-war period had been based on the opening of the West, by a lavish programme of capital investment, and, more recently, by halting attempts to realize just what the reaction on this country would be if the world were permanently to reduce its demand for Canadian export products.

Within the limits which he set for himself, Mr. Fournier has turned out a very useful book. His account of the growth of the Canadian Northern and of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways is the fullest which has yet appeared in print. In the middle section of his book he has summarized the more important analytical data prepared for the Duff Commission and added thereto the later figures for the years 1932 and 1933. Unfortunately, however, he makes no attempt whatever to reconcile his interpretation of them with that of Mr. Parker, the expert employed by that Commission, although he differs from the latter on many important points.

The final section which was devoted to a discussion of the "outstanding problems that have developed in the course of the past fifteen years and the possible remedies for them" (p. viii) has the misfortune to be too topical. Its argument is that amalgamation "is a logical solution of the railway problem, because it is the only proposal which offers the promise of adequate economies and because it would provide a sound basis for the future development of railway transportation in Canada" (p. 347). The reasons brought forward for its support are those which Mr. Beatty has so relentlessly urged in his public addresses over the last three years. The defects are also those which have characterized Mr. Beatty's efforts. He assumes that once amalgamation takes place all political pressures upon the railways will instantly cease; that both the general public and the railway staffs will submit with the utmost docility to any and every change proposed by the new

management; and, not least important, that the quality of that management will not be affected by the cessation of competition. It is no doubt very valuable to have this argument neatly embalmed and placed between covers but there is something ironic in its appearance at the time when it would seem as if the last hopes of bringing amalgamation to pass had gone glimmering.

JOHN L. MCDUGALL.

* * * * *

FROM THE PUBLISHERS' LISTS

BIOGRAPHY AND ADVENTURE

The Life of Lord Carson, Volume Two. By Ian Colvin. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. 1935. Pp. 424. \$3.50.

Mr. Marjoribanks' first volume of Lord Carson's life enjoyed a well deserved popularity. It sketched clearly a strong and interesting personality and described his major law cases with the clarity of a lawyer and the zest of detective fiction. This second volume by Mr. Ian Colvin is altogether inferior. It deals with Carson's leadership of the Ulster party, a story full of interest and drama, the telling of which demands careful research and sympathetic discrimination. Mr. Colvin writes with a blinkered prejudice which casts doubt on all his statements and thus robs the story of its interest and value. Moreover, he has lost the wit which illuminated his pen when he wrote leaders for the *Morning Post*. Here his adulation is fulsome and his caricatures of Liberals and Nationalists clumsy and non-convincing.

It is unfortunate that the task was not entrusted to a more skilful and unprejudiced biographer.

* * * * *

Between Two Worlds: An Autobiography. By John Middleton Murry. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1935. Pp. 496. \$3.00.

Mr. Murry is a fine critic of literature, well-read, sensitive and of sound judgment. Unfortunately he has deserted his *métier* for the wearisome minutiae of introspection. We all know the man who anchors himself in the nearest chair and pours out an illimitable description of his own experience and character. "That's the sort of man I am." And if that kind of bore is gifted with Mr. Murry's meticulous discrimination, painfully anxious to define to a hair's breadth of exactitude his own thoughts and attitudes and aspirations, the reader's response is either blasphemy or slumber.

Good sketches of character stand out against the bleak monotony of self-examination and there are passages characteristic of an author who can both write and think. But most of the people who figure largely in the background are seen dimly

through a fog of introspection, which is dispelled only by the crystal integrity of Katherine Mansfield. The barometer rises whenever she appears in person in the story.

This volume is only the first part of Mr. Murry's autobiography. "Whether the second part will be written depends," he says, "on many things." Those who admire him as a critic cannot but deplore his "desire and hope to write it". There are so many things he can do better.

* * * * *

Round Mystery Mountain: a Ski Adventure. By Sir Norman Watson and E. J. King. Illustrated. Maps. Longmans, 1935. \$4.50.

The records of recent Himalayan expeditions, in which Mr. F. S. Smythe took part, suggest that friction sometimes exists between the members of the party. Mr. Smythe, who has written a foreword to this volume, stresses the cheerful spirit of travel and the comradeship that existed in this expedition. Mystery Mountain is Mount Waddington, the highest peak of the coast range of British Columbia. Although only two hundred miles north of Vancouver, the difficulties of the terrain are so great that the country was practically unexplored. Mount Waddington had only once previously been climbed; and even then only the lower of the two main summits had been reached. What Sir Norman Watson and his party achieved was the finding of a difficult but practicable route across the range by a Pass that they named "Fury Gap". It apparently lived up to its name. The description of their climb provides exciting reading, and evidently they found a country where ski-ing and mountaineering are almost at perfection. One of the party, himself an Alpine guide, said that nowhere in the Alps is there such an area of ski-mountains. The whole book is sufficient adventure to keep the reader alert, and excellent illustrations of interest owing to its vivid description of magnificent scenery.

* * * * *

SCIENCE: POPULAR AND HISTORICAL

The Road to Modern Science. By H. A. Reason. London: G. Bell and Sons, Limited. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin and Company, Limited. Pp. 306. 1935.

Although written primarily for "intelligent boys and girls" this elementary history of science can be recommended heartily to the general reader of mature years. A cursory look at the channel along which the river of science flowed until the time of Newton is followed by an examination of the numerous tributaries which have swelled the volume of the main stream. Brief biographical sketches of many pioneers are combined with simple explanations of their discoveries. Twenty-four half-tone illustrations add to

the interest and attractiveness of a book which shows the possibilities of viewing some aspects of science in a humanistic way.

* * * * *

Science in the Making. By Gerald Heard. London: Faber and Faber, Limited. Pp. 267. 1935. 7s. 6d.

Another book to be added to the list of popular expositions of science. Mr. Heard, a layman with an amazing grasp of things scientific, has expanded and rearranged talks given over the B.B.C. in 1934. His style is journalistic but he has made a good job of giving to his fellow-laymen up-to-date "news" of science from many fronts. The reader is taken from nuclear physics and the microscopic to giant telescopes and the macroscopic; from modern anæsthetics to the functions of ductless glands; and from prehistoric monsters with small brains to fish with bifocal lenses. The author is greatly interested in the relation of man and his mind to advancing science and throughout the book has much to say about the significance of the facts and theories he is explaining.

* * * * *

Three Philosophers (Lavoisier, Priestley and Cavendish). By W. R. Aykroyd. London: William Heineman (Medical Books) Limited. Pp. 217. 1935.

Lack of a knowledge of "natural philosophy" need not deter anyone from reading this well-written biographical book. Questions such as the discovery of oxygen and the decomposition of water are discussed to some extent but for the most part it is an entertaining account of the life of Lavoisier, French savant, financier and *fermier général* of the eighteenth century. Some attention is given to Priestley, the English contemporary of Lavoisier whose science, theology and revolutionary ideas are combined to make an interesting story. Cavendish, scientist and recluse, comes so little into the picture that one wonders at his inclusion in the book.

* * * * *

COMEDIAN AND ASTRONOMER

Through My Telescope. Astronomy For All. By W. T. Hay, F.R.A.S. London: John Murray. 3s. 6d.

There have been many who have made a hobby of astronomy but Mr. Will Hay has probably the unique distinction of being the only stage-comedian whose work as an amateur in this field entitles him to the respect of professional astronomers. In 1933 he discovered a remarkable white spot on the planet Saturn and now he has written this excellent primer in astronomy. In simple non-mathematical language Mr. Hay has told the story of the sun and the moon and the stars and he has done his job well. In short chapters which require no sustained mental effort but are none

the less scientifically sound, clear explanations are given of mean, solar and sidereal time, of total and annular eclipses, of the phases of the moon, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of many other things revealed by looking through a telescope. It is perhaps unduly critical to suggest that Mr. Hay should not weaken his otherwise excellent explanation of the force of gravitation by using the phrase "magnetic pull", and that the chapter devoted to spectrum analysis and the wonders of the spectroscope should not be called Celestial Chemistry.

* * * * *

FOR BUSY CITIZENS

The Modern World. By R. A. MacKay and S. A. Saunders. Toronto-Halifax: The Ryerson Press. Pp. vi+547. \$1.95.

This is a cheap and useful book. Professor MacKay of Dalhousie and Dr. Saunders, an authority on the economic structure of the Maritimes, have skilfully and carefully gathered into one handy volume a mass of information bearing on the economic and political problems of the present.

Industry and Commerce, Transport, Finance, Democracy and its modern alternatives, International co-operation, the British Empire, Depression and Recovery—such are their themes, which they treat with sound impartiality. They write they say "for young Canadians, from seventeen to seventy", though there is much here which even Sir William Mulock might be glad to know.

The book presents an unfortunately forbidding appearance—horrible woodcuts and the narrow margins with which the eyes of schoolchildren are habitually insulted. But it is a book which all who face the future with puzzled minds and no leisure for detailed study would be wise to buy and to keep handy for reference. It will help them to check the hasty generalizations of journalists and politicians, and the bibliographies at the end of each section may lure them on to profitable paths of reading.

* * * * *

FOR PLATONISTS AND OTHERS

Plato's Thought. By G. M. A. Grube. Toronto: Reginald Saunders. Pp. xv+310. \$3.75.

Professor Grube's book is addressed, he says, "to all who read Plato whether in the original or in translation". There is no cheapness of popularity about it, nor will it serve as a substitute for Plato's dialogues. The reader must read with thought and care both Plato and Professor Grube. If he does both, he will certainly profit.

The method of the book is to arrange the exposition of Plato's thought not by dialogues but by subjects and to put together from the different dialogues Plato's views on the "Ideas", Pleasure, Eros,

the Soul, the Gods, Art, Education and Statecraft. This is a new method, in many ways more difficult than the exposition of dialogues in chronological order, and in the general study of philosophy considerably more useful. The author is learned, intelligent and catholic in his interpretation. Both the classical student and the amateur of Platonic philosophy will find his book a valuable guide, and even less ambitious readers will be interested in his account of Plato's attitude towards Education, Morality and Political Science.

* * * * *

HOW IT IS DONE

Business Organization and Administration. By W. A. McKague. Toronto: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons (Canada) Ltd. Pp. vi +325. \$2.50.

This book is addressed to the new-comer into the business field being based on lectures given in the Department of Extension of the University of Toronto. It is an excellent survey for the purpose, covering the whole field of business management from financing through the various stages of plant location and design, the internal management of production, purchasing and sales, budgeting and finance. The author is the general secretary of the Canadian Society of Cost Accountants and Industrial Engineers, and has drawn considerable material from the proceedings of that society.

* * * * *

THE C.P.R.

Steel of Empire. By John Murray Gibbon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1935. Pp. 407.

The sub-title of this book is "the romantic history of the Canadian Pacific, the Northwest Passage of to-day". Our copy bears no indication of price. Perhaps it is for free distribution, since it comes definitely under the category of advertisement—excellent advertisement, readable both in matter and in manner. The author's name is guarantee of that.

The story, familiar to most Canadians, is told again with vigour and profusely illustrated by maps, good photographs, plain and coloured, and bad woodcuts. Mr. Gibbon makes no secret—why should he?—of the fact that all that is best in Canadian history during the past half-century is due to the C.P.R. and that our future salvation lies, if we have the wisdom to see it, in safe hands. "Si monumentum requiris," he says "circumspice". Of the C.N.R. and "the cohorts of state ownership" Mr. Gibbon writes with the pained restraint of one to whom the truth has been revealed that the remedy for our discontent is to be found in the policy and speeches of Sir Edward Beatty, G.B.E.

In every way an efficient and attractive piece of propaganda.

